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THE

LANGUAGE, POETRY, AND MUSIC

OF THE

HIGHLAND CLANS.

D. R. COLLIE AND SON, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

A TREATISE

ON THE

LANGUAGE, POETRY, AND MUSIC

OF THE

HIGHLAND CLANS:

WITH

ILLUSTRATIVE TRADITIONS AND ANECDOTES,

AND NUMEROUS

ANCIENT HIGHLAND AIRS.

BY DONALD CAMPBELL, Esq.
LATE LIEUT. 57TH REGIMENT.

EDINBURGH:
D. R. COLLIE & SON, 19 ST DAVID STREET.

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PREFACE.

The religious and civil institutions, and the state of society among the patriarchal or Highland Clans, have been so misunderstood and misrepresented, as to have made on the English-speaking public the impression that these Clans were in a state of lawless barbarity at the dawn of authentic history, and continued in that condition until a period within the memory of men still living. Several untoward circumstances, chiefly resulting from the translation of Ossian's poems, have occurred to confirm this impression. One learned and talented Englishmen, with a direct reference to these poems, contended that such ideas and feelings could not be expressed in the rude gibberish of a barbarous people; and several English-speaking Lowlanders and Highlanders, taking up this view of the subject, and having the same conviction as to the rude uncultivated character of the language, maintained that the Highland Clans had no poetry, and could not have had any poetry, excepting that which had been recently forged for them in English, by writers of so unscrupulous a character as to father their patched-up plagiarisms on mythic bards, known only to the vulgar lore of a people who had never emerged from a state of lawless barbarity. That these gentlemen were in total ignorance of the subject on which they wrote so dogmatically, did not lessen the influence of their opinions on readers who had no means of detecting that ignorance, and who naturally gave them credit for too much honesty and decency, to believe them capable of writing so confidently on a subject of which they knew nothing. It is very true, that, on a recent occasion, the achievements and conduct of the Highlanders were such as could not fail to cause doubt in the minds of an enlightened people, on the *ex parti* statements of those who represented the Highland Clans as plundering barbarians; since it is impossible to believe that a mere handful of barbarians could, not only encounter, but defeat a regularly trained army, or that lawless marauders, in overrunning a country, should have committed fewer outrages than were ever known to have been committed by any disciplined army in similar circumstances. These facts were known to the writers above referred to, when they were writing down the Highlanders! It

may, I think, very fairly be assumed, that the age which witnessed these achievements and that conduct, and preferred believing ill-natured and dishonest assumptions to fairly interpreting these well known facts, was neither intelligent nor generous. Nevertheless, the succeeding age approved of, and followed their example, if we may judge by the unabated prejudices against the Highlanders. When modern wealth and refinement created such a demand for all kinds of literature, it was naturally interpreted as unfavourable to the pretensions of the Gael, that that literature was found apparently *nil;* nor, until within these few years did a single writer wield the pen to explain the reason, although it was quite easy to do so, by throwing light on the ancient institutions and tenures of the Celtic Clans, and showing that, when the patriarchal system was struck down by the disasters of Culloden, the rights and privileges of the people were violated, and the same effect given to feudal charters over the unconquered lands of the Highlanders, which they had long previously attained over the conquered lands of the people of England, and that the Gael had been thus placed in a state of transition and eviction, which was equally unfavourable to the pursuit or the remuneration of literature.

The melodies, reels, and strathspeys of the Gael met with no better fate than the "Ossian" of Macpherson, and the "Sean Dana" of the Rev. Dr Smith; nobody believed in their antiquity. For how, it was philosophically argued, could a rude and barbarous people carry down from remote ages in their oral lore and every day amusements, such poetry and such music? This was sound reasoning; for it is impossible to believe, (1.) that the music and poetry of a separate and distinct people could have two separate and distinct characters, from the indissoluble connexion between poetry and music, until within a very recent period. (2.) It was equally impossible to believe that the poetry and music of a people, and the people themselves, should be of two different and distinct characters; that the people should be rude and barbarous, and their poetry and music not only intelligent, but refined. Either of the two postulates must be conceded, therefore, to Dr Johnson, by whom the question of the authenticity of the poems was put on this sound and philosophic basis. The Doctor does not seem to have had the music of the Highlanders under consideration; but I submit that the music and the poetry were twins,—born of the same parentage, nursed at the same bosom, and reared among the same glens and mountains; and that whoever believes in the one, is bound to believe in the other. I therefore thoroughly agree with Doctor Johnson, so far as he goes; but submit that the music forms an inseparable element in the question. The state of society that could have produced, and have in its every day amusements preserved such music, might well produce such poetry; and that state of society could not have been either rude or barbarous. But the copiers and publishers of the music had by their own vile snobbery contributed to the scepticism on the subject. They deprived the melodies and tunes of the signet of antiquity contained in the hereditary names, and rebaptised them, in compliment to their patrons and patronesses, and thus stamped them, *ex facie*, as modern instead of ancient music.

The transition state of the Gael is now past. The feudal historians and clearance-makers have done their worst; but the Clans have their LANGUAGE, their POETRY, and their MUSIC still left, and in these they have ample materials, if properly handled, to vindicate the memory of their noble ancestors against the charge of lawless barbarity. Hence this treatise. I was not, while writing it, insensible of the difficulty of finding purchasers and readers for any work on a subject so prejudiced and prejudged. And I could not venture to incur liability for a large amount of advertisements. But I published my proposal in a few of the newspapers most likely to meet the eyes of Highlanders, as I never doubted, should my object be made generally known, that there are thousands of Highlanders who are as anxious as I possibly can be, to remove the charge of lawless barbarity made against the memory of our ancestors, and the sentence of proscription under which their language and poetry in effect lie, and that such Highlanders would willingly use their influence to procure subscribers to guarantee the expenses.* Subscription lists have been taken up with their usual spirit by a few worthy Highlanders in Greenock, Paisley, and Glasgow; I, accordingly, placed the treatise in the hands of the printer, without waiting for the result, but have no doubt that a sufficient number of subscribers have been obtained to cover the expenses; and, in that case, my conviction is, that the spirit of fair play which has hitherto characterized, and which I trust will ever continue to characterize the people of this country, will procure for a work having such an object, at least a fair hearing—and I ask no more.

With regard to the phonetic spelling, I am sorry to find that all the Highlanders whom I have consulted, excepting two literary gentlemen,† are opposed to the "innovation." Surely those who object to the phonetic spelling

* A Highlander who had seen one of these advertisements by mere accident, wrote me (although we were total strangers) recommending that I should advertise more extensively, expressing his conviction that there were thousands of Highlanders that, like himself, would feel anxious to get subscribers for the purpose of having such a work published, who might never know anything about the proposal, unless more extensively advertised. Feeling that I met here with a kindred spirit, I candidly told him that the tide of prejudice was so strong against Gaelic and Gaelic literature, as to make it too dangerous for a retired officer with a small military income, to incur an account for advertisements on the chance of the success of such a work. The noble Gael then wrote me a characteristic letter, inclosing a pound note, and begging that I would lay it out on additional advertisements.

† One of the Gentlemen above referred to is Mr M'Naughton, Tillyfourie, who delivered and published a Lecture on the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, which for research, clear and impartial reasoning, and good taste and sense, is superior to anything that had previously appeared on the subject; and the other is Mr Macdonald, Grandtully, whose letter on the various dialects and so-called races of Europe I have inserted with his kind permission, at page 27. Mr M'Naughton recommended that I should adopt the principles of pronunciation as illustrated in Mr Walker's Dictionary for my phonetic spelling, and I would have done so had my aim been merely to quote specimens of Gaelic poetry; but I had another and totally different object in view, namely, to enable the English reader to peruse the poems already in print. I submit Mr Macnaughton's specimen, however, to the reader, and sincerely hope that it will be adopted by some younger Highlander who sympathizes with my anxious wishes to see this beautiful language popularized; and I have no doubt selections of Gaelic poetry so written would be acceptable to thousands of the English-speaking public.

4 14 3 4 34 2
A ne-an donn na bual-e,
4 2 4 ˙ 34 4 4 4 4
Ga vel ang gluasad far-asd-a,
4 ⌒ 4 3 1 34 3
Ang gaol a hug me buan dhut,
3 22 :342 4 4 2 4
Cha ve-ich cruai-chas yar-ich-an.

3 3 1 24 3 4
Vyal hu me liad hug-ra,
24 1 4 4 24 21 2
Liad vre-dal as liad chiun-e,
1 3 1 4 1 4
Lub hu me mar yur-an,
4 1 4 4 2 4 4 4
Cha duch-as a vi fal-an dhov.

forget that the Gaelic has been subjected to a thorough innovation long before this, and that it now appears before the public, not in its native and graceful tartans, but in a Roman garment, grotesquely shaped for the purpose of swaddling, and not of developing its noble lineaments! This has hitherto evidently formed the stumbling-block to the study of the Gaelic language, for every person who has already learned the English names of the Roman letters, in perusing Gaelic books as now printed, must be subjected to the complicated process of unlearning the English, and learning the Gaelic sounds of the same letters, and the former is fully as difficult as the latter. Had the native alphabet been preserved, the Gaelic student would only have to go through the simple process of learning a new alphabet.

The Gaelic bards, as is shown elsewhere, were the great conservatives of ancient times. They stood firmly, and to the death, in the defence of the rights and liberties of the people; and, hence, wherever despotism was put up, Gaelic bards and Gaelic poetry were put down. The kindly feelings, liberal sentiments, and high tone of independence which breathes through Gaelic poetry—(the monks' written ursgeuls excepted)—could not find sympathy among a feudal people, without proving destructive of despotism. The feudal despot and his assessors knew this well. Hence the Gaelic language, although one of the oldest in Europe, has been studiously excluded from every university or collegiate institution endowed by kings or queens, or presided over by priests, whether Catholic or Protestant, to the present day; and is the only European dialect which is now taught in no higher seminary than a charity-supported hedge-school! Do my Highland friends wish the language of their ancestors to be continued in this state of absolute proscription? We have, in Gaelic, grammars and dictionaries, which, to say the least, have been the works of men of as much learning, research, discrimination, and talent as those of our neighbours; but who profits by them? Not one in a thousand, even among Highlanders, can read or write Gaelic. In short, past experience shows that the Gaelic will not be an object of acquisition to the public, or even to learned men devoted to philological researches, while it continues under its present deformed mask. I have therefore considered it a worthy mission so to shake, if I do not shatter that mask, as to enable scholars and gentlemen to get, at least a glimpse of the beaming form which is being crushed to death under it. And I know that there is to be found in the language, which has been thus thrown into obscurity by a forbidding-looking disguise, a poetry which clearly proves that the people whose sympathies were so accordant with the generous, heroic, kind, and benevolent feelings and sentiments therein contained, as to make them cherish and preserve it by oral recitation for nearly two thousand years, must have been as civilized, during that period, as the middle classes of the people of this country are at the present day;—unless civilization means something else than intelligence, and a lively sympathy with generous, heroic, kind, and benevolent feelings and sentiments? I know that this assertion will be put down as paradoxical by those who form decided opinions on subjects of which they know nothing, and that such parties are peculiarly tenacious of foregone

conclusions, not the less when they result from ignorance and prejudice; but I also believe that there is in this country enough of justice, candour, learning, and talent, to test this question on the merits. I submit ample materials for the investigation, and am convinced that whoever shall peruse them with the care necessary to enable him to decide intelligently on the subject, will agree with me. But, to enable those who are unacquainted with the language to form a sound opinion on the question, I considered a more simple orthography, a *sine qua non*. Hence the system adopted in this treatise. Although unaccustomed to write Gaelic, I believe I understand the language well, and have kept faith with such subscribers as are enamoured of the present orthography by spelling the specimens which I quote in accordance with that orthography, although, as already stated, want of practice may have occasioned many mistakes, which the verbal critic will be glad to pounce upon; but I have under-written every word so spelt phonetically, for the English reader, convinced that this will enable him to form a more sound opinion of the language and poetry than he could otherwise have formed of them without a vocal teacher, and much trouble and expense.

The writing of Gaelic, and especially phonetically, being new to me, I take it for granted that innumerable mistakes and omissions may have escaped me in correcting the proofs. Any critic but the merely verbal one will, however, I think, find enough to convince him that such mistakes and omissions are more to be ascribed to want of practice than to want of knowledge of the subjects. For the former I might expect to be excused; for the latter I could not. The phonetic spelling is on a carefully considered uniform plan, but being thoroughly new to myself, there is no doubt that many letters will be found undetected that are inconsistent with uniformity, and unnecessary to the pronunciation. This will, I trust, be excused in the first edition of a new system of orthography. I am aware that my phonetic spelling will give the English reader but a very imperfect idea of the beauty of the language when compared to a chaste and elegant pronunciation by the living voice; but every well-educated person knows that letters without a vocal teacher never can teach any foreigner to speak any language like a native. I have endeavoured to make this Preface embrace my whole case, and submit it to the public with perfect confidence in its truth and honesty; and therefore I have some hopes that it may assist in creating among English readers some interest in the Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans.

Port-Glasgow, 3*rd July* 1862.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The Gaelic is a language of monosyllables or roots. Hence, in order to have a key to the etymon, the Druids preserved the initial letter of every root in compound words, which has so loaded them with consonants, as to give the language an unpronounceable and forbidding look; but, by rules equally simple and beautiful, the aspirate letter *h* is so managed, as to silence or euphonize the consonants wherever their initial sound would injure the easy flow or graceful cadence of a word, a verse, or sentence. The knowledge of the power and proper use of the aspirate is, therefore, the most important requirement of the Gaelic student; and this can, I think, be very easily learned, by comparing the present mode of spelling with the phonetic spelling of the following pages, after carefully perusing the brief lesson submitted in illustration.

The higher class of Highlanders have, in a great measure, given up speaking Gaelic within these hundred years, there being no object sufficiently accordant with the utilitarian character of the age to induce them to devote the necessary time to its study; and the educated among the lower classes consist chiefly of clerical students, doctors, lawyers, &c. The former, instead of having availed themselves of their classical opportunities to become more perfect in their knowledge of their native language, generally lost in the Lowlands all of Gaelic which they had acquired at the firesides of their Highland parents. These remarks apply to a period when Dissent was little more than a name in Scotland; and as the Church patronage was in the hands of the higher classes, and these students, with few exceptions, were of the lower class, they found it, in the general case, their interest to cultivate a spirit of diplomacy rather than of independance. Hence, with some noble exceptions, the students of Divinity returned from the seats of learning in the Lowlands, where the "gibberish" was of ill repute, to their native districts, fully qualified to conciliate the dispensers of Church patronage, but scarcely able to address from the pulpit a congregation of intelligent Highlanders; and thus, between toadyism and bad Gaelic, the Church of Scotland in the Highlands lost the respect of the people, and was at length merely regarded as the Church of the Heritors.

Many of the clergy of the Established and Dissenting Churches were born of plebeian parents, and reared, during the years in which the feelings and the manners are most susceptible, among the callousness and rudeness almost inseparable from poverty, coarse living, and labour. They almost invariably, while going through their curriculum, had to hire themselves out during their

vacation-time as teachers, for the purpose of procuring funds to pay their class fees, &c.: hence the egotism of the *dominie* was usually superinduced on the callousness and coarseness of the plebeian, before the generality of such clergymen had become placed ministers. Naturally looking to a position, which had been the object of such a struggle and such privations, as the highest that in his view can be attained on earth, such a clergyman, when he attains a church, considers himself a most lordly personage, and wants nothing, in his own opinion, to establish his dignity and fix his *status*, but a few lordly, or at least, *lairdly* acquaintances. Every branch of the Protestant Church furnishes men of heads, hearts, and manners, which make them true specimens of scholars and gentlemen; but such are rare. Surely, when society as now constituted consists of three classes, means might be found to secure a greater number of the higher and middle classes for the Church. It would indeed be a pity to exclude men of fine hearts and high talents from the Church, merely because their parents were poor or low-born; but as for the common herd of plebeian ministers, these, we affirm, would be more happy, and certainly more suitably employed and useful to their country, as artisans and labourers, than in their present position.

The bard and seannachie, who were the guardians of the Gaelic language, ceased to live as an order on the accession of the King of Scotland to the throne of the British Empire; and there were no means provided at the Reformation for educating ministers or schoolmasters for the Gaelic-speaking part of the people. But this was not all. Corruption was added to the neglect of the language; for since the patriarchal governments of the clans were dissolved by the disasters of Culloden, and Highland tenures have been subjected to the feudal laws, the people have been in a transition state, and the country so inundated with a Lowland peasantry, as scarcely to leave a single locality in which the Gael or his language are to be found in their native purity. The clerical student who really wished to qualify himself for the native pulpit, had another formidable difficulty to surmount besides the want of Gaelic professors and schoolmasters, and that was, the hostility of the Reform Clergy, Episcopalian as well as Presbyterian, to the native poetry and tales, in which alone the Gaelic is to be found in its purity.

The priesthood who succeeded the Culdees, showed far more tact and knowledge of human nature than those who succeeded the Reformation; for, instead of entering into hostility against the traditional poems and heroes that had such a hold on the hearts, and such an influence over the lives of the people, they went deliberately and systematically to work, so to reconstruct these as to render them subservient to the "pious fraud" by which they sought to convert mankind to the new religion. The Protestant historians of the Catholic Church, in accounting for many of its feasts, &c. say that they availed themselves of "established superstitions." Had they said that they invented superstitions, which afterwards became established, they had been nearer the truth. At any rate, they composed new versions of the traditional poems of the north and east of Erin and of Albin, where the druid or natural religion and the patriarchal

system, prevailed; into which they introduced saints, sorcerers, witches, giants, and dwarfs; together with their miracles, necromancies, witchcrafts, cannibalisms, and tricks. By these singularly seductive legends, they emasculated the minds, corrupted the tastes, and bewildered the ideas of the people; and thus made them forget that knowledge of the God and laws of Nature which had been taught them by the Druids, and prepared them to believe any thing. Hence the success—not of a pure Christianity—but of an ambitious and despotic priest-craft, and its sometimes fosterchild and sometimes benefactor and champion, Feudalism; hence also the superstitious credulity which, until this day, believes in the improvised miracles of the Catholic, and the rival but coarser and less poetic Revivals of the Dissenting priesthood; and in the witchcrafts and prophecies of crazed old women, gipsies, and table-rappers.

The class of Ursgeuls, or new tales, composed by the monks, bear intrinsic evidence of being not the work of the Gaelic bards, but of dabblers in Greek and Roman literature; for they have their metamorphosis, &c., which are totally foreign to the national poetry. There is another class of Ursgeuls, quite distinct from these forgeries, which are much more honest and amusing, having been written by the bards of the Scottish or Gothic clans of the south and west of Ireland and Scotland, in ridicule of the pride of descent from the Fingalians of the Celtic clans of the north and east of both countries. These consist of parodies and burlesques on passages of historical and genuine poems, carried down by oral recitations, and are very much too graphic to leave any doubt of their object. But so "stubborn are facts," and so tenacious were the ancient Celtic clans of their oral poetry and traditions, that neither the monkish forgeries nor the Scottish burlesques have ever been able wholly to corrupt or supplant them in the north of either Ireland or Scotland. Hence, many of the valuable historical poems still exist in their purity. Indeed, these forgeries and humourous burlesques and parodies have never attained a more dignified name either in Erin or Albin than URSGEULS, a word formed from the roots *ure*, new, and *sgeul*, a tale. See Cumhadh Mhic Leoid, by Mari Nighean Alisdair Ruaidh, who lived until nearly the end of the sixteenth century, at page 159; and Mr O' Keerney's introductory or explanatory remarks in reference to the battle of Cath Garbha, published by the Ossianic Society of Dublin, in 1860; in which he expressly designates these remains as URSGEULS, and propounds the amusing paradox, that they are "historically" *more true* than the ancient poems of Ossian, from which he admits them to have been derived. The name *Ursgeul*, necessarily implies that there were old tales on which the Ursgeuls were founded, as the "*New* Testament" implies that there was also an "*Old* Testament."

A reviewer, in the "Times," of the Dean of Lismore's book on the Ursguels, or monkish legends of Ossian, lately published at Edinburgh, remarks, that in that great mass of poetry there is no mention of Wallace and Bruce, and no hatred of the English; but, although these tales or ursgeuls are evidently monkish legends, in which the traditional poems and heroes of the people are made subservient to "pious fraud," they profess to be, and I believe really are, older than the age of Wallace and Bruce. The Emperors of Rome are mentioned in them as "kings of the world;" and Oscar's traditional battle of

Carron, or Fintry, out of which few of the "people of the kings of the world escaped," is especially mentioned. Iain Lom speaks of both Wallace and Bruce; but expresses no hatred of the English. Even the bards who wrote on the massacre of Glencoe and Culloden, do not express hatred of the English. The Gael was too magnanimous to hate his enemies. There is not such a thing as hatred or revenge to be found in Gaelic poetry.

Bishop Carsewell of Argyle fulminated against the poetry and tales of the Gael, an age before their still more formidable enemy, Dr Johnson, was born; and, in so far as the Bishop is concerned, for a more honest reason, namely, as he indignantly expresses it, because the Highlanders of his day would rather listen to poems and tales about "Fin M'Coul, Oskir Mac Oishin, and the like," than to psalms and sermons; and the disciples of Calvin were not less hostile to the language and poetry of the Gaelic bards than those of Luther. Extreme zeal, and some excesses, were to be expected from the emancipated slaves of spiritual and civil despotism, and the British Reformation was not free of examples of such excesses, any more than the French Revolution; but it was scarcely to be expected that these holy reformers would carry their spiritual intolerance so far as to make war on a literature in which the most diligent research will not detect a verse or a paragraph offensive to morality or religion. This intolerance among the old school class of the Highland clergy came down to Dr Blair's time. It is, therefore, difficult to understand how he and the other learned gentlemen who interested themselves in the Ossian controversy, were so oblivious of the hostility of the Highland clergy to the poetry and tales of the Gael, as to apply to them for information on the subject. The information collected by the Highland Society is, in my humble opinion, quite sufficient to satisfy any impartial inquirer as to the authenticity, substantially, of Mr Macpherson's elegant and spirited translation of the poems; and some of them, such as Fingal, had been found in manuscripts of considerable antiquity; and surely it will be admitted that the author of Fingal was qualified to write any other poem in Macpherson's translation? But had they applied to the tailors, who at that time itinerated from house to house, making the clothes of the people, and were, I might almost say, professional reciters of poems, tales, and traditions, instead of the clergy, the result would have been more conclusive and satisfactory.

Mr Campbell of Islay, in the last volume of his interesting and (to the biologist and antiquary) most valuable Highland tales, has, in his own happily piquant, discriminating, and gentlemanly style, put the whole controversy *pro* and *con* before the public, with a judgment and impartiality which gives the enemies of Ossian fair play, and leaves his friends nothing to fear, and little additional to say on the authenticity of the poems, in so far as the subject had been developed up to that date. But I observe, with no small surprise and regret, that the learned and talented author of the Introduction and Notes to the ursgeuls or monkish legends of Ossian, collected by the Dean of Lismore, before alluded to, thinks he has now fairly discovered the author of the originals of Ossian's poems, in Mr Macpherson, Strathmashie! The poems of Ossian collected by James Macpherson and his friends (as all who know anything of the collection and publication of oral poetry must be aware of) must

necessarily have consisted of different versions and different detached pieces, according as different reciters were more or less correct or more or less retentive in their memories of the different poems or parts of poems furnished by them to the collectors. The preliminary steps to the translation, therefore, necessarily were the collation, proper arrangement, and careful copying of these different versions and different parts. The translator was assisted in this process by two gentlemen, Mr Macpherson of Strathmashie, and Captain Morison of Greenock, —two gentlemen of education and position in society, against whose honour and integrity not one syllable had been breathed during the hundred years these poems have been under a controversy more or less intense, until Mr Skene, who has attained a distinguished position in the historical and antiquarian literature of his country, suddenly discovers, from somebody too insignificant to be remembered, that the whole three were fraudulent conspirators, and one of them a great poet! His words are: "Some years ago, I happened to pass a couple of months in the neighbourhood of Strathmashie, and I recollect having been informed at that time, *but by whom I cannot now tell*, that after Lachlan Macpherson's death, a paper was found in his repositories, containing the Gaelic of the seventh book of Temora, in his own hand writing, with numerous corrections and alterations, with this title,—'First rude draft of the seventh book of Temora.'"

I will not stop to remark on the inadequacy of the above to justify the grave inference of Mr Skene. The poems published by the Rev. Dr Smith were all, or many of them, claimed by a schoolmaster of the name of Kennedy, as his own composition. Few believed him, and many knew that the claim was false, the poems being known before he was born, to old men still living; but the collection of ursgeuls by the Dean of Lismore, which gave occasion for Mr Skene's Notes, exposed Kennedy to an infamy which might, I think, have warned Mr Skene against claiming the authorship of these poems for a man nameless in literature. Mr Skene's claim for Strathmashie is fortunately exposed to a similar discomfiture by the singular circumstance, namely, that the Seventh Book of Temora referred to by Mr Skene, was published by Macpherson himself in 1762, and used fifty-five years ago in this controversy by the Rev. Dr Patrick Graham of Aberfoyle. Dr Graham proves by his translation of Homer, of this book of Temora, and by his poem of the "Highlander," which failed to obtain even a mediocre circulation, that Macpherson was entirely incapable of writing such poems. The "Highlander" contains many beautiful ideas, borrowed from Ossian and other ancient Gaelic bards; but Macpherson (like all plagiarists) was destitute of the genius and taste necessary to compose a work in which his plagiarism would tell. The "Highlander" and Macpherson's Homer, thus fell still-born from the press; and clearly show that Macpherson was not qualified to write Ossian's poems. Dr Graham gives the original *as published by Macpherson himself*, with a literal translation in parallel lines, and Macpherson's translation under them, and clearly shows that the Gaelic version is infinitely superior to the English version. He also shows that Macpherson omitted or glossed over many passages of the originals, which,

from his imperfect knowledge of the language, he did not understand. This corroborates Captain Morison's statement to his friend Mr Irvine, as recorded by Dr Graham from Mr Irvine's own mouth,—"that Mr Macpherson understood the Gaelic language very imperfectly; that he (Mr Morison) wrote out the Gaelic for him for the most part, on account of Mr Macpherson's inability to write or spell* it properly; that he assisted him much in translating; and that it was their general practice, when any passage occurred which they did not well understand, *either to pass it over entirely, or to gloss it over with any expressions* that might appear to coalesce easily with the context." The Rev. Dr Smith, in a letter to Dr Graham, says, "I have no interest in disputing his allegation," (meaning Kennedy's claim to the authorship of the poems referred to above;) *if I had, I would try if he could write such verses as he claims* (*no doubt the best*) *on any other subject.*"

Dr Graham took Dr Smith's advice, and thus tested not only Macpherson's translation of Ossian, but also Dr Smith's own translations of the Seandana; and he shows that neither the one, nor the other could possibly have been the authors of the originals, which they translated so inadequately. Let Mr Skene try Strathmashie's capacity to write the poems of Ossian by the same test, and the result will be at least equally negative, and harmless to the memory of Ossian. There is no want of materials to enable Mr Skene to subject Strathmashie's qualifications to this test,—many of his poems being published. I would recommend him to compare "A bhrigis lachdan" and "Trod na'm ban," (I forget the name of the place) to any passages he likes of Ossian, as a criterion; and should he require other specimens, I can procure him a whole bundle, some of which have never been published. The fact is, that not one single individual among those connected with the translation of Ossian can be shown to have left behind him anything calculated to prove that he was capable of writing these poems. On the contrary, Strathmashie and Mr James Macpherson have left poetry which proves beyond all doubt that they were quite disqualified to write a single one (good or bad) of these poems. But I will go further, (and have no doubt that I will be borne out by every literary man in the kingdom) when I say, that it is impossible to believe that any person qualified to write such poetry, could have exhausted his literary enjoyments in two or three years, and have lived for such a length of time afterwards, without producing any farther evidence of his poetic temperament, genius, and capacity. A Highland bard in accounting for the melancholy fact that some of the lowest and basest specimens of the *genus homo* have been produced among the Highland clans, remarks, that the best blood when tainted becomes doubly corrupt; but I do not believe that all the clans in the Highlands could produce a second Kennedy; and it would require something more than Mr Skene's forgotten somebody to make me believe that Strathmashie's was no better.

* The Seventh Book of Temora is published in Macpherson's own spelling, and clearly proves Captain Morison's statement, that he could "not write or spell (Gaelic) properly." It also proves, by irresistible inference, that the Seventh Book of Temora was NOT written by Mr Macpherson of Strathmashie; for although he was a coarse and wretched bard, and could write nothing tender or refined, he could both "write and spell" Gaelic, while the Seventh Book of Temora is miserably mis-spelt.

THE

LANGUAGE, POETRY, AND MUSIC

OF

THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

THE LANGUAGE.

The letters of the Gaelic language consist of seventeen, (originally sixteen,) besides the letter h, which is used as an aspirate. Only three of the consonants, l, n, and r, retain their power at all times, the aspirate so often used having the effect of either depriving the others of their power, or of rendering their sounds more vocal, sweet, and mellow. Hence the Gaelic vowels are more numerous than the consonants which at all times retain their power; yet this peculiar feature of the language, although it necessarily renders it more soft, does not deprive it of its vigour either in tone or expression, as no two Gaelic vowels are ever pronounced in one syllable excepting ao, whose combined sound can be acquired properly only from the living voice.

The construction of the Gaelic is extremely simple, yet I venture to say that any person who will study it, even with the assistance only of phonetic spelling, and what I can only call a literal translation for want of words to express my meaning, (for there can be no literal translation without equivalent words, and the words I use in rendering Gaelic into English are not equivalents—there being no such to be found in the English language,) will come to the conclusion that it has been cultivated by philosophic grammarians and philologists at some prehistoric age,—for the Gaelic is literally an ancient language, into which modern or coined words cannot be introduced without being detected as discordant and unnatural. The ancient Celtic clans, from the character of their language, religion, laws, the constitution of their local or clan governments and brehon-courts, from their poetry, tales, music, manners, and customs, must have attained a comparatively high state of civilization at some very remote period. Striking traits of polished manners, generous hospitality, and stern

patriotism, have been shown, and still are shown by the mountaineers of all parts of Europe, as well as of the Highlands of Scotland, notwithstanding the Roman and feudal corruption and oppression to which even the people of the most inaccessible districts had been more or less subjected. But the demeanor, if not even the character of the Highlander, has greatly deteriorated within my own time. For no Highlander, even within these forty years, would pass a stranger, on a country road, without speaking to him, if a common man, or saluting him, if a gentleman; but now, the singular thing is his noticing either the one or the other, unless with a sullen or suspicious look. The reason is, that gentlemen, unacquainted with the social position of the Highlander in his own country, which was above that of a labourer, until very recent times, regard his salute as merely the natural obeisance of the serf to his lord, and never notice it any more than they would notice the wag of the colley's tail; and the pride of the Highlander has taken the alarm. Hence, I have no doubt, the change that has struck me so forcibly in my recent visits to the Highlands.*

The Gaelic alphabet is called *Bithluiseanean*,—the life of plants,—being compounded from the roots *bith*, life, *luis*, plants, and *ean* the plural affix.

	Ancient Names.	*Pronunciation.*	*Sounds in English.*
A	ailm, palm	elim	like *a* in far
B	beith, birch	beyth	" *ba* in *b*all
C	caul, hazel	kawl	" *ca* in *c*at
D	dair, oak	dayr	" *da* in *d*aft
E	eadh, elm	ewgh	" *e* in th*e*me
F	fearn, alder	ferna	" *fa* in *f*all
G	gort, ivy	gort	" *ga* in *g*all
I	iogha, yew	éégha	" *i* in p*i*n
L	luis, aspen	looysh	" *ll* in qui*ll*
M	muin, vine	mooyn	" *ma* in *m*adam
N	nuin, ash	nooyn	" *na* in *n*arrow
O	oir, broom	oyr	" *o* in br*o*ke
P	peith, pine	paeyth	" *pa* in *p*ath
R	ruis, elder	rooysh	" *r* in ra*r*e
S	seal, willow	shēyl	" *sa* in *s*allad
T	teine, gorse	tēhnné	" *ta* in *t*ar
U	ur, myrtle		" *u* in tr*u*e

The English letters, as sounded in the above words, represent the initial sounds of the Gaelic letters as nearly as it can be represented by individual English letters; but the Gaelic consonants, when in action, are sounded much broader, deeper, and softer, than their initial names. These initial sounds are, I have no doubt, to be ascribed to a modern innovation, and ought to be corrected, because so apt to mislead. The distinction is so great and so essential,

* Mr Campbell of Islay, in his beautiful and gentlemanly preface to the Gaelic Tales, has found the Gael a gentleman of Nature's own making; but he was travelling where the country is not yet wholly inundated by the stranger.

however, as to render it absolutely necessary for any person who is desirous of acquiring anything like an approximate knowledge of the pronunciation of Gaelic words, to forget these foreign sounds, or to make himself perfectly master of this important distinction, as a preliminary step. This lesson could be acquired in a few minutes from the living voice; but from the difficulty of finding a qualified teacher, and from my horror of a vulgar pronunciation, I dare not recommend the experiment to the reader. Indeed, as the Gaelic is a natural, not an artificial language, I am of opinion that it is more safe for any person of good taste, who will really take the trouble of learning the Gaelic sound of the letters, to instruct himself, with the assistance of a written key to the pronunciation, than to risk the employment of an incompetent teacher, by whom he would, in all probability, either be disgusted, or reconciled to a spurious pronunciation. This treatise aims only at furnishing the reader, through the medium of phonic spelling and literal translations, with the means of perusing the works of the Gaelic bards; yet I am not without the confident hope that the natural good taste of every accomplished reader will intuitively suggest, with that aid, a more chaste and elegant pronunciation than he could acquire from most Highlanders, owing to the circumstances already explained. There is no difficulty with the Gaelic vowels, excepting in one diphthong and two triphthongs; and even in two of these, all the letters are perceptibly pronounced, but with a slight elision. A very short lesson from a competent teacher might be very useful in this case, and also in learning the peculiar sound of a few of the Gaelic consonants. A short and simple lesson would serve; yet, although very anxious to preserve two of these combinations as a characteristic of the language, and also the sound of the letters b, c, d, g, and t, I had much rather the reader should trust to his own intuitive taste, aided by the lesson for sounding these letters and phonetic spelling, than that he should take spurious imitations on trust, from a coarse and vulgar speaker. It is quite easy for a *lady* or *gentleman* (I use these words in contradistinction to *gents* and *mems*, who are ladies and gentlemen *artificially*, or by imitation only,) to judge whether a teacher be qualified or not, by making him recite a few verses of Gaelic poetry. Unless he can do so without uttering a sound that would be offensive to the ear even of the Queen, he is not a chaste or elegant speaker of the Gaelic language, and should at once be rejected as a vocal teacher. I have made a distinction between ladies and gentlemen, and *gents* and *mems;* I can assure the reader that I have not done so from any affectation of aristocracy, but because *gents* and *mems* glory in ridiculing peculiarities with which they are not familiar, while ladies and gentlemen do not.

Owing to the very great difference between the sounds of the letters in the language with which I am anxious to make the reader acquainted, and their sounds in the language through whose medium I am attempting to do so, I can only expect, at best, to give him merely an approximate idea of the pronunciation of many of the words quoted in these pages. With the vowels, (excepting the diphthong already mentioned, *ao*, and the triphthongs *aoi* and *eoi*,) there is no difficulty; and I trust that a careful perusal of the following instructions,

and a frequent *practical* application of them in pronouncing the letters, will make him a perfect master of the consonant sounds :—

B is called beith-bhog, (bey′-vog) soft b, by grammarians. It is sounded more like the English p than b. It is pronounced by pressing the lips together, and emitting a sound when in the act of opening them, like *ba* in ball, as in băd, a cluster of trees, buail, (buyl) strike, and bán, the feminine prefix, and bān, (bān) fair. C is always pronounced like the English k in the beginning, (and generally like g or k at the end of syllables,) as in car, (kar) a turn, ceann, (kenn) a head, and cluas, (klu-as) the ear. D and t are sounded so like one another as to afford no room for any distinction. D is pronounced by pressing the tongue against the upper foreteeth and palate, but in such a way that its tip may be lightly closed on by the teeth, and emitting a sound when in the act, as it were, of jerking them open, like the sound of *da* in daft, but softer and deeper, as in dāll, blind, dāná, bold, and dūr, obstinate. F is sounded by pressing the under lip against the slightly closed foreteeth, and emitting a sound when separating them, like *fa* in fall, but softer and deeper, as in fādá, long, fōil, (foyl) softly, and foīll, (foyll) deceit. G is pronounced by pressing the tongue against the centre of the palate, the back teeth being slightly closed on it, and emitting a sound like *ga* in gall, when in the act of opening them, as in găth, a dart, gāll, a stranger, and geal, white. L is always liquid, like double ll in quill, as in lān, full, lūs, strength, and lăs, light. M is pronounced like *ma* in madam, as in māll, slow, mōr, large, and mās, a base. N has always a slightly aspirated sound, like *n* in narrow, as in nùr, when, (at the time,) nĭs, now, nall, hither (to this side,) null, thither (to that side.) P is pronounced like *pa* in path, as páídh, (pay) pay, peall, (pēll) hair, (covering) and pailt, plenty. R is pronounced, but with a more decided vibration, like *r* in rare, as in răth, (ra′) luck, rann, (rann) a distich, and rian, (ri-an) orderly. S is sounded like *s* in salad, as sail, (sāýl) heel, sonn, (sōghnn) a warrior, and sar, a surpassing hero. The sound of T and d is so nearly the same as scarcely to admit of any difference; d deviates occasionally from his every day uniformity and formality, like all honest fellows who have hearts in their bosoms, but t never does: he is like the decent, thriving men described by Burns, with "blood like a standing pool, lives like a dyke." It is invariably pronounced by pressing the tongue pretty hard against the forepart of the palate and the back of the upper foreteeth, and emitting suddenly, while, as it were, jerking them open, a sound like *ta* in tar, tāír, (tāýr) mockery, (contempt,) tăiris, (tăyrish) stop, tarn, a loch without a regular outlet, and tuairn, (tu-ayrn) turning. My esteemed friend, Finlagan, the *nom de plume* of the most fervidly patriotic, yet the most calmly philosophic and gentlemanly of all the writers on the *unwise* Highland and Irish clearances, (judged even exclusively with a reference to the interests of the clearance-makers themselves,) suggests *th* as the English representative of t; but as t is one of the mutable letters, and so often subject to being euphonised by being combined in the same form (th) with the aspirate, the adoption of *th* to represent t would lead to confusion. On the whole, therefore, the best I can do for the reader is to beg that he will commit

the above instructions for pronouncing t, to memory, and apply them practically, not once but frequently, to the pronunciation of the Gaelic words beginning with t, above quoted.

All the consonants, as already stated, excepting l, n, and r, are occasionally ruled by the aspirate h. Hence they are divided into mutable and immutable consonants, the former being immutable. The mutable consonants admit of being changed, silenced, or rendered more soft and harmonious in sound by the aspirate, as bh, ch, dh, fh, gh, mh, ph, and th. Mh and bh sound like v at the beginning of syllables, but I do not know any letters that can really represent the aspirated sound of dh, th, and gh, at the end of syllables. By pressing the tongue against the palate at the back of the foreteeth, and emitting a faint whisper, like that represented by the stoccato sign in music (′), when in the act of parting the teeth, something sufficiently resembling it will, however, be produced. I will, therefore, use the stoccato sign for these consonants when aspirated at the end of syllables, in my phonic spelling. There is no English letter that can represent the aspirated ch of the Gaelic at the beginning of syllables; but the Greek χ will do so pretty accurately. I beg that the reader will remember this. C may be aspirated at the beginning of syllables, but must always be preserved at the end of syllables, as it is then guttural. The Gaelic is not encumbered with guttural sounds; and a slight mixture of them is, in my opinion, necessary, interesting, and desirable, as preserving the vigour as well as the air of antiquity of the language, for the apparent tendency of the moderns, especially the English, is to dispense with sounds that cannot be pronounced on the very slender scale of articulation which has been bestowed by Nature on lower races of animals than mankind. The author of the nursery puzzle,—"Abir tri uairen Mac-an-aba gun do ghab a dhunadh,"—(say Macnab three times without shutting the mouth,)—never, I dare say, expected that a whole people, with the royal household troops at their head, should, at some future period, set seriously to work in reconciling the pronunciation of their language to the principle indicated by his amusing proposition.

Dh and gh are pronounced y at the beginning, but aspirated at the end of words and syllables. Being exceedingly anxious that the reader should commit these brief lessons thoroughly to his memory, I would recommed it to him not to read another word until he shall have done so.

The letter F is always silent before h; and Th and Sh are always pronounced h. Ph has always the sound of the English f. The following lines from different poems will form an appropriate exercise for the preceding lesson as to the effect of the aspirate:—

Bha mi 'n de 'm Beinn-dorain.	I was yesterday in Bendoren.
va mi 'n de 'm beyn-dorayn	
A Mhari bhan gur barrail u.	Mary, fair surpassing art thou.
a vari van gur barrayl u	
Chaidh mi do'n choil 'n robh croin is gallain.	I went to the wood in which were tall young trees.
chay′ mi do'n choyl n rov croyn is gall-ayn	
A dheanadh slan gach dochartas.	Making heal every malady.
a yena′ slan gach do-chartas	

Theid sinn thair na bealaichen. heyd sinn hayr na belaych-en	Go we (shall) over the defiles.
Fhuair fasan is foghlum. hu-ayr fasan is foghlum	Received accomplishments and learning.
Shiubhladh tu fasach airidh-glinne. hi-uvla′ tu fa-sach ayri′-gilinne	Travel you would the desert sheiling-glen.
Gheibhte roinn agus orain is iomadh comh- yeyv-te roynn agus orayn is i-oma′ cov- radh* na measg. ra′ na mesg	Got would be (humorous) distiches, songs, and anecdotes, them among.
Cha phill, cha phill, cha phill sin tuille. cha fihll, cha fihll, cha fihll sin tuylle	Return, return, return shall we never.

The immutable consonants, l, n, r, have slightly aspirated sounds, like l in leek, n in knit, and r in rung. The double nn has always a decidedly aspirated sound.

The Gaelic, like the Greek, has only the definite article, and speaks indefinitely, by mentioning an object by itself,—as, duine, (duyne†) a man, an duine, the man; dun, a fort or castle. The article is declined by gender, number, and case, as follows:—

	Singular.		*Plural.*
	Masculine.	Fem.	Mas. & Fem.
Nom.	An, am.	an, a'.	na.
Gen.	An, a.	na.	nan, nam.
Dat.	An, a', 'm.	an, a', 'n.	na.

The rule whereby the initial letter of every root forming compound words is preserved, is traditionally ascribed to the Druids, but of this there is no written evidence, any more than there is for ascribing to them many practices, medicinal aud agricultural, which must have originated in an extensive acquaintance with natural science, and which have been carried down to the present day. The absence of Druid records is ascribed to the deadly enemies their patriotism had made them in the Romans. The enmity thus provoked not only brought destruction on their great college and manuscripts in Anglesea, but also on their wives and families; and all that had escaped the Romans of these in all probability most valuable manuscripts, were afterwards destroyed by Columba and his monks at Iona, where they established the seat of learning after the destruction of Anglesea. But retribution seems to be an ordinance of Nature. If the manuscripts of the Druids have not been preserved, neither have those of the Culdees, with very few exceptions, been preserved by their Roman Catholic successors; nor have theirs, in their turn, escaped the priesthood of the Reformation; so true it is that "priests of all religions are the same." But,

* This and similar words are in general contracted and pronounced thus, comhradh, co'ra, comhnuidh, co'nay, &c. &c.

† The vowels are always pronounced at the end of syllables or words. The English reader should especially remember this. There are no silent letters in my phonetic spelling.

although the Culdees and their successors have thus shown that no religious order of men, however pure and holy, are above human prejudice and human frailty, they did not subserve the civil despotism which, in subsequent ages, chiefly through a perverted Christianity, crushed the ancient rights and liberties of the people. At the same time, there is little doubt that they initiated the spirit of self-abasement, which was made subservient to that purpose by feudalism.

The fundamental principle of the Culdee religion, namely, the sacrifice of the chief to appease a feud, was substantially interwoven in the very constitution of clanships. There are many very touching instances of such voluntary sacrifices by chiefs; and the feudal law of Scotland acted on the principle of sacrificing one member of a clan for the rest, until subsequently to the year 1745. When a doctrine so accordant with clan affection and magnanimity, and so touchingly poetic as the sacrifice of the Son of God to atone for the sins of mankind, was preached to them by men of pure lives, great benevolence, genuine disinterestedness, and touching piety and eloquence, it is not to be wondered at that the clans yielded their whole hearts to this religion of faith and feeling, and became indifferent to the colder one of science, reason, and common sense. It is therefore, a fact,—and a strange fact,—that it was the unpretending simplicity and touching tenderness and benevolence of the religion of the holy Culdees which found acceptance with the Gael, and prepared the way for the despotism which ultimately degraded the people of the British Isles into the tools and victims of a pampered and rampant feudalism. At the same time, I am not one of those who regard even the perverted Christianity of the dark ages as wholly evil in its effects. It was a superhuman organization, which sounded every secret, and played on every chord, of the human heart, and could mould or subdue every human being within its influence; but the clergymen even of these ages have left us many illustrious examples of piety, patriotism, and virtue. Although the Pope, for instance, was in favour of Edward, and against Wallace, and although Bruce was excommunicated, yet Wallace had not a more staunch supporter than Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, or under his banner a more faithful follower, or a more incorruptible patriot, than priest Blair; and a priest, Barbour, was the biographer of Bruce, while a dignitary of the Church consecrated his banner, and blest his army on the field of battle.

The great drawback in the Church of Rome, as in the Church of England, is its despotic system of Church government. Being governed by a despotism, which, like every other despotism, claimed a Divine origin, it was as undoubting in its action as it was all but omnipotent in its power. But whenever its despotic and unwise leaders assumed an intolerant persecuting spirit, and used the civil power in its persecutions, its greatest and most powerful antagonists were the nobler spirits nursed and educated within its own bosom. The Catholic priesthood never wholly quenched the love of liberty in the hearts of the people. They wanted to govern by a theocracy; but where are the clergy that would not establish a theocracy, or render religion subservient to the sovereignty of their Church? I believe in the existence of no such clergy. The Catholic

priest was the great and leading reformer, and would be so at this day, but for the sectarianism which excites his combativeness, and fastens him to his colours; but the Catholic laity never sat down in contentment under a civil despotism. Had the intolerant, persecuting spirit witnessed by Knox in the Lowlands, been witnessed by Ian Lom among the Highland clans, he would not, of the two have been the least distinguished reformer. He was as much the friend of religious liberty and the bible as Knox, although a staunch Catholic. And do we not see in the long struggle of our Catholic ancestors for civil liberty, on every opportunity that offered itself, down to the period of the Revolution, as well as in that now completed in Italy, that Catholicism never quenched the love of liberty in the hearts of the most bigoted nations. Nor does the parallel between the struggle for liberty in our country and in Italy hold good only in the case of the people: on the contrary, the Wallace and Bruce of Italy, like the Wallace and Bruce of Scotland, found their staunchest followers among the Catholic clergy. The following verse bears me out in what I have stated as to Ian Lom's love of religious liberty and the bible:—

Noir bu sgith do luchd theud e, noyr bu sgi' do luc heyt e	When tired the race of (tuneful) strings,
Gheibhte biobuil ga'n leughadh, yevte bi-o-buyl ga n ley'-a'	Bibles are found there reading,
Le fior chreidimh na ceile, le fi-or chreydev na ceyle	In a wise spirit of faith,
Mar a dh-orduich Mac Dhe dhuinn, mar a yorduych mac ye yuyn	As was ordained by the Son of God,
Agus teagasg na cleire le sith. agus tegasg na cleyre le si'	And the worship of the clergy in peace.

In short, it seems pretty clear that the unpopularity of the Catholic Church after the establishment of feudalism, was to be ascribed, in all ages, to the despotism and wealth of its dignitaries. Hence we find that that Church has always been more respected in poor than in rich countries. The Church was the handmaiden of feudalism, and helped to fasten her yoke on the necks of the people; but the working priest has ever been the friend of the poor and the oppressed. It was the despotic dignitaries of the Church that, like all other pampered despots, were but too generally tyrants and oppressors.

The Culdees were in spirit evangelical, and, like the evangelical clergy of the present day, not attached to, or, perhaps, even tolerant of natural theology. Hence, probably, their hostility to the Druid priesthood. But they were incapable of misrepresenting them either in their lives or doctrines. The statement that the Druids offered human sacrifices may have been believed by, but did not originate with the Culdees. The report may have arisen from the circumstance that the Druids were the criminal judges among the Celtic clans, and that the criminals sentenced to capital punishment were executed by phlebotomy, within the Druid circle. The corrupt Roman theologist that could not comprehend a worship without a sacrifice, may have believed that these criminals were innocent victims sacrificed to superstition, and the basin-like

hollow to be found in all the Druid altar stones, to receive the blood of the executed criminals, (who were solemnly sacrificed on the altar of their god to the justice of their country,) may have confirmed, if it did not even give rise, to that belief. Had the Culdees been capable of misrepresenting the religion of the Druids, they would not have preserved their names for God, the soul, the good, the bad, &c., since these names are descriptive, and refute every falsity circulated in reference to their religion and morality. They had three names for God: *deo*, from the roots *ti*, a great being, and *eol*, knowledge; *dia*, from *ti* and *agh*, pronounced *a'*, good; and, *bith-uile*, abbreviated *bel*, from *bith*, life and *uile*, all. It is thus seen that the Druid represented God as the great, the good Being, the life of all. He had two names also for the soul, *deo*, from his regarding the soul as an emanation of God. Hence, when a person dies, the Highlander does not say, "thuair (hu-ayr) e 'm bas," as he would say of a beast; but "chai an deo as,"—the soul has gone out of him. The other name of the soul is still more striking, *anam*, from *an*, antagonism, defiance, and *am*, time; that is, the antagonist or defier of time, or, in other words, the immortal.

It is a very singular coincidence, that the idolatrous priesthood of the East, by preserving the inscriptions on ancient monuments, have furnished the philologist with the means of proving that they also had derived their knowledge of the attributes of God from Nature. This is a reasonable inference from these inscriptions, and from the significant and accordant fact, namely, that they symbolized His different attributes,—wisdom, power, benevolence, &c., by different and distinct statues and figures. It is difficult to believe that man could have allowed himself to be juggled out of such knowledge by priestcraft, after having once attained it; yet the inscriptions in the East, and the names of God in the West, can leave no doubt that the Druid priesthood, both in the East and the West, had a knowledge of the omnipotent power, wisdom, and benevolence of God, at a period beyond the date of revealed religion. For instance, an inscription under an ancient statue of Isis has been translated, "I am all that is;" and the inscription on a monument at Sais has been translated, "I am all that is or was." The Jehovah of Scripture would, according to Gaelic etymon, have been spelt Ti-ha-va; viz., *ti*, the Great Being, *ha*, is, and *va* was,—the Great Being that is and was. This is identical with the inscription at Sais. It is a legitimate inference from this inscription, that the monument or pyramid at Sais was erected to symbolize the origin and unity of all sublime attributes and enduring power in one living and eternal God. No one was allowed to enter the Temple of Serapis without having the name Jehova (abbreviated *Jaho* in these inscriptions) inscribed on his breast. Circumcision was a preliminary to the study of the philosophy of symbols, being probably intended to impress indelibly on the mind of the student that most ancient of all symbols of God, the circle. Moses, according to Philo, was initiated in the philosophy of symbols as well as Plato. He had thus acquired a knowledge of God from the natural theology of the Eastern Druids, before he became the legislator of the Jews.

There is no evidence that natural theology, or the Druidal religion of Egypt, had ever become the handmaiden of despotism; but the religion revealed through man certainly had, first among the Jews, and since then among the feudal Christians. Indeed, we cannot conceive a state of society in which the people can be free and their spiritual government a despotism. No free people ever will submit to a spiritual despotism. A spiritual despotism can make hypocrites, but not Christians, as was proved by the French Revolution, where a priest-ridden people proved a nation of infidels. There is no evidence of the existence of any despotism, until God revealed his will to man through man. Hence we find from the day that Joseph availed himself of Pharaoh's dream for the establishment of despotism in Egypt, until Calvin and Knox gave a representative government to the Presbyterian Church, that the clergy of all countries and all religions were the deadly foes of civil and religious liberty. Feudalism, unaided by priestcraft, never could have defrauded and disorganized the Celtic clans of Scotland. "Prior to the marriage of Malcolm Canmore," says a clerical historian, "and subsequently to that event, many families of Norman and Saxon lineage found their way from the northern districts of England into Scotland, where they settled, and became proprietors of land by feudal tenure. On the property so acquired they erected fortresses" (to coerce the people.) "These settlers were probably, without exception, the friends of Christianity, being favourable to all influences likely to civilize their rude retainers," (or, in other words, to that exhorbitant power of priestcraft, without which the people never could have been made to submit to the feudal usurpation.) "Hence," continues the historian, (who seems quite unconscious of the real motives of the feudal lords for being, "without exception, the friends of Christianity,") "one of their primary objects would be the building of a church, in such a position as might be most convenient for the inhabitants of the town or village which sprung up in the immediate vicinity, and under the protection of their own castles." The progress of the "well matched pair,"—civil usurpation and spiritual despotism, —in denuding and making serfs of the people, are indelibly impressed on the face of the country by these castles and churches; but when the usurpation was established, and the submission of the people insured, the castles battered down the churches, and ungratefully resumed their well won wealth. We thus see that a just retribution ultimately overtakes the inheritors of unjustly acquired wealth, however saintly their garb or profession.

The Rev. Dr Blair, in his beautiful Dissertation of Ossian's poems, tries to account for the singular circumstance that there are no traces of religion in these poems; but the Druids, whose religion was founded on natural science, could not make God give a victory to one hero and one army to-day, and to an opposite hero and army to-morrow. In short, the religion of the Druids could not be made subservient to the imaginary exigencies of poetry; on the contrary, the mixing up of God's name and power with human affairs, would have been regarded as an impiety in the days of Ossianic ignorance and barbraity.

When the reader shall have acquired sufficient knowledge of the Gaelic to

be able to resolve compound words into their simple elements or roots, as exemplified in the etymon of the foregoing words, every step of progress will become to him a source of intellectual recreation. He will then scarcely find in literature a more ludicrous figure than their egotism made of Dr Johnson, Sir James Macintosh, and Lord Macaulay, when, without having even a reading knowledge of the Gaelic, they constituted themselves dictators on questions involved in the language and literature of the Highland clans. At the same time, it must be admitted, that, with the exception of the ancient poems translated and published by the elegant and spirited Mr Macpherson, and the learned, honest, and patriotic Dr Smith, the Gael have done little to put their language or poetry in an attractive or even accessible form before the English reader. Our dictionary-makers knew that Gaelic words are descriptive, and that by resolving them into their primitive roots, they would furnish the antiquary and historian with the means of forming a true estimate, not only of the language, but also of the state of society or condition of the ancient Celtic nations; but, probably, to make their gigantic labours more easy, they preferred following the example of other learned lexicographers, by giving us a string of what they call synonymous words, to explain the meaning of one! We all know the amusing error into which the foreign clergyman fell, who on being told that pickling meant preserving, prayed with great fervour of devotion that Dr Chalmers' soul might be pickled. But those who will peruse Gaelic dictionaries and Gaelic grammars, will find that the English are not the only scholars who have laboured to the utmost of their power to render their language complicated, and its acquisition a life-labour to foreigners. The Gaelic lexicographers give a string of words "as long as my arm," differing essentially from one another, to explain the meaning of one word, instead of reducing the word to its roots, and leaving it to explain itself; and the grammarian has determined, that to learn Gaelic, a man must not only be a profound scholar, but devote his life exclusively to the study of his exquisite labours.

Different Sounds of the Gaelic Vowels.

A.

"ā long, as in far; as ard, *high*; bard, a *poet*.
a short, like a in făt; as cas, a *foot*; tasdan, a *shilling*.
ā long, like eux in French; as adh, (ā-ugh) *joy*.
a short, like ĕŭx; as lagh, *law*; tagh, *chose*.
a faint, like e in risen; as an, *the*; mar, *as*.

E.

ē long, like e in there; as ē in se, *he*; re, *during*.
e short, like ĕ in met; as leth, *half*; teth, *hot*.
e long, like ā in fate; as cé, the *earth*; te, a *female*.
e short, like e in hĕr; as duine, a *man*; filte, *folded*.

I

i long, like ēē in see; as cir, a *comb*; mir, a *piece*.
i short, like ĭ in pin; as min, *meal*; bith, *being*.
i faint, like ĭ in this; as is, *am*.

O.

o long, like ō in oak; as ōr, *gold*; brōg, a *shoe*.
o short, like ŏ in ŏn; as mo, *my*; grod, *rotten*.
o long, like ō in hōw; as tonn, a *wave*; poll, a *pull*.
o short, like ŏ in not; lomadh, *clipping*; connadh, *fuel*.
o long, like ō in ōwl; as sōgh, *luxury*; fōghlum, *learning*.
o short, like ŏ in nŏw; as foghar, *autumn*; roughuinn, *choice*.

U.

u long, like ū in tube; as ūr, *fresh*; tur, a *tower*.
u short, like ŭ in bush; as rud, a *thing*; guth, a *voice*.
u faint, like a faint, or u in run; as mur, *if not*.

"In words of more than one syllable, the vowels, chiefly the broad, have an indefinite short quality of obscure sound in the second or final syllables; this has occasioned an indiscriminate use of the vowels as correspondents, and hence the reason that the same word is sometimes spelt in two different ways, as iarrtas or iarrtus, a *request*; canain or canuin, a *language*; dichiall or dichioll, *diligence*. The spelling of the same word by different vowels is chiefly confined to the final syllable or syllables. A single vowel in the initial syllable of a word never assumes this obscure sound, and when the initial syllable contains an improper diphthong, one of the vowels is always pronounced in full, and the other is faint or quiescent."—*Forbes*.

Although I consider it proper to make a few quotations, showing the niceties of the language, as illustrated by the grammarians, I do not consider the perfect knowledge of them necessary to enable any foreign lady or gentleman to speak and to read Gaelic. Had I thought so, I should not have undertaken to write a naked key, free of even the common points in use, to mark the different sounds of the Gaelic vowels. My object is to strip the language of all the impediments to the easy acquisition of such a plain, simple knowledge of it, as will enable a foreigner to make himself understood. I do not think it is possible to teach any person by the mere use of letters to speak any foreign language like a well educated native, otherwise I would have left the field in the possession of grammarians, whose works for learning, research, and discrimination, if equalled, are not surpassed.

Diphthongs and Triphthongs.

"Ao has no similar sound in English; it is like the French eu or eux, or the Latin au, in aurum; as gaol, *love*, saor, *a wright*. Eu; the letter e in eu is always long, and has a compound sound, as if e was preceded by a short i, thus, teum, feum, pronounced tĭem, fĭem. The letter e has a shade of this sound also in the improper diphthong ea, as cead, deas, pronounced kĕid, dĭes.

"There are five triphthongs formed from the long diphthongs ao, eo, ia, ua, by adding the vowel i. These diphthongs preserve their own sounds, and the final i is always short; aoi, as caoidh, (kao-y) lament; laoidh, (lloo-y) calves; eoi, as treoir, (treō-yr) strength; as geoidh, (keo-y) geese; iai, as

ciuin, (ki-uyn) meek; fliuiche, (fli-iuch-e) wetter; uai, as fuaim, (fua-ym) sound; cruaidh, (crua-y) hard."—*Ibid.*

There are I know not how many diphthongs and triphthongs, but I do not consider it necessary to submit them to the reader. Indeed, with the exception of the one previously mentioned, the whole difficulty appears to me to have been created by the grammarians themselves.

A and o will not yield to one another, and have compelled the bards to concede to them a combined and peculiar sound; but with the other vowels the case is quite different. When a small and a broad vowel meet, they neither disagree nor assume a combined sound. In air, *on*, for instance, the a being the primary or leading vowel, is treated with due deference by i, who accordingly allows him the benefit of his position or precedence, and speaks himself in a subdued voice: hence the monosyllable is pronounced ayr. But when the small vowel is the primary and the broad the secondary, the latter is silent. It would thus appear that the small letters are the gentlemen, and the broad the plebeians of the Gaelic alphabet: hence when one of these gentleman is preceded in a triphthong by two broad vowels, one of them, out of deference to him, remains silent, and he accordingly modifies his style, and condescends to speak in a voice accordant with the vulgar intonation. No unseemly argument, looking for victory in a masterful voice, can take place between a Celtic gentleman and plebeian, even symbolically or by their representative letters. He recognises their value in the commonwealth, and they show due deference to his superior rank and position. Thus, buail, *strike*, is pronounced buyl; tuaisd, *bungler*, tuyst; buaidh, *victory*, buy; loidh, *hymn*, loy. But to show that he has not subdued his voice or modified his style out of any fear of the physical superiority of two to one, when he and a brother aristocrat meet a single plebeian under similar circumstances, he is treated with due consideration, and allowed to speak for himself. Thus, stiuir, *helm*, is pronounced sti-uyr; ciuin, *mild*, ki-uyn, &c. On the other hand, when two broad vowels meet,—o and a excepted,—they treat one another like two navvies, without any regard to conventional rules of politeness or etiquette; on the contrary, they treat one another like two sturdy radicals, as on a footing of perfect equality. Thus, fuar, *cold*, is pronounced fu-ar; tuar, *complexion*, tu-ar; raud, *greed*, ra-ut, &c. &c. But when two small letters meet, they not only treat one another, but also their Celtic brother, o, the aristocrat of Ireland, with the utmost cordiality and consideration. Thus, feoil, *flesh*, is pronounced fe-oyl; theid, *will go*, heyt; treoir, *strength*, tre-oyr, &c. &c.

The names of inanimate objects which take *an* or *am* before them are generally masculine; as, an dorus, (dorus) the door; an tigh, (ti') the house; an t-ord, the hammer; am baile, (baylc) the town; am bradan, (bradan) the salmon.

Nouns which have *a* prefixed are, in general, feminine; as, a ghrian, (yri-an) the sun; a ghealach, (yel-ach) the moon; a chraobh, (chra-ov) the tree; a bheinn, (vēynn) the mountain.

Nouns beginning with a vowel insert *t* after the prefixed article for the

sake of euphony; as, an t-uan, (u-an) the lamb; an t-iasg, (i-ask) the fish; an t-ubh, (uv) the egg; an t-olc, the evil. Many nouns beginning with s, which is silent before h, insert *t* after the article; as, an saoghal, (sao′-al) the world, is written in the genitive case, an t-shaoghail, (tao′-ayl) of the world; an t-shlait, (tlayt) of the rod; an t-shneachd, (tnechd) of the snow, &c.

The above rules have, however, many exceptions, the article *a* being prefixed to names masculine; as, a monadh, (mona′) the hill; a meal, (mell) the knoll; and *an* to nouns feminine; as, an amhuin, (avuyn) the river; an reul, (rēyll) the planet, &c.

There is in Gaelic no accusative case different from the nominative; nor is the ablative different from the dative case.

BARD, a poet, Masc.		With the Article.	
Singular.	*Plural.*	*Singular.*	*Plural.*
N. Bard. bard	baird. bayrd	N. am bard. am bard	na baird. na bayrd
G. Baird. bayrd	bhard. vard	G. a bhaird. vayrd	nam bard. nam bard
D. Bard. bard	bhardaibh. vardayv	D. do'n bhaird. don vayrd	do bhardaibh. vardayv
V. Bhard. vayrd	bharda. varda	V. O bhaird. vayrd	O bharda. varda

BEAN, a woman, Fem.		With the Article.	
Singular.	*Plural.*	*Singular.*	*Plural.*
N. Bean. ben	mnai or mnathan. mnay mna′-an	N. a bhean. ven	na mnai or na mnathan. mnay mna′-an
G. Mna. mna	ban. ban	G. na mna. mna	nam ban. nam ban
D. Mnaoi. mna-oy	mnathaibh. mna′-iv	D. do'n mhnaoi. mn-oy	do na mnathaibh. mna′-yv
V. Bhean. ven	mhnathan. mna′-an	V. O bhean. ven	O mhnathan. mna′-an

The following rules are quoted, substantially, from Currie:—

"Gaelic nouns generally form the plural eitheir by changing the broad vowels a, o, u, into the small e, i, or simply by the insertion of i into the last syllable," in accordance with the principle which makes the small vowels the superiors of the broad:—as

Nom.	*Gen.*	*Nom.*	*Gen.*
Earrach, spring errach	earraich. errayich	sgiath, a shield. ski-a′	sgeith. ske′
Dorus, door. dorus	doruis. dor-uysh	each, a horse. ech	eeich. e-ich
Damh, an ox. dav.	daimh. dayv	creag, a rock. crek	creig. creyk
Daol, a beetle. daol	daoil. daoyl	fearg, wrath. ferak	feirg. fe-rick
Darag, an oak. dar-ag	daraig. darayk	coileach, a cock. coyl-ech	coilaich. coy-lich

Fraoch, heather. fraoch	fraoich. fraoych	grian, the sun. gri-an	greine. gre-nè
Bas, death. bas	bais. bayish	iasg, fish. i-ask	eisg. ēysk
Fuaran, a spring. fu-aran	fuarain. fu-a-rayn	dias, an ear of corn. di-as	deis. dē-ish
Laoch, a hero. laoch	laoich. laoych	fiadh, a deer. fi-a′	feidh. fe-i′

"Some nouns ending in ea are changed into i; and those ending eo or o, into ui,—as:

Nom.	*Gen.*	*Nom.*	*Gen.*
Breac, a trout. brec	bric.	breac brec	bhreac vrec
Fear, a man. fèr	fir.	broc, a badger. broc	bruic. bru-ic
Ceann, head. cenn	cinn.	ceol, music. ke-ol	ciul. su-il
Preas, a bush. prés	pris.	seol, a sail. se-ol	siuil. shi-uyl
Breac, small-pox. brec	bricè.	cnoc, a knoll. cnoc	cnuic. cnu-ic
Cearc, a hen. cerc	circè.	soc, a ploughshare. soc	suic. su-ic
Leac, a flag. lec	licè.	lorg, a stick. lorg	luirg. lu-rik
Gleann, a valley. glenn	glinnè.	long, a ship. long	luing. lu-ing

Nouns in eu, followed by a liquid, change u into o, and insert i after it. There are many irregular nouns; but I do not consider it necessary to quote many examples. The following may, I think, suffice,—my chief reliance being on phonic spelling and literal translations:—

Nom.	*Gen.*	*Nom.*	*Gen.*
Neul, a cloud. nēyl	neoil, clouds. né-ŏȳll	feoil, flesh. fe-oyll	feola, of the flesh. fe-ola
Ian, a bird. i-an	eoin, birds. e-oyn	sron, the nose. srōn	sroine, of the nose. sroyne
Feur, grass. feyr	feoir, grasses. fe-oyr	muir, the sea. múyr	mara, of the sea. mara
Meur, a finger. mèyr	meoir, fingers. me-oyr	fuil, blood. fúyll	fola, of the blood. fola
Leus, a torch. lēys	leois, torches. le-oysh	druim, a ridge. truȳm	droma, of the back. droma
Beul, a mouth. bēyll	beoil, mouths. be-oyl	suil, the eye. sùyll	sula, of the eye. sula
Sgeul, a tale. skēyll	sgeoil, tales. ske-oyll	mil, honey. mīl	meala, of the honey. mela
Bannais, a wedding. bann-aysh	bainnse, wedding. baynnse	duthaich, a country. du′-ayich	ducha, of the country. du-cha
Coluinn, the body. coluynn	colla, coll. colla	gualainn, the shoulder. gu-alaynn	guaille, of the shoulder. guylle

'General Rule.—The nominative plural is formed by adding *a* or *an* to the nominative singular; as nom. sing. bard, a poet, plu. bardan or baird.

Piobair, a piper. pīpayr	piobairean. pīpayren
Buachail, a shepherd. bu-achayl	buachaillean. bu-achayllen
Aimsir, weather. aymĭshir	aimsirean. aymĭ-sir-en
Craobh, a tree. cra-ov	craobhan. craovan

"Particular Rule.—Masculine nouns which insert *i* in the genitive singular, have the nominative plural like the genitive singular; as nom. sing. oglach, (ōglach) a servant-man, gen. oglaich, (oglaych) nom. plu. oglaich; so,—

N. Fear, a man. fer	G. sin. fir. fĭr	N. cluaran, a thistle. clu-aran	G. sin. & N. pl. cluarain. clu-aren
Bradan, a salmon. brăd-an	bradain. brătayn	croman, a kite. crŏman	cromain. cromen
Cleireach, a clerk. clēy-rech	cleirich. cley-rich	clachan, a village. clachan	clachain. clachen

"The changes marking the relations of adjectives to other words are, like those to which nouns are subjected, sometimes partly made on the beginning and partly on the termination. The changes at the beginning are made by aspirating the initial consonant; those at the end, by partly changing the terminations. The object of both is to indicate numbers and cases."—But I must stop, lest the reader should think that I am going to seduce him into the study of Gaelic grammar, and thus stultifying myself.

The Gaelic bards of modern times,—that is, since they ceased to live as a separate and distinct order, at the introduction of Christianity, though they continued to be recognised and retain power as a class,—knew nothing of letters, much less of grammar, with very few exceptions; but they were orally educated, and, the Gaelic being a natural instead of an artificial language, perfectly masters of all its simple peculiarities, as is proved by the very works on which such profound, complicated, and apparently endless disquisitions have been founded. I cannot, therefore, see any reason why an educated gentleman should not, by the assistance of a phonic key to the pronunciation, be able to make himself sufficiently master of the Gaelic language to become thoroughly acquainted with the works of the Gaelic bards, without devoting a lifetime—if a lifetime would suffice for the purpose—to the study of Gaelic grammar. For myself, I am satisfied that any educated person who may feel disposed to take a little trouble in the matter, can easily acquire as much knowledge of Gaelic from the preceding pages, and the phonetic spelling and literal translations in the following pages, as will enable him both to peruse and to appreciate the poetry and tales of the Gael.

The Gaelic has no neuter gender, and it is difficult precisely to see the grounds on which grammarians distinguish between the feminine and masculine

gender of inanimate objects; but their language, as well as traditions, show that devotion to the fair sex was a striking characteristic of the ancient Gael, and I rather think that the gender of inanimate objects has been determined by them in accordance with their predilections, and that everything which they regarded as bright and beautiful, magnificent and sublime, in the first degree, is feminine, and everything which they considered so only in the secondary degree, is masculine. We accordingly find that the sun and moon are feminine, so also are all the chief mountains and rivers; while bruach, (bru-ach,) a bank, alt, a rivulet, monadh, (mona',) a hill, &c. &c., are masculine. Their poetry bears me out in this view of the subject; nay, more, the feminine may generally be distinguished from the masculine in the poetry of the bards by the beauty of the very names of the objects personified as feminine, which sound more pleasingly to the ear than those personified as masculine. The grammarians do not seem to have recognised this feature of Gaelic poetry; but, unlike the bards, the grammarians had all the advantages of what the *Times* calls "Anglo-Saxon civilization," and despised a weak deference to sex: hence they seem to have determined the gender of inanimate objects by their adjectives. Thus as the adjective proper to *duine mor*, (duyné more) a man big, may be appropriately joined to *dun mor*, a castle big, they concluded that castle is masculine. In like manner, as the adjective proper to *gerran*, (ger-ran) a cart-horse, is also proper to *cuan*, (cu-an) a sea, they regard the sea also as masculine. My object does not, however, require that I should lead the reader through details; but I consider it proper and necessary to point out to him some of the peculiarities of the language, and leave him to form conclusions for himself.

The parts of speech in Gaelic are nine: the article, (already declined,) the noun, pronoun, adjective, and verb, which are declinable, and the adverb, preposition, interjection, and conjunction, which are not declinable. "These parts of speech, except the conjunction, are exemplified in the first verse of the 118th Psalm.

8 5 2 7 1 2 6 5 4 3 6 6
"O thugive buidheachas do 'n Tighearn, oir tha e maith, oir gu brath
o hugive buy'-chas to 'n ti-ern oyr ha e may' oyr gu bra'
5 4 2
mairidh a threocair.'"
mayri' a h-re-ocayr

The rule for spelling Gaelic is embodied in the following verse, which is ascribed to the Druids, who have credit in Highland tradition for every axiom good and wise in conception, and useful and simple in practice, that have come down to the people from remote ages:—

Leathan ri leathan, le'-an ri le'-an	Broad to broad,
'S caol ri caol. 's caol ri caol	And small to small,

A chaoidh sgriobh	Ever write
a chay skriv	
Le brigh Gaelic.	With meaning Gaelic.
le bri′ ga-lic	

Some grammarians think the above rule were more honoured in the breach than the observance, because it requires, that, if the last vowel of any syllable in a compound word is broad, the initial vowel in the next syllable should also be broad, and thus leads to the employment of silent vowels. This is true, but it leads to no confusion, and to very few silent vowels. Instead, therefore, of desiring to do away with the rule, my wish is that other dialects had an equally clear rule of spelling. Had the English student a rule for spelling that language in four lines of four and five syllables each, the saving for the last two hundred years in time and money would have been incalculable. It is to this rule for spelling,—the preservation of the initial letter of the roots of compound words,—and the itinerating labours of the bards and seanachies among the clans, that the preservation of the Gaelic in its simplicity and purity, for thousands of years, is to be ascribed.

Clanships were founded in identity of blood and pedigree from the original patriarch of their respective districts. Hence, any persons acquainted with their traditions must be aware that the old Highlanders did not consider the sons of existing chiefs any higher in pedigree, or one iota more aristocratic than the descendants of any other chief in the long line of descent from the founder of the clan. The ancestral honours and blood were regarded as the common inheritance, in which none had any preference. The clan district was also regarded as the common property of the clan. The common interest required them to have local clan or district governments; but the officials were elected by the clan, and strictly limited to the *cleachda*, or use and wont. Their laws or cleachda (custom) were traditional, and known to every member of the clan, and could not be altered or violated with impunity, even by the most popular chiefs. They were administered by a judge called *bridheamh*, (bri′-ev) (modernised *brehon* in Ireland and Wales,) and by a jury, consisting of the heads of the different families of the clan. The chief was the executive; but he was not a member of the brehon court. The judge was, of old, appointed by the Druids, and probably a member of the Druid order; but the Druids constituted, not the civil but the criminal court of the clans. The chief and chieftains were elected from the nearest in descent to the *founder* of the clan or family, not to the last chief or chieftain, as in the feudal succession. Hence, in general, the brother succeeded to the brother, and the nephew to the uncle, instead of the son succeeding in lineal descent, as in feudal successions. I am satisfied that it was the organization of the clans of the north of Europe for the conquest of the Roman Empire, under partially despotic leaders, on a system of military subordination, which originated all the essential differences between the Celts and Goths, although they have since then been ascribed by historians to a difference of race. These leaders, though at the first elected by their

followers on patriarchal principles, naturally established their power over them permanently, when territories were conquered and districts divided into estates among their officers. In such cases, the *ceanncath*, or war-chief, naturally became king, and his officers feudal vassals; and the heirs of both secured the succession. This really seems to have originated feudalism and the manners and customs which distinguished the so-called Gothic from the Celtic clans. There is no historical evidence of the emigration to Europe of two races of mankind from the East; and feudalism is certainly first known as a system under the Emperor Alexander Severus, in Germany, and not in the East. I have never been able to discover any grounds on which to assign to the Gothic a different lineage from the original Celtic colonists of the localities from which Gothic clans take their names. Had they been a different race, and come from the East at a more recent period, they would have carried their names along with them, instead of taking the names of different localities in the land to which they had emigrated. To assume that they are of a different race from the first Celtic colonists of Europe, merely because of the difference in their political institutions, dialects, manners, and customs, appears to me to be neither accordant with probability nor analogy. Language is the great argument of those who hold most firmly to the idea of different races. Yet Max Müller and the more eminent philologists of the present day, seem convinced that all languages, or, in this sense, more properly dialects, may be traced to one source; and to do so seems to be the great object of comparative philology. The idea that the Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, are derived the one from the other, has been fairly given up, and the conclusion seems to be that they are derived from a common source. So fugitive is the character of language known to be, as to have been thus illustrated by Müller: "We read of missionaries in Central America who attempted to write down the language of savage tribes, and who compiled with great care a dictionary of all the words they could lay hold of; returning to the same tribe, after the lapse of only ten years, they found that this dictionary had become antiquated and useless. Old words had sunk in the ground, and new ones had risen to the surface, and, to all outward appearance, the language was completely changed." In short, mankind are the creatures of training and circumstances, and the difference in these between the Celtic and Gothic tribes, accounts for every other difference between them.

I have much pleasure in submitting the following letter from a learned and eminent antiquary and philologist,* in corroboration, substantially, of my views on the subject of the cognate character of the languages and peoples of Europe.

"I beg to return my kindest thanks for the lecture on the Highlanders and Scots, you have been so kind as to send me. I have read it with much attention, and with great pleasure indeed. With the exception of one point, you have anticipated all my conclusions and deductions. It occasioned much surprise and pleasure thus to find two individuals, wholly unknown to one another, and pursuing the same studies quite independent of each other, arriving at conclu-

* H. Macdonald, Esq., Grandtully, Dunkeld.

sions almost the same. The reasons you have given for the difference in the languages of Europe are precisely mine—preferably worded by you.

"I have studied to a certain extent the connexion of Latin and Greek with our Gaelic, and find that no writer has yet done justice to this part of philology. It is now known that Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French, are all the direct offsprings of the language of Rome, and that both Greek and Latin enter largely into the Teutonic or Gothic dialects. I can say nothing of the Sclavonic, though it is considered one of the Arian tongues. Our own language is now, with apparent grudge, admitted to belong to this Indo-European class of languages. We are told that Professor Müller, of Cambridge, has traced out some seven or eight hundred words of Latin in the Gaelic, or *vice versa;* and we have been informed that Pezron, the antiquary, found that number in the Greek, and from 1200 to 1400 words in Latin, though, like Müller, he was quite unacquainted with our tongue. I have traced out lately 2600 Latin terms in our Gaelic, and am fully aware that I am far from having exhausted the subject. In one letter of the Greek alphabet I detected 200 Gaelic words. I believe the Greek is replete with Gaelic, for its numerous aspirated pronunciations and consonant combinations bear great affinity to our language. The German or Teutonic is said to abound in it.

"Now when we find that our Celtic language pervades the whole languages of middle and western Europe, is it mere enthusiasm that hems us in to the conclusion, that our people and language have founded the existing races and tongues of Europe? Some of the great English savans of the last century doubted the connexion of *Erse* (as they termed it) with any language in Europe—such was Dr Johnson's view; but Whitaker left recorded that he found 3000 British words in the old Saxon tongue; and the more we examine every dialect of the Teutonic, we find that it was reared on a Celtic foundation. The recent assertions of some, that the Hindu and Sanscrit languages are fellows of the European, is not satisfactory. At one time these races were brothers, but since their dispersion on the plains of Asshur, they never yet met, and have no more claim for identity of race than the Patagonians and we have; there are, notwithstanding, many things in their language common to ours. This is the case with the Arabic and Persic also. The term Indo-European is a misnomer; neither is the fancy of such as term the Celts Turanian, a shade happier.

"But how, it may be asked, are we to account for the extent to which our language has pervaded the other languages of Europe? The reply is simple, namely, that our race had passed over the Hellespont first of all others, with the language they had spoken in Chaldea. Greece became their earliest European settlement, notwithstanding the waves of emigrants sent out thence as pioneers to cultivate and inhabit the remaining wastes of Europe. Neither did the race or language ever wholly abandon Pelasgia. The same occurred in Italy. I would ask where had the Latin tongue its origin? In Italy. Allowing the fables connected with the transmission of Æneas from Troy to have some germs of truth in them, what was his language? Greek. The

Trojans were a Ionic tribe, and spoke the Helenic. The Latin consequently was generated in Italy, and we need not wonder that so much Celtic enters into its formation.

"You remark that there is no vestige of evidence that a Gothic conquest of the Celts took place. It took place in the brain of would-be Gothic people only; never in fact. These writers have laid much stress on a passage from Herodotus, which, as he was traditionally told, bore that the Scythæ were driven by the Messagetæ from the south and east of the Araxes, and betook themselves to the north of the Euxine, then occupied by the Cimbri,—the other great cognate branch of the Celts,—and that they drove out the Cimbri, who, it would appear, were obliged to cross the Euxine back to Asia Minor, from which place they were expelled by Crœsus; in which circumstance they were compelled to fall back on their own native country. This latter story of the Father of History is overlooked by the Gothic writers. Research has done away with the Scythæ-Gothic myth, and the term is now understood to have been an appellative generally applied to all people living on the produce of the chace. A people termed Scythæ, or archers, (from *saighead*, an arrow) may have followed in the wake of the still earlier Cimbri, but the conquest of the latter by the former is still a guess of no foundation. An almagamation of a kindred race may have taken place. But to descend to our British and Irish people, I am at a loss to see how we are justified in designating tribes either in Britain or Ireland, Gothic or Saxon, before these designations became known in the world or in history. The Gothic nations of the south of Ireland, you frequently mention as different from the Celts of the north, staggers me; for the Milesians, Clanna-Neimhidh, &c., of the Emerald Isle, I entertain the greatest doubt. I believe that the sister Isle was originally peopled by Celts from the British Isle, and I know that no Goth could exist there before the name existed any where else. The Gothic champions have chosen to metamorphose the Gæti into Goths in and after the seventh century, but the term was unknown before the Christian era. As for the Belgæ, they occupied a section of Gaul, and were real Celts, although some tribes of them in Cæsar's time preferred being considered Germans, ignorant that in that case they were of the Celtic race. What holds true with the Goths as a separate people does the same with the Saxons. They were unknown as such before the fourth century. Both they and the Germans were the same race originally. At the commencement of the present era, the portions of Germany occupied by the Angles and Saxons were inhabited by Celts. The former could be none other than tribes of the latter.

"The Goths issued from Scandinavia early in the present era. How are we to trace them in any portion of the British dominions prior to that time? Ireland, like all the northern states of Europe, no doubt, received tribe after tribe; but I cannot discover how we can call them but mere Celts. Then as to the difference in dialect, I presume there was none before the English invasion in the 12th century; such variety as may have existed would be no greater than that in Britain before the Roman invasion. That the north and south of Ireland fought against one another during the Fingalian period is

not an uncommon circumstance: the English heptarchies fought and slaughtered each other indiscriminately; yea, the brothers have been often bent on destroying one another for power, among the Celts as well as other people. I conceive, therefore, that no national difference existed among the Irish, save that of the periods at which tribes of the same people arrived there.

"I observe you remark that Columba required an interpreter between himself and the Picts. This would have the effect of my reconciliation with your system in reference to the Picts and Scots. I would feel obliged by a trace of good evidence in support of it; for I maintain that both were one and the same people, bearing at a certain period two distinctions,—equivalent to Clan Campbell and Clan Donald. My acquaintance with Gaelic literature does not afford me a proof that their language was not the same identical one. The Roman poet in his panegryric in the third century, alludes to Scots and other Picts; and Bishop Winfred, in 664, in his disputes before Oswy, king of Northumbria, with Colman, the Scot from Iona, about the keeping of Easter, says, "We found the same practised in all the world, except only those and their accomplices in obstinacy, I mean the Picts and the Britons, who foolishly oppose all the rest of the universe."—*Bede*, p. 156. This Scot from Iona and his people, are designated here, the Picts.

"The writing of Gaelic in Scotland scarcely differed from that of Ireland, until the end of last century. The Gaelic of 800, of 1057, and subsequently, was the same. See "*Incitatum Belli*" of 1411; Kilbride's MS. Genealogy of 1460; Carswell's Gaelic Liturgy of 1567; and Kirk's Gaelic Psalm Book of the last century.

"I conceive the Scots to be the present Highlanders. They amalgamated with the Picts in the ninth century, and have since formed the occupants both of the east and the west of Scotland. I heartily admit the marked difference you have drawn between the Lowlanders and Highlanders in shape and symmetry. I have long observed it, but the distinction arises as much from the habits of the people as it does from race. The Saxons and the Northmen of England having mixed with the Lowlanders, contributed to the change both in symmetry and language. Every inch of Britain was once peopled by Celts. Topography is proof of this. The names of rivers, mountains, hills, straths, &c., in the Lowlands, both south and east, prove the same. Some, and Highlanders among them, find Welsh and British names in Scotland, which are plain Gaelic. The Dalriads retained their Gaelic at court till Canmore's time, and the bards traced the genealogy of the latter Alexanders, in Gaelic, at their coronations, to 1482."

The word Gael has been preserved as the distinctive name of the first tide of emigrants from the East, by whom Europe was inhabited. The word means *white*. This name, then, which was given or adopted at a period too remote for our research, implies that, at that time, mankind were of different colours; and that one of these was white. This word was accordingly given to, or assumed by, the white, in contradistinction to the coloured races of mankind;

and certainly the Saxon, and every other family now to be found in Europe, appear to be the descendants of the Gael or white race.

Although I hold by the above opinion, namely that all the varieties of white men are of one and the same race, I regard the question, which has frequently been under public discussion of late, as to the cause of the difference in comparative wealth and poverty of the classes who inhabit the richer and poorer districts of Great Britain and Ireland, as extremely interesting; but I greatly doubt whether the conclusion at which the writers on the subject seem to have arrived,—that it is to be ascribed to the inferiority of the Celtic race in mental and physical capacity—is borne out by the military or civil history of the races, even in those kingdoms. The so called Gothic race, for instance, where they are supposed to be of pure lineage, as in Holland, have generally been characterized as of phlegmatic temperaments, and heavy or unwieldy frames; and the Celtic race have uniformly been represented as of fiery temperaments and active frames. Yet, these writers ascribe to the phlegmatic race all that is intellectually great and physically energetic; while to the Celts they ascribe all that is mentally feeble and physically indolent. I do not think these premises and conclusions reconcilable.

Cæsar describes the Gauls, who were Celts, as far advanced beyond the Germans, (who are assumed to have been Saxons,) in civilization; and civilization is the result of the exercise of what is termed "the industrial virtues." Are not the industrial virtues acquirements? If so, may not the difference between the habits and circumstances of the inhabitants of the richer and poorer districts of Great Britain and Ireland at this day, as well as the difference between those of the Gauls and Germans of the days of Cæsar, be accounted for separately altogether from any supposed difference in the mental and physical capacity of the German and Celtic races?

Is it not the fact, that the more nearly we find mankind (no matter of what race,) to their primitive and uncultivated state, the more are they characterized by apathy and indolence? Nay, is it not the fact, that, in the bosom of the most active seats of enterprise and industry, whole families are to be found whose deficient education in the industrial virtues, stamps them with all the characteristics of indolence and apathy? Now, it will not be denied that the inhabitants of the more cold, sterile, and inaccessible districts of all countries, (by whatsoever race inhabited,) continue much longer in a primitive and uncultivated state than those of the more fertile, genial, and accessible districts. The origin of wealth is in the abundance of Nature. It is almost spontaneously produced in the more fertile, and can only be produced by extreme industry in the more sterile districts. Now, wealth is essential to, if not the parent of, commercial and manufacturing industry. It creates artificial wants, and searches for and rewards the enterprise and industry whereby they may be supplied. A people living in a barren country, and who know no wants excepting those of nature, are contented with milk and potatoes, *brogues* and *hodden greys*, and do not possess within themselves the means nor the stimulus necessary for the creation of commerce and manufacturing wealth and industry.

The so-called Saxon and Celtic inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, in addition to the great advantages the former had over the latter, in the possession of rich and fertile plains, intersected with navigable rivers, bays, and estuaries, whereby the wealth and commerce of the whole world was drawn among them, have not set out on the career of commercial and manufacturing enterprise on equal terms. The Saxons of Great Britain and Ireland were, hereditarily, less or more, accustomed to servitude and commerce, at a period when the Celtic race possessed the soil of their native land in common, and when the exercise of their industrial virtues was only necessary for the cultivation of their own lands and the domestic manufacture of their own produce for their own use. Their industrial virtues were, therefore, in those days equal to their wants; and they lived contented and happy. The acquisitiveness and injustice of the stranger changed the scene. He overturned the laws and institutions of their country, and made others, regardless of their wants, customs, and habits, and without allowing them to have a say in the case. By these new laws the Celt was denuded of his right of property in the soil, which constituted his whole earthly possession, and reduced to the condition of a serf, to grinding and oppressive landlords, whose unjustly acquired wealth went to the employment and the enrichment of the Saxon, because his hereditary knowledge of commerce and servitude made him the more eligible and ready-handed to supply their artificial wants and luxuries. In short, the whole property of the Celtic inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland was, in effect, confiscated to *a class*, for the employment and enrichment of those of the people who had been *then* accustomed to servitude and commerce; and now the poor Celtic race, denuded of all they possessed, thinly scattered over a barren and rocky sea-coast, or among the isolated glens and mountains of broken and sterile wastes—depressed by poverty and even deserted by the accustomed bounties of Nature,* are blamed for not having, in this state of transition, made the same progress in the arts and sciences of civilized life, as a people hereditarily initiated in servitude and commerce; and who, moreover, at the outset had virtually helped themselves to their lands—the foundation of the whole wealth of the country—to carry on their trade.

That the difference in the habits and circumstances of the inhabitants of the richer and poorer districts of Great Britain and Ireland cannot with justice be ascribed to anything inherent in the Celtic character, is proved by the fact, that there is no part of these kingdoms in which persons of undoubted Celtic lineage are not to be found, standing pre-eminently forward among the most distinguished individuals of the Saxon race, in every department of literature and the fine arts, as well as in all the sciences and inventions, or discoveries, which have resulted in their great mercantile and manufacturing prosperity.

Nor is the comparison of the emulation of individuals of the Saxons and Celts with one another less favourable to the latter than the emulation of towns and cities, if we take progress in commerce and manufactures as the criterion.

* Two or three of these pages were written at the time of the potato failure.

Let us take, for example, the city of Glasgow. Now, we find that Glasgow, so recently as the year 1668, did not possess a single merchant who was a ship-owner. Gibson, the father of her mercantile prosperity, made that year the first venture in foreign trade. He cured and exported to St Martin's in France, 300 lasts of herring, (containing six barrels,) and received a barrel of brandy and a crown for each. Such was the extent of the foreign trade of Glasgow in 1668. Compare this with the foreign trade of Glasgow at the present time, and will it be found that she has loitered behind her neighbours in mercantile and manufacturing industry and enterprise? The statistics of Glasgow, and of many other towns and cities in Great Britain and Ireland, (whether Celtic or Saxon), show that great progress has been made by the country in mercantile and manufacturing enterprise within these two hundred years; and where is the writer who will venture to assert that that progress, in the towns and cities in which it has taken place, is to be ascribed, not to a change in the habits of the people, but to a change of the race by which they were, or are inhabited? Are we to come to the conclusion that Glasgow in 1668 was inhabited by a fiery race of Celts, and that she is now inhabited by a phlegmatic race of Dutchmen? The statistics of towns and cities afford no evidence in confirmation of the charge of indolence and apathy made against the Celtic race of Great Britain and Ireland; and the biography of eminent men does not show that the Celtic race has failed to furnish its due share of all that is intellectually great and physically energetic. But, perhaps, it is in their military qualities that these writers find the great superiority of the Saxon over the Celtic race? Let us take a glance at the question in a military point of view, then, and see how it stands; but in order to clear it of all that might mislead the general reader, we must beg him to favour us with his attention to a short sketch, in reference to Wallace, and the history and military strength of the king-made nobility of his time.

North Britain, previous to the arrival of the Scoto-Irish in the western parts of Argyleshire, was governed on the patriarchal cleachda of all the ancient Celtic nations. This system is defined by the great (though sometimes not immaculate) Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, as affording to every tribe the privilege "of being each independent of the whole." By this cleachda, the power of the kings, chiefs, and chieftains, who constituted the patriarchs, was so bound down as to have led Roman and other ancient writers into the supposition that clanships were pure democracies. They were not democracies; but they were probably as nearly so as was consistent with the purity and independence of the rulers of the people. The Scots,* who ultimately succeeded to the supremacy, do not appear to have carried with them the patriarchal system (judging from their feuds and questions of succession among themselves) into the country; at least

* That the Scots were the feudal, and the Caledonians the patriarchal people, is proved by the fact, that the former had a king styled the King of Scots, that his sons were styled princes, that he created from time to time, dukes, marquises, earls, &c.; but the Caledonians never had kings or titles until they were created for them by feudal historians and foreign priests. These, however, did not know their language. Hence we have in Gaelic no words to express the titles which these sapient writers were pleased to confer on our remote ancestors.

in its purity. We accordingly find that Malcolm Canmore, who appears to have been the first Scoto-Irish king that acquired any thing like an effectual dominion over the Picts, took immediate steps for the establishment of the feudal system. The disruption consequent on this process, threw a great portion of the country into the hands of new possessors. Hence the Scottish nobility of the days of Wallace were, in every essential, a foreign nobility. They were foreigners in their lineage, language, titles, tenures, manners, and customs. There were thus elements of the most irreconcilable enmity in existence between the people and the nobility of Scotland in the days of Wallace. Being, however, only the growth of the two previous centuries, fortunately for the people, the nobility were not in the possession of great military strength. Their following consisted of men-at-arms, as may be seen from their charters; and the men-at-arms of Scotland were never very formidable, and much less so at the above period. We accordingly find that Cumyn, one of the oldest and most powerful among them, when he had to rely upon his own feudal friends and vassals, (for the clans were only willing and voluntary soldiers in defensive warfare,) as in his silly invasion of England, did not dare to encounter the hostility of the citizens even of Carlisle. When the stalwart burghers showed face, he abandoned his resentment against King Edward, and fled. We also find, when the great Stewart, with Lennox "and other barons," joined the army at Stirling, that their strength consisted only of sixty men! Douglas, Lorn, &c., who were chiefs, and followed by the people of their respective clans, are not to be confounded with the nobility referred to. Neither should we allow our estimate of the power of the nobility of those days to be exaggerated by the vulgar error of supposing that the *schiltrons*, or divisions, which they commanded in battle, were formed of their own vassals. These schiltrons were composed of the clans, and officered by their chiefs and chieftains; but "divide and conquer" being the ruling principle of the feudal kings of Scotland, they sowed the seeds of distrust and division so sedulously among the clans, that one clan would not be commanded by the chief of another clan. Hence when severals of them were formed together into a schiltron, or division, some neutral personage behoved to get the command. The king, or his representative in the field, therefore, usually appointed some nobleman, popular in the districts of the respective schiltrons, to command them in battle. We must not, therefore, allow our estimate of the military strength of the nobility of the days of Wallace, to be magnified by the importance of the stations they occupied in the field of battle, or by the power to which, by the successful carrying out of the feudal organization, they afterwards attained. The power was only in its birth at that period; and we accordingly find that their assistance to the invader consisted chiefly of intrigues, whereby they divided or betrayed the patriots,—as witness the battle of Falkirk.

The derivation of the name, as well as the genealogy of Wallace, is involved in obscurity; but its absence from bonds and charters, like those of other Celtic chiefs, and its identity, as originally spelled, Walens, with that of the heroic Walenses of Clydesdale, of which district he was a native, furnishes,

at least, *ex facie* evidence of his Celtic lineage. To be of the same lineage and language with the natives, would also seem elements absolutely necessary to popularity among a people so constituted as the people of Scotland of the days of Wallace. Nay, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that, even at so late a period as "the forty-five," no small share of the enthusiasm in favour of "the Prince," may be ascribed to the zeal and address with which he assumed their national dress and arms, and cultivated their habits and their language. These were the means whereby he rooted himself in their hearts, and effectually awakened their ancient loyalty and fidelity to their old race of kings.

We also see that the tone of determined enmity in which Wallace is made to speak of his foemen, has in it something far more bitter than could have risen from the hostility of two warlike kingdoms. It implies hatred to the race much more distinctly than to the invader. Nor is the intense hostility of the Scottish nobility to Wallace satisfactorily explained when ascribed merely to the supposed pride of rank and birth. For Wallace was himself of knightly rank and family; and, therefore, even according to their own feudal distinctions, qualified to enter the lists against the best and noblest of their race or order. Neither is it to be understood that the nobility of that age—that is, the king-made nobility—possessed that prestige which power and antiquity of family confer on their descendants. No doubt, some of them were descended of the nobility of England; but these were only the offspring of the then recent conquest of that kingdom by the Normans. But, at any rate, the best and noblest of either the English or the Scottish nobility of that day, were not to be compared to the chiefs and chieftains of Scotland, in purity of blood, or antiquity of family. We must therefore look elsewhere than to their pride, for the cause of the hatred and affected contempt entertained by the nobility against Wallace. May they not rather have arisen from his Celtic lineage and popularity with the people, who hated and repudiated their rank and tenures, and whom they, in return, both hated and feared?

When circumvented, or defeated on the plains, where the feudal nobility had some show of influence, and where they sometimes joined, in order to thwart and betray him, we find that Wallace invariably retired beyond the Clyde and Forth, among the glens and mountains occupied by the native Celtic race, and that he never failed to return thence with thousands of true hearts and strong arms, able and willing, as at the battle of Stirling, to pave his way to glory and to victory. These were the men with whom he thrice swept the invader from the land, and with whom his triumph had been completed, but for the persevering, and, alas, ultimately successful treachery of the nobility. These facts lead to the conclusion that Wallace and his followers found their mutual patriotism and confidence in one another cemented by the ties of language and of lineage,—that they were equally the lineal descendants and true representatives of the illustrious tribes who, of old, repelled the Roman and Danish invaders of their country, in the same spirit in which they, their offspring, were then resolute to conquer or to die in the sacred cause of her liberty and independence. We have, therefore, reason to believe that the opponents

of the English, in the days of Wallace, were the patriarchal clans of Scotland; the same race whom they long afterwards encountered at Prestonpans and Culloden. We shall now, therefore, proceed with a brief sketch of the more prominent arenas on which the Saxon and Celtic races have met each other in battle, beginning with the wars of the first Napoleon.

The Continental Saxons have frequently met the half-Celtic French in battle, and certainly did not show their superiority to them in mental and physical energy. During that war, in particular, the Continental Saxons gained no laurels from the representatives of the ancient Gauls. It is not to their Saxon blood, therefore, that the English owe their military superiority over the French, but to the blood of their British mothers, otherwise why did not the Continental Saxons (who certainly must possess more Saxon blood than the English) beat the French? The descendants and representatives of the Celtic Gauls are, at this day, the greatest of all the Continental nations.

The last occasion on which the Celtic and Saxon races of Great Britain met one another in warfare, was, as already mentioned, in the "forty-five," and we certainly do not find that the Saxon manifested any superiority to the Celtic race, either physically or mentally, on that occasion. We must, therefore, proceed backward with our researches before we can find any evidence of the military superiority of the Saxon to the Gael.

It is said that the Saxon subjugated the Briton. This statement is now discredited, but supposing it true, the Briton had become effeminate by several centuries of subjection to the Romans, before he achieved that triumph. Over the Caledonian and the Dane he failed to achieve any permanent superiority or advantage: on the contrary, his country was overrun repeatedly, and finally conquered, by the Dane; and the Dane, the Saxon's conqueror, was as repeatedly defeated in battle, and driven by the Caledonians into the sea.

Nor was the superiority of the Saxon to the Celt manifested in the war of independence under Wallace and Bruce, although that war occurred after he had been again improved in his breed, and elevated in his military character, by an accession of blood from the half, if not wholly, Celtic and warlike Norman. But to show the difference between the Celt and Saxon, in their military qualities, it is only necessary to refer to the historical fact, that, by the loss of the single battle of Hastings, the Saxon was *cowed* and subjugated; whereas the Celt, instead of yielding on a single defeat, maintained a disastrous war of thirty years duration, not only against a powerful foreign invader, but against the still more fatal treachery of the Anglo-Saxon nobility, planted by his own kings, in the bosom of his country, for the extinction of his rights and liberty.

Nor did these thirty years of ruinous warfare either cool his patriotism or tame his courage. On the contrary, he faced the whole Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman power, not only of England, but of Wales and Ireland also, on the field of Bannockburn, and, with one Celt against three Saxons, overthrew them with a slaughter, to which that of Waterloo,—the Bannockburn of European warfare,—is scarcely to be compared; and with that crowning victory he secured and consolidated the independence of his country. The military history of the Saxon and Celtic races, assuming them to be different races,

relatively to one another, does not therefore afford any evidence of the mental or physical superiority of the Saxon race.

We do not, and cannot see any reason for coming to the conclusion, that the Saxons and the Celts are descended of two distinct races. Every shade of difference between them, may—we would say, must—have been produced by education and circumstances. But be that as it may, so complete is the amalgamation of the two now in Great Britain and Ireland, as to render it impossible to draw a line of demarcation between them. However, it is not either necessary or desirable to do so, and I may venture to predict that no honest patriot will ever attempt it. Indeed, I question if twenty families of British-born subjects can be found, who can trace themselves through six generations of an unmixed Saxon lineage.

I have already stated that the Gaelic vowels are sounded by grammarians like the English vowels in f*a*r, th*e*me, p*i*n, br*o*ke, tr*u*e. Every one of these vowels have, however, according to these gentlemen, as many sounds and shades of sound, hard and soft, broad and small, thin and thick, as, with the numerous signs or accents by which they are distinguished, might enable a clever teacher to retain an ordinary pupil in his hands for an age; but, of course, they considered the acquisition of such an invaluable knowledge cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of a life-time to the study of Gaelic grammar. But the singular thing is, how Duncan Ban Macintyre and the other bards, who could neither read nor write, contrived to leave behind them the learned works on which such elaborate disquisitions have been founded by these great philologists! My space will not permit me to trouble the reader with many extracts, but I could have shown him, by voluminous quotations, that the Highlanders were not the ignorant barbarians they are represented to have been; and I must remark, as a sufficiently striking corroboration of this statement, that Cæsar ascertained from the natives that the coast of Britain was two thousand miles in circumference, (and I question whether the Government Surveyors will show that they were very far wrong,) yet our learned historians have been repeating, one after another,—on the authority of Latin books too,—for the last two thousand years, that it was the Romans who first ascertained that Britain was an island! and I have no doubt that they will continue to repeat this, and a hundred other fallacies, and that the good-natured public will not only continue to believe, but also to buy these precious books, and pay dominies for teaching them to their children, for two thousand years more.

I have stated, that Gaelic consonants, when not aspirated or in action, are pronounced like the English consonants in the following words: b in *b*ad, c in *c*ant, d in *d*aft, f in *f*all, g in *g*all, l in *l*eek, m in *m*ad, n in *n*arrow, p in *p*ath, r in *r*are, s in *s*alad, and t in *t*ar, but much thicker, softer, and deeper. As the purity of the reader's pronunciation depends entirely on his making himself a complete master of this peculiarity, I beg of him to go once more over the instructions for pronouncing the consonants *when in action*, already given, before addressing himself to the following words, otherwise he is sure to acquire a spurious pronunciation.

Tir-mhor, a continent. tir-vore	mor-shruth, a rapid. more-ru′
Duthaich, a country. du′-aych	adhadh, a ford. āh′-áh′
Eillen, an island. ellen	coileam, a rapid rushing through a narrow rock-bound channel. coylem
Doirlinn, an isthmus. doyrlinn	tober, a spring.
Traigh, coast. tra-ī′	srath, the lower part of a glen, a valley. sra′
Cladach, beach. cladach	dael, a plain in the curve of a river. dal
Cuan, sea. cu-an	gleann, a glen. glenn
Muir, ocean. muyr	coire, a semi-glen in the face of a hill. cóyre
Camas, bay. camas	bealach, a defile or pass. belach
Calla, harbour. calla	aisre, a steppe among rocks. ăyshré
Geob, a creek. ge-ob	beinn, a mountain. bēynn
Caolas, a strait. caolas*	cruach, a conical or stack-shaped mountain. cru-ach
Loch, a lake.	sliabh, a wold or inclined table-land. sli-av
Abhuinn, a river. avuyn	slios, the flank or side of a mountain. slis
Alt, a rivulet.	scur, a cliff. scūr
Eas, a waterfall. ēss	mointeach, a moor. moyntech
Linne, a pool. linn-ē	cārr, a dry moor, rutted with winter water-courses.
Sruth, a current. sru′	lōn, a moist plain or meadow.
Dall-bhog, a quagmire. dāllavog	cos, a cleft.
Frith, a deer forest. fri′	cnagan, a knag in a tree or rock. cnagan
Grianan, a sunny knoll, (a fairy brugh.) gri-an-an	innis, an island; also a roosting place.
Sithean, a fairy knoll or brugh. shi′-en	i, an island (obsolete.)
Bruach or brugh, a bank or ridge; also a clachan. bru-ach bru′	airidh, a shieling or Highland summer residence. ayri′
Cloadh, burying ground, or salmon spawning-place. clo′	fasach, a deer-forest, or preserved pasture. fasach

* AO. Here the phonic spelling is a failure; for aw is a horrid imitation, and I can find no letters that more nearly represents the sound in English.

Stuc, a peak.

Uamh, a cave.
u-av

Bo, a cow.
bō

Ba-thigh, a cow-house.
ba-hi′

Bualaidh, a fold.
bu-a-lay′

Laogh, a calf.
lao′

Arladh, a quey.
arla′

Gamhainn, a stirk.
gavayn

Damh, an ox.
dav

Tarbh, a bull.
tarv

Gearran, a work-horse.
gerran

Steud, a war-horse.
stēyd

Marc, a riding-horse.
marc

Falare, a riding-mare.
falaré

Capul, a brood-mare.
capul

Caora, a ewe.
cāorá

Boc-earba, a roebuck.
boceraba

Sionnach, a fox.
shi-onach

Doran, an otter.
dōraṇ

Broc, a badger.
broc

Eoin-fhraoich, moorfowls.
e-oyn-roych

Coilleach-fraoich, a moorcock.
coylech-froych

Cearc-fhraoich, a moorhen.
cerc-roych

Coillich-dhu, blackcocks.
coyllich-yu

Liadh chearcean, grey hens.
li-a′ chercan

Eala, a swan.
ella

garbh-fhonn, a rough rocky country, (a cognomen of Arasaig.)
garv-ōnn

geamhrachadh, a wintering-place.
gevra-cha′

mult, a wether.

reithe, a ram.
rey′-é

uan, a lamb.
u-an

oisg, a hogg or year-old sheep.
oysg

athbhlianach, a two-year-old sheep.
a′-vli-an-ach

cloimh, wool.
cloyv

gabhar, a goat.
gavar

boc, a he-goat.
boc

laosboc, a wether goat.
laosboc

meann, a kid.
menn

fiadh, a stag.
fi-a′

maoisleach, a hind.
moyslech

minnean, a calf-deer.
minnen

earba, a roe-deer.
eraba

banag, a grilse.
banag

geallabhreac, a salmon-trout.
gella-vrec

breac, a trout.
brec

slatiasgaich, a fishing-rod.
slat-i-asgich

morbha, a fish-spear or leister.
morva

clic, a gaff.
clic

driamlach, a fish-line.
dri-am-lach

dubhan, a hook.
duvan

cuilleag, a fly.
cuyllag

rodhan, a pirn.
ro′-an

Lach, a wild-duck.
lach

Malard, a wild-drake.
māll-ard

Tunnag, a duck.
tunn-ag

Drac, a drake.
drac

Geadh, a goose.
ge-a′

Ganradh, a gander.
gan-ra′

Feadag, a plover.
fedag

Adharcag, a lapwing.
a′-ar-cag

Guilbneach, a curlew.
guylebenach

Corr, a heron.
corr

Budag, a snipe.
budag

Creothar, a woodcock.
cre′-ar

Iasg, a fish.
i-asg

Bradan, a salmon.
bradan

Leinne-chrios,† a shirt of mail.
lēyné-chri-ŏs

Sgiath, a shield or wing.
ski-a′

Dag, a pistol.
dag

Beudag, a dirk, literally, the little deadly one.
bēydag

Boghadh-shaighead, an arrow-bow.
bo′-a′-hayed

Taifead, a bow-string.
tayfed

Gunna, a gun.
gunn-a

Claishneach, a rifle.
claysh-nech

Cāmus, a mould for casting bullets.
cāmus

leabhar-chuilleag, a fly-book.
levar-chuyllag

claidheamh, a sword.
clay′-ev

claidh-mor, a broadsword.
clay′-more

claidh-da-laimh, two-handed sword.
clay′-da-layv

claidh-cinn-ais-nich, a rib-hilted sword.
clay′-cinn-aysh-nich

claidh-cuil, a backsword.
clay′-cuyl

claidh-caol, a small sword.
clay′-ca-ol

clogaid, a helmet.
clogayt

clogaid stailin, a steel helmet.
clogayt stalin

luireach, a buff cloak.
layrech

dealg-gualain,* a shoulder pin or skewer.
telag-gu-aleyn

braisd, a brooch.
braysd

luirech mhaileach, a mail-cloak.
luyrech vaylech

claidh-cinn-Illich, an Islay hilted sword.
clay′-cinn-illich

feile, a kilt.
fēylé

triubhas, trews worn by equestrians and aged men.
tri-u-vas

brigis, short trews, buckled at the knee.
brigis

bonaid, a bonnet.
bonayt

peiteag, a waistcoat.
peytag

peitag-mhuilichen, a jacket, literally a waistcoat with sleeves.
peytag-vuylichen

brog, a shoe.
brŏg

cuaran, a sandal.
cu-aran

cuarag, a knapsack.
cu-ar-ag

* A skewer of gold or silver, with a head usually large and highly ornamental, for fastening the warrior's plaid on the shoulder. The brooch was only used by women.

† Leine-chrios was the distinguishing name of the chosen warriors who attended the chief in battle, moved with him from side to side of the field, pushing every advantage, and sustaining the party inclining backward or in jeopardy.

Fūdar, powder.
fūdar

Carbat, a war-chariot.
carbat

Sgian, a knife.
sgi-an

Sporran, a purse.
sporran

Osan, hose.
osan

Breacan, a plaid.
brecan

Breacan am feile, a belted plaid.
brecan am feylé

balgan-peallach, a goatskin haversack.
ballagan-pellach

dornlach, a quiver.
dornlach

diollaid, a saddle.
di-ollit

pillean, a pad.
pillen

summac, a pack-saddle.
summac

The Lowland Caledonians, as well as the Lowland Scots, wore the trews, both long and short. The short trews ultimately degenerated into the *brigis* or tight shorts, probably an innovation by some court dandies of the early days of feudalism. The short tartan trews of the Caledonians and Scots was buckled or open at the knee, according to taste or pleasure. The Caledonians wore a broad blue bonnet, cocked, and pretty high, a jacket without skirts, tartan hose, reaching barely over the calf of the leg, where they were fastened with showy garters ending in a graceful tie, like that of the modern neck-tie or stock, on the outside of the leg. The space between the short trews (which, like the kilt, merely descended over the cap of the knee,) and the hose, was bare. The Biscaymen, on both sides of the Pyrenees, wore a similar dress. This dress, a little degenerated, especially the bonnet, which was small and flat, was in existence when the British army wintered there in 1813-14. I have no doubt this was the common garb of the Continent before our ancestors crossed the Channel. I could not converse with the people in their native dialect, but the nouns in the Basque were the same as in Gaelic, slightly differing in pronunciation only. Suchet and his division were Biscayans; and when the British army were on the Pyrenees, the people talked of him and them with the same enthusiasm with which the Highlanders talked of Sir Colin Campbell and his brigade at the time of the Crimean war. They met the British for the first time at Hellette, in the south of France, on the opening of the campaign of 1814, and faced us manfully; but Wellington turned their position, and made them retire before their stamina was fairly tested, which I was then young enough to regret, for I wished much to see whether they possessed the obstinate firmness of the Gael. Two of their officers, however, while the light troops were scattered skirmishing, found an opportunity of coming into combat, in the old Highland fashion, with Lieutenant Lambrecht of the 66th regiment, and another light company officer. Lieutenant Lambrecht's sword was broke in two near the hilt, by a musket shot, just as they were in the act of closing with each other, and the noble Biscayan instantly saluted him with his sword, and drew back; nor did he offer to take part with his companion, though it was evident that he was a very inferior swordsman to his opponent, (who was also, like himself, a Celt,) and had no chance.

The short trews and hose, as above described, were worn by a few old men in Strathspey and Stratherrick sixty years ago. The Biscayans, at the above period, instead of tartan hose, wore a long worsted stocking folded down mid-leg, and tied with red tape, like some very fat-legged strangers whom I have recently seen aping or caricaturing Highlanders, in a species of gaberlunzie dress, which they, no doubt, innocently suppose to be the same with that worn by the Highlanders when in an uncivilized state. The Lowland Scots certainly wore the short trews; but the long trews was their costume. The trews and hose were in one piece, the part below the knee being fitted to the leg, and ending in a foot like hose. The knickerboker, when worn with a boot, is exactly like the trews when worn with a riding-boot, as it always was by equestrians. The trews were buttoned in front, like modern trousers; but that part was covered with a small gold or silver laced apron, having the wearer's crest and badge, tastefully combined with tracery, embroidered on it. The bonnet of the Lowland Scot was broad and flat; but not high and cocked like that of the Caledonian. Both wore the plaid; but the Scot wore his generally doubled round his shoulders, and fastened with a brooch. The old Caledonians occasionally wore the belted-plaid, that is, the plaid divided at the waist by a broad belt, the upper part being wrapped round the shoulders, and fastened on the breast with the *dealg-ghualainn* or shoulder skewer, and the lower part gathered round the loins and thighs in plaits, like a kilt. This is the dress described in a work published in London in 1630, called, I think, "The Relations of the most celebrated Nations," as the dress worn by Henry the VIII.'s Irish troops on his visit to France. It is a remarkable circumstance that the Antiquarian Societies of Ireland have lost sight of this the ancient native dress of the northern Irish. It is evident, however, from the name of this dress, which, in contradistinction to *feile*, is called *breacan am feile*, that wearing the plaid and kilt in one piece was not the rule, but the exception. The usual way was to wear the plaid and kilt separately, the plaid thrown over the left shoulder, as in the regiments whose colonels, while clothiers to their respective corps, did not cabbage the men's plaids, and substitute square pieces of tartan, fixed, like "*baby-clouts*," behind their backs, to dangle, transversely, between the hip and shoulder. The plaid of the Highland warrior was fastened on the shoulder with a silver or gold skewer, whose head was usually shaped like his crest. Only the Highland ladies and the Lowland Scots wore the brooch, which was altogether unsuitable for the Highlander of warlike times, from the difficulty of unfastening it,—for he always fought stripped to the waist. Hence his first motion, when "descending" to battle, was to firm his bonnet on his head, by an emphatic "*scrug!*"—his second, to cast off his plaid, &c.;—his third, to incline his body horizontally forward, cover it with his target, rush to within fifty paces of the enemy's line, discharge, and drop his fusee or rifle;—his fourth, to dart forward till within twelve paces, discharge, and fling his iron-stocked pistols at the foeman's head;—his fifth, to draw claymore, and at him. This was done by the Gael at the battle of Killiecrankie, the moment Dundee fell, and they found themselves at liberty to take their own course. Their conduct

is so described by one of Dundas's officers, who published a short and interesting memoir of the hero, which was published in London four years after his death. [Lord Macaulay does not seem to have seen this book, for he calls some of the facts stated in it an invention of recent times.] This writer's description of the battle is corroborated by Ian Lom, and other bards, who state that Dundee caused great loss to the Highlanders by the slow pace at which he led them into battle. By this injudicious process, which shows that Dundee did not know the Highlanders as well as Montrose, they received three volleys before drawing their swords. Left to their own tactics, they would have received only one, and the battle would have been decided in ten minutes. It lasted only two minutes, according to this officer, and to the bard Ian Lom, after Dundee's death. Had he not been killed, it might, like the battle of Culloden, have been protracted until two thirds of his clans had been killed or wounded.

Athair, father.
a'-ayr

Mathair, mother.
ma'-ayr

Brathair, brother.
bra'-ayr

Piuthair, sister.
pi-u'-ayr

Seannaer, grandfather.
shen-ar

Seannamhair, grandmother.
shena-ver

Mac, son.
mac

Nigheann, daughter.
ni'-en

Ceili, husband.
chey-li

Banacheili, wife.
ban-a-cheyli

Trechele, throughother, "helter-skelter."
trechelé

Lechele, together, "hand-in-hand."
lechelé

Ochele, separately, from one another.
ochelé

Priomh-athair, patriarch.
pri-ov-a'-ayr

Clann, a clan, (literally children,) the descendants of one priomh-athair or patriarch.
clann

Ceann-cinnith, head of a tribe, chief.
cen-cinni'

Bana-cheann-cinnith, female head of a clan, chiefess.
bana-chen-cini'

balaochan, a cow-boy, literally a cow-hero, hence balach.
ba-laochan

caile, a stout young woman.
căylé

caileag, a lassie.
cayl-ag

boireineach, a woman, (pronoun.)
boyrenach

fireneach, a man, (pronoun.)
firenach

duine, a man.
duyné

bean, a woman.
ben

bodach, an old boor.
bodach

cailleach, an old female boor.
cayllech

deo-dhuine, a good man, literally, a god-man.
de-o-yuné

dorch-dhuine, a bad man, literally, a man of darkness.
dorch-yuné

duine-coir, a kindly, honest man, literally, a surpassing man.
duyné-coir

duine-carrach, a quirky-man, literally, a crooked or twisted man.
duyné-carrach

amadan, a fool, literally, the waif of time.
am-a-dan

burraidh, a blustering loquacious fool.
burray'

benmhiaghael, a precious woman.
ben-vi-ayell

benaillidh, a beautiful woman.
ben-āli'

Ceanntaigh, head of a house or branch, chieftain.
cen-tay'

Bana-cheann-taigh, female head of a house, chieftainess.
banachen-ta-i'

Ceanntealaich, head of a household.
centelech

Banacheanntealoich, female head of a household.
banachentelaych

Uachdaran, the superior of the land, the tainister.
u-achdaran

Banuchdaran, a female superior of lands, or a female tainister.
ban-u-achdaran

Banathainister, a female tainister.
bana-haynister

oiseach, a silly woman, literally a strayed young woman.
oy-sech

buidseach, a witch.
buyt-sech

duineraitechael, a vain-glorious man.
duyne-raytechel

cladhaire, a coward.
cla'-ayrè

duinecrinn, a niggardly man.
duyné-crinn

duine fial, a social, hospitable man.
duyné fi-al

Numbers.

1, aon, or, a h-aon.
aon

2, da, a dha.
ya

3, tri, a tri.
tri

4, ceitheir, a ceitheir.
cey'-er

5, coig, a coig.
coyg

6, sia, a sia.
shi-a

7, seachd, a seachd.
shechd

8, ochd, a h-ochd.
ochd

9, naoidh, a noidh.
noy'

10, deich, a deich.
deych

11, aon-deug, or, a h-aon-deug, one over ten.
aon-deyg

12, dha-dheug, a dha-dheug.
yā-yēyg

13, tri-deug, a tri-deug.
tri-dēyg

14, ceithir-deug, a ceithir-deug.
cey-ir-dēyg

15, coig-deug, a coig-deug.
coyg-dēyg

16, Sia-deug, a sia-deug.
shi-a-dēyg

17, seachd-deug, a seachd-deug.
shechd-dēyg

18, ochd-deug, a h-ochd-deug.
ochd-dēyg

19, noidh-deug, a noidh-deug.
noy'-dēyg

20, fichead, a fichead.
fi-ched

21, aon thair fichead, one over twenty.

22, dha thair fichead.

23, tri " "

24, ceitheir "

25, coig " "

26, sia " "

27, seachd "

28, ochd " "

29, naoidh "

30, deich " "

40, da fhichead, two twenties.
da iched

41, da fhichead sa h-aon, two twenties and one.
da iched sa haon

50, da fhichead sa deich.
da iched sa deych

60, tri fichead, three twenties.
tri fiched

61, tri fichead sa h-aon.
tri fiched sa haon

70, tri fichead sa deich, three twenties and ten.
tri fiched sa deych

80, ceithir fichead, four twenties.
cey'ir fiched

90, ceithir fichead sa deich.
cey'-ir fiched sa dēych

100, ceud.
ceyd

200, da cheud.
da chēd

300, tri cheud.
tri chēd

400, ceithir cheud.
cey'-ir chēd

500, coig ceud.
coyg chēd

600, sia ceud.
sia chēd

700, seachd ceud.
shechd chēd

800, ochd ceud.
ochd cēd

900, naoidh ceud.
noy′ cēd

1000, mile.
mi-lé

2000, da mhile.
da vil-é

3000, tri mile.
tri mil-é

4000, ceithir mile.
cey′-ir mil-é

5000, coig mile.
coyg mil-é

6000, sia mile.
she-a mil-é

7000, seachd mile.
shechd mil-é

8000, ochd mile.
ochd mil-é

9000, noidh mile.
noy′ mil-é

10,000, deich mile.
deych mil-é

Cardinal Numbers joined to a Noun.

Aon fhear, one man.
aon ēr

Da fhear, two men.
da ēr

Tri fir, three men.
tri fír

Ceithir fir, four men.
cey′-ír fír

Coig fir, five men.
coyg fír

Sia fir, six men.
shi-a fír

Seachd fir, seven men.
shechd fír

Ochd fir, eight men.
ochd fír

Naoidh fir, nine men.
noy′ fír

Deich fir, ten men.
deych fír

an cead fhear, the first man.
an cēd ēr

an dara fear, the second man.
an dăr-á fér

an treas fear, the third man.
an tres fér

an cearamh fear, the fourth man.
an cér-av fér

an coigeamh fear, the fifth man.
an coyg-ev fér

an siathamh fear, th sixth man.
an shi′-av fér

an seachamh fear, the seventh man.
an shechd-av fér

an t-ochdamh fear, the eigth man.
an tochd-av fér

an noidhamh fear, the ninth man.
an noy′-av fér

an deicheamh fear, the tenth man.
an deych-ev fér

An cead latha, the first day.
an ced la′-á

An dara latha, the second day.
an dăr-á la′-á

An treas latha, the third day.
an tres la′-á

An ceithreamh latha, the fourth day.
an cey′-rev la′-á

An coigeamh latha, the fifth day.
an coyg-ev la′-á

an siathamh latha, the sixth day.
an shi′-av la -á

an seachdamh latha, the seventh day.
an shechdav la′-á

an t-ochdamh latha, the eighth day.
an tochdav la′-á

an noidheamh latha, the ninth day.
an noy′-ev la′-á

an deicheamh latha, the tenth day.
an deych-ev la′-á

The Comparative.

Bān, fair, ban	baine, fairer, bayn-é	bainead, fairness. bayn-ed
Crion, little, cri-on	crine, less, crin-é	crined, littleness. crin-ed
Cruin, round, cruyn	cruinne, rounder, crūyné	cruinnead, roundness. cruyned

Daor, dear, daor	doire dearer, doyre	doiread, dearness. doy-red
Dearg, red, derag	deirge, redder, derige	deirgead, redness. deyriged
Geal, white, gel	gile, whiter, gil-é	gilead, whiteness. giled
Trom, heavy, trom	truime, heavier, truym-é	truimead, heaviness. truymed
Eatrom, light, e-trome	eatruime, lighter, e-truymé	eatruimead, lightness. e-truymed
Faoin, vain, fa-oyn	faoine, vainer, faoyné	faoinead, vainness. faoyned
Binn, sweet, binn	binne, sweeter, binne	binnead, sweetness. binn-ed

Irregular Comparison.

Borb, fierce, borb	buirbe, fiercer, buyrbé	buirbead, fierceness. buyrbed
Olc, bad, olc	miosa, worse, mi-sá	miosad, badness. mis-ad
Beag, little, be-ag	lagha, less, la'-á	laghad, littleness. la'-ad
Duilich, difficult, duyl-ich	duiliche, more difficult, duylich-i'	duilichead, more difficult. duyliched
Farasda, easy, farasda	fasa, more easy, fasa	fasaid, easiness. fasayd
Gearr, short, gerr	giorra, shorter, gi-rr-â	giorrad, shortness. girrad
Geur, sharp, geyr	geire, sharper, geyre	geiread, sharpness. geyred
Laidear, strong, layder	treasa, stronger, tresá	treasad, strongness. tresad
Math, good, ma'	feothas, better, feyo'-as	maitheas, goodness. may'es
Mor, big, more	motha, bigger, mo'-a	mothad, bigness. mo'-ad
Teth, hot, te'	teotha, hotter, te-o'-á	teothad, hotness. te-o'-ad
Se, yes. se	moran, much. moran	daonan, always. daonan
Cha 'n e, no, not him. cha 'n è	osceann, above, overhead. ŏscenn	feasda, forever. fesda
Maith, good. may'	fo, under. fo	diugh, to-day. di-u'
Donadh, bad, evil. don-a'	roimh, before. royv	maireach, to-morrow. mayrech
Fallain, healthy, well. făllen	deigh, behind. dey'	moch, early. moch
Began, few, a little. bégan	gle, very. glé	anmoch, late. anamoch
Suas, up, ascend. su-as	tric, often. tric	so, here. sho

Eirich, get up, arise.
eyrich

Sios, down.
shi-os

Mach, out.
mach

Sĭth, pace.
sĭ′

Cian, remote.
ci-an

Foghlumta, learned.
fō′lumta

Deigh, after,
tey′

Sgathach, timid.
sga′-ach

Carson, why.
carson

Ceart, just.
cert

Greas, haste.
gres

Grad, quick.
grăt

Cia-as, whence.
ce-as

Modhail, mannerly.
mo′-ayl

Mimhodhail, unmannerly.
mi-vo-ayl

Eĭch, eat.
eych

Falach hid.
falach

Duisg, awake.
duysg

Fosgail, open.
fosgel

tearc, rare.
te-arc

ainmig, seldom.
ayn-ĕ-mig

sīth, peace.
sī

fada, long.
fada

muladach, sorrowful.
mùladach

cha mhor, not much.
cha vore

gealtach, cowardly.
gelt-ach

mise, worse.
mi-sè

baigheal, compassionate.
bay-el

ciamer, how.
cemer

mall, slow.
mall

cuine, when.
cuyn-é

ainnis, want.
aynnis

falamh, empty.
falav

duin, shut.
duyn

foill, gently.
foyll

caidil, sleep.
cayd-il

foras, assumption.
foras

bi mach, be out.
bi mach

sin, there.
shĭn

stigh, within.
stĭ′

caite, where.
cayte′

solasach, happy.
sōlasach

pailteas, plenty.
payltes

taitneach, delightful.
taytnech

fearr, better.
ferr

gaolach, lovely
gaolach

rithist, again.
rĭ′-ist

lag, feeble, also, a hollow.
lag

tra, early.
tra

saibhear, wealthy
sayver

cinnteach, certain.
cinn-tech

falbh, walk off.
falv

foil, broil,
foyl

ol, drink.
ol

folais, seen.
folaysh

eirich, rise.
eyrich

dean cabhag, make haste.
de-an că-văg

Ma se air toil e, if it is your will.
ma se ayr toyl é

Thugibh dhomh, give ye me.
huk-iv yov

Ma se do thoil e, if it be thy will.
ma se do hoyl é

Thoir da mi aran, give to me bread.
hoyr da mi aran

Thoir dhomh cè, give me cream.
hoyr yov cè

Thoir da mi im is caise, give to me butter and cheese.
hoyr da mi im

Thoir dhuin gruth is uachdar, give us curds and cream.
hoyr yuyn gru′ is u-achd-ar

An cruinne ce, the round earth.
an cruynné cé

Bainne blath is aran coirce, warm milk and oat-cake.
baynne blath is aran coircé

A ghaoil mo chridhe, love of my heart.
a yaoyl mo chri′-é

A chuisle mo chridhe, pulse of my heart.
a chuyshle mo chri′-é

Mo leannan fallaich, my secret sweetheart.
mo lennan fállaych

Mo chuid dhe'n t-shaoghal, my share of the world.
mo chuyd yen tao′-èl

Thoir da mi (or dhomh) iasad, give to me the loan.
hoyr da mi yov i-a-sad

Ni mi sin gu toilleach, I'll do that willingly.
ni mi sin gu toyllech

Moran taing dhoibh, many thanks to you.
moran tayng yoyv

Se air beatha gu dearbh, ye are welcome certainly.
se ayr be′-e gu de-arv

Tha sibh aig moran dragh, you are at much trouble.
ha shiv ayg mò-rán dra′

Tha mi moran na 'r comain, I am much to you obliged.
ha mi moran nar comayn

Tha sibh tuille 's coineal, ye are too kind.
ha shiv tuyllé s coynel

Cha dragh leom idir e, that is no trouble with me at all.
cha dra′ le-ome i-dir e

Tha mi aig air seirbheis, I am at your service.
ha mi ayg ayr sherv-esh

Tha mi duilich trioblaid a thoirt dhoibh, I am sorry trouble to give ye.
ha mi duylich triob-layt a hoyrt yoyv

An cóimhneas thig bho'n chridhe paidh e fhein, the kindness that comes from
an coyv-nes hig vo'n chri′-é pa-i′ e heyn
the heart pays itself.

A bheil cuimhne agibh air Donnacha ban nan oran, have you (a) recollection
a veyl cuyné ag-iv ayr Donna-cha bān nan ōrán
of Duncan fair of the songs.

Tha gun teagaibh, 's b-ann aige a bha'n aigne shaibhir 'san guth binn,
ha gun tegiv is bann eg-é a va'n ayg-né hayvir sa'n gu′ binn
yes, without doubt; and 'twas he who had the wealthy mind and sweet voice.

De tha dhith oirbh a cho-lionadh gach uireasaibh nadurrail, what lack ye to
de ha ye′ oyrv a cho-li-ona′ gach uyr-eseyv nadurrel
supply all natural wants?

Banna-cheile aillidh, beusach, maith, a spouse beautiful, modest, good.
báná-cheyle āhli, bey-sach may′

'S aineamh sin; ach sir is gheibh u i 'n tir nam beann, nan gleann 's nam breacan,
is aynev shin ach shir is yeyv u ī 'n tīr nam benn nan glenn 's nam brec-an
That is rare; but seek and you'll find her in the land of mountains, glens,
and (tartan) plaids.

Bheil eolas agaibh air uaishleann a bhraigh, have you knowledge of the
veyl e-o-las ag-iv ayr u-aysh-lenn a vra-i′
gentlemen of the braes (of Lochaber.)

Thath, 's b-ann a sin a bha na h-uaisleann an laidhimh m' oige;—yes, and in that
ha' 's b-ann a sin a va na hu-aysleann an la'-iv moyg-é
place it was that there were gentlemen in the days of my youth.

Ce as a thainig fear liadh na cruite,—whence the man grey of the violin.
ce as a haynig fer li-a' na cruyté

Thainig a duthaich Mhic-Caoidh-tir Rob-dhuin,—came from the district of
haynig a du'-ich vic caoy-tir rob yuynn
Mackay, the country of Rob-donn.

Tha na speuran a sile gu trom an diugh,—the skies are filtering heavily to-day.
ha na speyran a silé gu trom an di-u'

A sile! tha iad a taomadh,—filtering! They are pouring.
a silé ha i-ad a taoma'

Cha taomadh e ach fras an aigh,—(it is) not a pouring, but a shower genial (good.)
cha taoma' e ach fras an āy-i'

Chi mi, air leom, na duilleagan ogadh is milse aineal,—I see, as it were, the
chi mi ayr le-om na duyllagan og-a' is milse aynel
young leaves of sweetest breath,

A fosgladh a billibh maoth le fiamh gaire,—opening their tender lips with a
a fosgla' a billiv mao' le fi-av gāyré
smile (literally, the image of a laugh,)

Is a toirt dha failte mhin le sanas maighdeanail,—and giving him a gentle
is a toyrt ya fayllte vin le sănás may-'den-el
welcome, with a whisper maidenly.

Ob, ob,* mo laochan am bard! a ni boireannaich do na preasan, a bheir billibh
ob ob mo la-o-chan am bard a ni boyr-en-ich do na pressan a veyr bill-iv
maoth do na duilleagan gorma, 's a ni sanas maighdeanail de 'm mona-
ma-o' do na duyllagan gorma sa ni sanas may'-den-el de 'm mon-a-
mhor cadalach.
vor cadalach

Ob, ob, my hero the bard! who makes women of bushes, gives tender lips to blue leaves, and makes a whisper maidenly of their murmur sleepy.

Rionnag, a star.
ri-onn-ag

Reul, a planet.
reyl

Dubhar-gealaiche, an eclipse of the moon.
du-var-gel-aych

Dubhar-greine, an eclipse of the sun.
du-var-greyné

Taladh, attraction.
tala'

Aisil, axle.
aysil

La, day; oidhche, night.
la oy'-che

Gaoth-malairt, trade-winds.
gaoth-mal-ayrt

Lan, flood; traigh, ebb.
lan tray'

reothart, spring-tide.
re-o'-art

contraigh, neap-tide.
con-tray'

reultagan, small stars.
reylt-agan

reultan uaireach, na seachranach, comets.
reyltan u-ayr-ech na shechranach

latha, day; seachduin, week; mios, month.
la'-a shechd-uin mios

raidhe, quarter of a year.
ray'-e

mios reultail, the lunar month.
mi-os ycylt-ayl

mios gealachail, this month is five hours longer than the former.
mi-os gel-ach-ayl

mios chumanta, the common month.
mi-os chum-an-ta

* An ambiguous, untranslatable sarcasm.

Bliadhna ghrianal, the sun year.
bli′-na yri-anel

Bliadhna, the common year.
bli-a′-na

Bliadhna leum, the leap-year.
bli-a′-na leym

Latha nallaig, Christmas-day.
la′-a nallayg

Latha coinnle, New-year's-day.
la′-a coyn-le

Diluain-an-t-shainseil, Hansel-Monday.
dile-u-ayn-an-tayn-seyl

Latha-feil-Bride, Candlemas-day.
la′-a feyl bride

Dimairt Inid, Shrove Tuesday.
di-mayrt in-id

Dirdaoin a bhrochain mhoir, Wednesday of the porridge feast.
dir-daoyn a vroch-ayn voyr

On this day there was a branch of mountain-ash dipped in the porridge, which was placed over the byre door, to save the cattle from witchcraft. The priest encouraged superstition as the great fosterer of religion; and although the Protestant priest does not do so, his ministrations accord, unconsciously, with the latent traditions of the primitive pulpit.

The last half of December and first half of January, were called, a mhios mharbh, (a vi-os varv) the dead month. The mios foiltich (mi-os fa-oyl-tich) was the last half of February and the first half of March.

Seachdain feadaig coig-la-deug gearrain, tri latha sguabaig, suas e t-earrach,
shechd-ayn fedayg coyg-la-deyg gerrayn tri la′-a sgu-a-bayg su-as e terrach

are Lochaber sayings on the subject; but the Rev. Gregor Macgregor, Lismore, has favoured me with a sketch which shows that the feadag preceded the faoiltich. It also contains the following wise advice: "Be the weather good or bad, sow the grain in the month of March," [old style,] that is, before the middle of April, new style. The following are the quaint lines on the subject of the feadag.

Feadag, mathair faoiltich fhuair,
fedag ma′-ayr fa-oyl-tich u-ayr
Marbhaidh caoirich agus uain;
marvay′ caoyrich agus u-ayn
Thig an sin an gearran gearr,
hig an sin an gerran gerr
Is ni easan rud nach fearr;
is ni esan rud nach ferr
Cuiridh e mart caoileadh am poll,
cuyri′ e mart caoyl-e′ am poll
Gus an tig tonn thair a ceann.
gus an tig tonn hayr a cenn

Feadag, the mother of faoilteach cold,
Kills ewes and lambs,
Then comes the gearran sharp,
Which will do things that are no better;
He will put the lean cow in a bog,
Until the wave comes over its head.

Mr Macgregor places faoilteach in the new style relatively to February, and mart, March in the old style.

Cha tig a mach sa mhart nach d' theid an stigh sa ghiblein.
cha tig a mach sa vart nach d-eid an stigh sa yiblen
What comes out (grass) in March goes in in April.

Latha-caisg, Easter-day.
la′-a caysg

Latha-Bealtain, first day of May.
la′-a beltayn

Caingis, Whitsunday.
ca-ing-gis

Latha-feil-Eoin, (St John's day) Midsummer.
la′-a feyl e-oyn

Lunasdal, Lammas, first of August.
lunas-dal

Damhair, (deer-routing) Mid-harvest.
da-vayr

Latha-feil-Michael, St Michael's day, 29th September.
la′-a feyl mi-chel

Latha Samhnadh, Halloween-day.
la′-a sav-na′

Latha-feil-Martainn, Martinmas-day.
la′-a feyl mar-taynn

Samhain, feil-Bride, Bealtain, and Lunasdal, are the beginning of the four quarters.
sa-vayn feyl-bride bel-tayn lunas-del

There was a week only of the feadag and gearran, according to Mr Macgregor, and the *cailleach*, (kayll-ech) carlin, is represented as sitting on the ground, beating it with a mell, to keep down the grass; and when, in defiance of her grim and vigorous exertions, the grass sprung up all around her, she threw away the mell in despair, and vanished into air. Then came the day of the *oisgean*, when grass became abundant. The people of old used to say that the furrows should be filled thrice during the faoilteach,—once with snow, once with rain water, and once with house-thatch.

Faoilteach, faoilteach, lamh an crios;
faoyltech faoyltech lav an cris
Is mor an fhaoilde bu choir bhi ris;
is mor an aoyl-de bu choyr vi ris
Faoilteach, faoilteach, crobh air theas;
faoyltech faoyltech crov ayr hes
Gul is gaoir bi daonnan leis.
gul is gaoyr bi daonnan leys
Tri latha do'n fhaoilteach san Iuchar
tri la′-a do'n aoyltech san i-u-char
Is tri latha do'n Iuchar san fhaoilteach.
is tri la′-a′ do'n i-u-char san aoyltech

Faoilteach, faoilteach, a hand in the belt;
Faoilteach, faoilteach, 'tis right to resist it;
Faoilteach, faoilteach, cows (racing) in heat;
Crying and lamentions are often his.
Three days of faoilteach in the dog-days;
And three days of the dog-days in faoilteach.

Tairneineach an deidh tra neoin,
tayrneynech an dey′ tra noyn
Tairneineach an torraidh mhoir,
tayrneynech an torray′ voyr
Tairneineach roimh thra neoin,
tayrneynech roy h-ra noyn
Tairneineach gort is fuachd.
tayrneynech gort is fu-achd

Thunder in the afternoon, the thunder of plenty,
Thunder in the forenoon, the thunder of scarcity and conflict.

With these few exercises I have concluded all of this treatise which I deemed it necessary to submit to the Reader, before introducing him to the Bards, that being the main object of the work.

THE POETRY OF THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

It is a fact corroborative of the tradition that Columba destroyed all the manuscripts which he found in the great Druid College of Iona, (to which the Druids fled after the massacre by the Romans at Anglesea,) that the Irish and Welsh continued much longer in possession of their ancient manuscripts than the Highlanders, whose country was never effectually subjected and plundered by enemies. The barbarous policy of the Norman despots of England ultimately, no doubt, robbed these countries of their manuscripts; but they were preserved in the Tower of London for ages afterwards. Those belonging to Wales were destroyed on the occasion of Owen Glendower's rebellion; but those taken from Ireland, from the systematic and unscrupulous manner in which the Lords of the Pale searched for and seized on them wherever they could be found, must have been equally numerous. Many of these were carried to England, and Logan has found no record of their destruction. Indeed, I am of opinion that a careful search in the Tower and the seats of learning in England, would result in the discovery of many Irish manuscripts, which have escaped destruction. In the great library at Stowe, there were many Irish manuscripts, which cannot surely have been lost. Dr Johnson may not have been aware of these facts, for he does not seem to have been devoted to historical or antiquarian researches. He preferred jumping at conclusions, and enforcing his views on the acquiescence of his literary "tail" in egotistical epigrammatical sentences, as rude as they were self-sufficient. He was like the pedant to whom it never occurred that all he himself *did not know* would make a very large book; but who complacently expressed his belief that "all he knew," and all which his pupils "*did not know*, would make a very large book." Johnson may not, therefore, have been aware, when he was denouncing the Gaelic as "the rude gibberish of a barbarous people, who, as they conceived grossly, were contented to be grossly understood," that he was only exposing his ignorance of the subject. At the same time, I can see no reason to doubt that Johnson, with all his reputed candour and honesty,

was playing false with Macpherson; for when Macpherson deposited the manuscripts from which his translations were made, with his publishers, and intimated, in public advertisements, that they were in their hands, and open to the inspection of all who felt any interest in their authenticity, neither Johnson nor any of his friends, as we are informed by Sir John Sinclair, ever looked near them. It is thus evident that it was not the truth, but a victory over Macpherson, and the discrediting of Gaelic literature, that Dr Johnson wanted. The advertisement referred to, has recently been copied in Cassells's newspaper. It is signed by Macpherson's publishers, and could not have escaped the Doctor's notice; but, at any rate, Sir James Macintosh and Lord Macaulay, who denounced Macpherson as an impostor, cannot be acquitted of dishonesty, on the ground of ignorance. These historians must have been aware that it was a policy systematically adopted, and ruthlessly pursued for ages, by the kings of England, to seize on all the manuscripts that could possibly be found by their generals, in Ireland and Wales, and that a vast mass of these manuscripts had been at one time accumulated in the Tower of London. They must also have known the facts about Macpherson's manuscripts and the advertisment by his publishers, inviting an inspection, and that the Highland Society afterwards published the poems from these very manuscripts. Nay more, they must have been aware of the massacre of the Welsh bards by Edward the First, and of the cruel penal enactments passed against the bards of Ireland by the Lords of the Pale, as well as those which stain the statute books of Scotland, as passed against the bards of the Highlands by the Scoto-Irish usurpers of feudalism in Scotland. Indeed, the bards were subjected to the most cruel persecution, not only by all the despots of the British, but also by the worst despots of the Roman empire.

Had Gaelic poetry been a mere tissue of disjointed ribbald rhymes, and the bards mere scribblers,—in short, had Celtic poetry not been a great fact, and even omnipotent in its influence over the spirit of patriotism and independence, of people struggling against invasion and usurpation;—had the bards not been regarded as the last and greatest enemies of tyranny and despotism;—the worst and most cruel sovereigns that ever sat upon the thrones of Rome, England, and Scotland, never could have risked, even in the most savage ages, the odium of practising the atrocities to which they had been subjected in Anglesea, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. Hence Sir James Macintosh and Lord Macaulay, when stating that Gaelic poetry of any merit never had any existence, and that the Poems of Ossian were an imposture and a fraud, were stating what they must have known substantially to be false. They were historians, and had access to historical evidence which proves, beyond all doubt, that Gaelic poetry was a great fact, hateful alike to the Roman invader of Britain, the Norman invader of Wales and Ireland, and to the usurpers of feudal powers in Scotland. That the bards were subjected to persecution and massacre, and their poems to the dungeon or the flames, because they were the deadly enemies of feudal despotism, and kept alive in the hearts of mankind the love of their ancient rights and liberties, are historical facts, which speak volumes as to the merit of their poetry and its influence on the people. In consequence of the systematic destruction

of the works of the Celtic bards, by the enemies of the independence of the Celtic clans, Logan believes the Black Book of Caermarthen, written in the sixth century, to be the oldest Celtic manuscript now in existence. In this, however, he is mistaken, "Leabhar nan Ceart," &c. being still in existence in Ireland.

The Druidal orders were, according to Marcellinus, formed into societies, who devoted themselves to the investigation of matters of divine and hidden import, and confidently affirmed that the souls of men are immortal. The different societies referred to by Marcellinus, were the DRUIDS, the BARDS, and the EUBHATES. These names being descriptive, in accordance with the genius of the language, supply the place of records, in defining the different departments of Druid literature. Let us, then, resolve each of these names into its primitive elements or roots, that we may clearly ascertain its meaning—for alleged synonymous words, jumped at haphazard, as if it did not signify a single pin whether they originally meant "preserve" or "kipper," will not do in an inquiry like this.

DRUIDH is compounded of the roots *dru*, to absorb or eliminate, and *agh*, good, pronounced *a'*. His duty, therefore, was to search for good, and to eliminate and render it available. BARD is compounded of *bith*, life, pronounced *bi*, and *ard*, high. His duty, therefore, was to elevate the lives of the people. EUBHATES is compounded of *eibh*, proclaim, pronounced *eyv*, and *aiteas*, joy, pronounced *aytes*. His duty, therefore, was to proclaim the joyous discoveries of the Druid to the people. There is no ambiguity or mystery here. The Druid was devoted to the study of natural science; and his traditional character in the Highlands shows that the good he discovered from the study, was faithfully eliminated and made available for the benefit of the people. "Close as is a flag [stone] to the earth, is the succour of Covi,"* (the Arch-Druid,) says the proverb. The correctness of this view is confirmed by Marcellinus, who describes them as "deeply considering Nature, attempting to discover the highest arcana, and laying open its most sacred workings;" and as confidently affirming, from the analogies afforded by their researches, that "the souls of men are immortal." To elevate or exalt the character of the people, as his name implies, was the duty of the Bard; and as this could best be done by cultivating their hearts, he applied to that purpose the most unfailing of all means, poetry and music; but as man cannot be exalted in his character unless his morals are cultivated, fiction was strictly forbid to the Gaelic bard. His subject must be substantially true, but in the treatment of it he was left to his own feelings and genius. The Eubhates, or proclaimers of joy, as their name implies, were the preachers among the Druid orders. The creation, and God's manifest design in the creation, as indicated by Nature and the laws whereby Nature is governed, were their bible

* Cobhith, pronounced Co-vi, is compounded of the roots, *co*, who or what, and *bith* (bi') life. The name implies that Biology was the study of the Arch-Druid. His names for God, the soul, the good, the bad, show, so far, the success of his researches: he does not represent God as a being of almighty power, with the passions and failings of a man.

and testament, and their names for God and the soul, and for good and bad men, show that they did not render theology subservient to priestcraft. Their name, *eibh-aites*, shows what was the object of their mission, namely, to proclaim joy or joyous tidings to the people; and indeed it was to demonstrate from the scheme revealed by God through Nature, which cannot lie, and the laws whereby Nature is governed, that He is almighty in power and infinite in wisdom, and that His wisdom and power have been put forth to reveal to man Infinite benevolence.

The course of the "Bardic study," says Logan, "was long and arduous: so rigid was the term of probation, that the education of a student, in the science of druidism, was not completed in a shorter period than twenty years, during which time he was obliged to commit to memory twenty thousand verses; but Chambray, the Celtic professor at Paris, says the number for those of the highest class was not less than sixty thousand." In later ages, as we learn from Irish authorities, the time occupied in acquiring the necessary bardic instruction was twelve years, three of which was devoted to each of the four principal branches of poetry. The Irish Oirfidigh, or musical order, was, in like manner, classified, taking their names from the instruments on which they played, the cruitirich, the cirterigh, the tiampanich, the cuilleanaich, &c. The whole of these, however, went under the general name of Fillidhiach, or Minstrelsy. Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote in the beginning of the twelfth century, gives the following lively and characteristic description of Irish music:—"It is in the cultivation of instrumental music that I consider the proficiency of this people to be worthy of commendation; and in this their skill is, beyond all comparison, above that of any nation I have ever seen; for theirs is not the slow and heavy style of melody, like that of the instrumental music of Britain to which we are accustomed, but rapid and abrupt, yet, at the same time, sweet and pleasing in its effect. It is wonderful how in such precipitate rapidity of the fingers, the musical proportions are preserved, and, by their art, faultless throughout, in the midst of the most complicated modulation and most intricate arrangement of notes, by a velocity so pleasing, a regularity so diversified, a concord so discordant, the harmony is expressed, and the melody perfected; and whether a passage or transition is performed in sequence of fourths or fifths, (by a diatesseran or a diapente) it is always begun in a soft and delicate manner, and ended in the same, so that all may be perfected in the sweetness of delicious sounds. They enter on, and again leave their modulations with so much subtility, and the vibrations of the smaller strings of the treble sport with so much articulation and brilliancy along with the deep notes of the bass; they delight with so much delicacy, and soothe so charmingly, that the greatest excellency of their art appears in the perfect concealment of the means by which it is accomplished."—"In the opinion of many, however, Scotland has not only attained to the excellence of Ireland, but has, in musical science and execution, far surpassed her, in so much, that it is to that country they now resort who wish to attain proficiency in music, as the genuine source of the art."

The above was written in the beginning of the twelfth century, while the people of Ireland and Scotland were yet sunk in ragged misery, filth, and barbarity, before that enlightened and civilizing myth of penny-a-line creation,—the Saxon,—had brought every thing beautiful, enlightened, great and lovely, to spread intelligence and happiness over these rude and benighted countries! Let those who assert that Italy is the source of this divine art, try if they can quote from any Latin or Italian work of the twelfth century, such a proof of the civilization of the Roman and his Italian descendants, as the above paragraph furnishes of the civilization of the barbarous Celtic nations of Ireland and Scotland in that age.

Extraordinary honours were paid to the Bards, who thus elevated the lives of the people. Their persons were inviolable, their houses sanctuaries, their lands and flocks carefully protected. Compare this to the estimation in which the poet and his productions are held in this *par excellence* age of civilization, and there can remain no doubt that the Celtic race of the twelfth century were regular savages! "As those who entered the order were of unblemished character, they were eminent in the practice of the virtues they inculcated." "Within this bosom there is a voice," says the blind bard of Selma —"it comes not to other ears—that bids Ossian succour the helpless in their hour of need." In the same poem he expresses other sentiments, equally noble and magnanimous. "Your fathers have been foes," he says to two unfriendly warriors; "but forget their enmity,—it was the cloud of other years." And Fingal, who is celebrated for his poetry, often expresses similar sentiments. "None," he calmly says to his grandson, Oscar, "none ever went sad from Fingal—my hand never injured the weak, nor my steel the feeble in arms. Oscar, bind the strong, but spare the feeble hand. Be thou a sea of many tides against the foes of the people, but like the gale that moves the grass to those who seek thine aid. So Trenmor lived, such Trathel was, and such has Fingal been. My arm was the support of the injured,—the weak rested behind my steel." In the denounced, and all but proscribed, Macpherson's Ossian, are to be found the most generous, the most heroic, and the most tender and benevolent sentiments ever uttered by bard. Beautiful, indeed, is the civilization of the people that could allow themselves to be prejudiced against such poetry!

The Roman emperors and the English and Scottish kings, as already mentioned, passed atrociously penal enactments against the Bards, who have ever been the friends of liberty, and the deadly foes of all despotism. Under the pretext of putting down a mischievous superstition, the former struck at the Bards, through the Druids, and subjected both themselves and their wives and children to an indiscriminate massacre in Anglesea. Similar massacres of the Bards were committed by the kings of England, both in Ireland and Wales; and the following, among many similar enactments, shows that the feudal kings of Scotland treated those of the Bards who adventured within the Lowland PALE, in a similar spirit; for in Scotland, as well as in Ireland, the feudal kings and their laws were happily kept for ages within a PALE, or circuit, beyond which the rights and liberties of the people were conserved,—although the

feudal historians of both countries, taking no accounts of the clans or people, assume that those of Ireland were conquered, and those of the Highlands subjected. That Ireland was not conquered, is shown in a small work by Spenser, published in London, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Until Ulster was colonized by King James the First, the Irish maintained their patriarchal local governments; and the Highlanders maintained theirs down to the period of the disastrous battle of Culloden. In the reign of James II. of Scotland, it was enacted that "Gif there be ony that makis them fuiles, and are bairdes, they be put in the king's waird, or in his irons, for their trespasses, as lang as they have onie gudes of thair awin to live upon; that thair ears be nailed to the trone or till ane uther tree, and thair ears cutted off and banished the cuntrie." The banishment of the ears, after being "cutted off," was surely very cruel! By a statute of James VI. in 1579, those who were gamesters, tale-tellers, &c., and not in special service of lords of parliament or boroughs, as their common minstrels, were to be scourged, and burnt through the ear with a red-hot iron. Yet the son and other descendants of this heartless king, when dethroned and distressed, engaged the sympathies of Ian Lom, Allastair M'Mhaighstear, Allaster, Rob Donn, and others, whose spirit-stirring effusions were the very soul of their cause, both in the Highlands and in the Lowlands.

Although the Bards ceased to exist as an order, on the extinction of the Druids, they continued to flourish, and to have great power and influence in Scotland as a class, down to the period at which the kings of the Scots or Scuits succeeded to the supreme authority over the Picts or Caledonians, as well as the Britons of Strathclyde. The kings of the Caledonian and Briton clans, down to that period, were merely war-chiefs; but after that date, the ceanncaths of Scoto-Irish descent assumed the style of kings. The Bards are never afterwards heard of as officers of the Scottish court, excepting when the ceremonial of the coronation rendered it necessary for the king of the Scots to conciliate the Caledonians or Picts, by having his title to the throne proved by the rehearsal of his pedigree through Caledonian chiefs, by the Bard. The Albanic duan, repeated at the coronation of Malcolm II. is not in the dialect of the Caledonians, but in that of the Scoto-Irish or Earse. Nevertheless, the historians of Scotland quote it as Gaelic; but the fact is, that the historians of Scotland knew nothing of the dialect either of the Caledonians or Scoto-Irish. They considered it much more necessary to be acquainted with Greek and Latin, and the records of Greece and Rome, than with either the Gaelic or Earse, or the poems and tales which constituted the more truthful records of the people whose history they presumed to write. Hence the history of Scotland, down to the days of feudalism, has been written, in effect, on the authority of foreign writers, totally unacquainted with the language and records of the people, and whose self-evident contradictions are sufficient to destroy their authority in the estimation of every person predisposed to consult their works with impartiality, intelligence, and judgement. And from the days of feudalism down to the present day, the history of Scotland has been founded on feudal enmity, and the consequent misrepresentation of all who did not humbly submit

to the usurpation by the crown of despotic power over the lands, rights, and liberties of the people. Hence, the readers of the history of Scotland will look in vain in that history for anything calculated to throw light on the social condition of the people of Scotland, previously to the introduction of feudalism. Nor does that history detail as it should, the step-by-step means by which feudalism was insidiously substituted amongst the Scottish Lowlanders for their apparently semi-patriarchalism; or the obstinate stand which the Caledonian clans made against that barbarous despotism, or the "wild justice" with which they retaliated on their oppressors in extreme cases. And since feudalism assumed the ascendancy in the Lowlands, the Highland clans have been literally ignored as a people in the history of Scotland, and their organized and systematic opposition to the despotism whose object was to defraud them of their lands, rights, and liberties, represented as "rebellion against the Lord's anointed." Such, in effect, is the manner in which the people of Scotland are treated by the so-called history of their country.

There is no question in which history more uniformly agrees with tradition, than that which assigns an Irish origin to the colony of Dalriada or Erraghall. Eochaid, who brought that colony from Erin, is called Eochaid *Reuda*. This addition to his name (*Reuda*), appears to me to be a mere misspelling of *reite*, which would mean Eochaid of the treaty of peace. Now, Bede, and a Latin author (whose name I for the moment forget) mention, that Eochaid, had entered into a regular treaty with the Caledonians. Dalriada or Erraghall seems to have been assigned to the Scots by this treaty as their place of arms. As all Gaelic words are descriptive, let us see what light the etymon of these names are capable of throwing on this subject. *Dal*, in the Gothic dialect, which I hold to have been that of the Scots, Belgs, Anglo-Saxons, &c., of Ireland and England, means a part, or district; *riade* is presumed to be merely the Gothic spelling of Eochaid's additional name of *reite*, or, of the peace. Dalriada, in the Gothic dialect, therefore means the district of Eochaid of the peace. *Erra*, again, means a part or district, in the Gaelic of the Caledonians, and *gall*, a stranger; Erraghall, therefore means the stranger's part or district. And in point of fact, the Scot was never called by any other name than *Gall*, by the Caledonian, from the day he landed in Kintyre until this day, when his descendants occupy the whole Lowlands of Scotland. Hence, if it be the Scot or Gall who landed at Kintyre under Eochaid Reite, that now occupy the glens and mountains of the Highlands, and not the Caledonians, who assigned to them that district under a treaty, this is the first instance in the history of the world in which the aboriginal people of a country have been replaced by strangers in their mountain fastnesses.

How the Firbolg or Belgs, who occupied the whole Lowlands of England, ages before Cæsar crossed the Channel, the Scoto-Irish, and Walense Britons, who, together with the Cruine of Galloway, originally of Ulster, conquered and colonized the Roman province, from the Clyde to Stamford in England, as well

* See "The Caledonians and Scots, or the Highlanders and Lowlanders of Scotland," a lecture delivered before the Young Men's Literary and Scientific Association of Oban, by D. Campbell, late Lieutenant 57th Regiment. Edinburgh, London, and Dublin.

as the Caledonians who occupied the south-east part of Scotland, from the Firth of Forth by the Catrail to Berwick, afterwards became Anglo-Saxons, would puzzle any other writers to explain, excepting the Scottish historians of the dark ages, and the penny-a-liners of this enlightened age of manufacturers and weavers.

But, disqualified as these feudal writers must have been to write the history of peoples whose language and records they did not understand, it is difficult to believe that it was not more from design than ignorance that they introduced the Anglo-Saxon myth into the histories of England and Scotland; be that as it may, the myth has introduced a brave confusion into pedigrees, and made kindred peoples lose sight of the history of their fraternal origin. The Catrail, (formed from the combination of the roots, *cath*, war or battle, and *trial*, journey or path, the war-path) from Penvahl, by Galashiels, &c. to Berwick, divided the Caledonians on the south of the Frith of Forth from their neighbours on the west and south; a line from Penvahl to the head of Lochetive, between the sources of the waters that ran in contrary directions, and by Lochetive and Lochlinne, to the Irish Channel, divided them from the Britons (Walenses) and Scoto-Irish on the north of the Frith of Forth; and a similar line of ditches and ramparts as the Catrail, or war-path, drawn from the head of Lochryan by Kempshill, near Sanquhar, through Nithsdale, and along the south side of the river by South Mains and Carlisle, which can still be traced, divided the Cruithni or Caledonians of Galloway (originally of Ulster) from their neighbours.

Reasoning from analogy, there must also have been an intrenchment between the Scoto-Irish and their neighbours on the south of the Clyde. To corroborate this view, I may state, that traces of such a war-path are still visible near Dalmellington, not far from the scene of the battle fought between Alpin, the ceanncath or war-chief of the Scoto-Irish (called king by feudal writers) and the Caledonians of Galloway and Britons of Strathclyde, in which Alpin lost his life. I have not had an opportunity of tracing this war-path to a length sufficient to instruct a boundary, but have no doubt this may yet be done.* With these war-paths alone before their eyes, marking distinctly the warlike boundaries between the districts of the separate clans or peoples who divided the Roman province south of the firths of Scotland between them, it is difficult to ascribe to ignorance the romance that would make the Caledonians south of the Frith of Forth, the Scoto-Irish, the Brito-Walenses, and the Gallowegian Cruithni of the Lowlands of Scotland, and the Belgians or Firbolg, (men of the quiver) ancient Britons, and Roman progeny of the Lowlands of England, Anglo-Saxons. And it is still more difficult to see how the Caledonians of the glens and mountains of Albin can be made Scoto-Irish, especially as the difference between the Scoto-Irish and both the Caledonians and so-called Anglo-Saxons, in language, manners, and customs, continued not only distinct but irreconcilable, from the day that Eochaid Reite (or Eochaid of the peace) and his Scots landed at Kintyre, until the last of his representatives in Scotland ascended the throne of England.

* My much esteemed friend, Mr Paterson, in the new edition of his valuable and most interesting history of "Ayrshire Families," will very likely throw some light on the subject.

The Anglo-Saxon romance has introduced a singular confusion into the pedigree of the peoples of Scotland and England; and a similar confusion has been introduced, no doubt with the same object, into the pedigrees of the Caledonian clans of Lethcuin and the Firbolg, or Milesian clans of the other half or Leth-ugain-mhoir of Ireland;—"Divide and conquer" being an adage as well known to, and as cunningly acted on by, the feudal usurper as the Roman conqueror; and it must be confessed that the clans offered the very best materials for such a policy, being equally slow to suspect treachery, and quick in resenting it, whether in friend or foe. The descendants* of Conn of the hundred battles had, by these means, been made to believe themselves to be of Milesian descent, although the history of Ireland clearly shows that it was the southern clans of Ireland that were of Spanish descent: for, when reduced to an extremity, as the learned and candid editor of Cambrensis Eversus shows, Eugaine Mor, their ceanncath, went personally to the mother country Spain, where he received such reinforcements as enabled him, not only to maintain the southern clans in their half of Ireland, but also to turn the defensive into an offensive war, and to establish one of his clans in Ulster and another in Kintyre. Both these colonies were established by Eochaid, and under the same name, spelt by historians, Dalriada or Dalreada. As all Gaelic names are descriptive, and the southern and northern Irish were of the same Celtic race, and have ever spoke cognate dialects of the same language, this name, by being reduced to its roots, has thrown some light on the subject. Although the learned editor of Cambrensis Eversus has thrown much light on the work of Dr Lynch, much still requires explanation; and I trust that he will yet apply his able pen to the illustration of all that is obscure in that valuable book. One great cause of the obscurity or confusion in this and other learned works on the history of Ireland, as of writers on the history of Scotland, seems to have arisen from the ignorance of modern writers of the important fact, that, down to the date of feudal charters, or rather to the establishment of the feudal system in Europe, surnames were unknown. The chiefs of the clans, Gothic (as I must call some of the peoples for distinction) as well as Celtic, were elected, and the ceanncath or war-chief was elected out of each clan in succession. The clan,

* It is a singular circumstance, and shows that there was no want of method in the means whereby the cadets of noble families preserved evidence of their pedigree, that the tartans of the M'Callums, the Guns, Macracs, &c., show that they are of the same pedigree with the Campbells. I have not had time to extend my researches on this subject so far as to entitle me to give a decided opinion, but I am firm in this belief, and would strongly advise some of the Highland Societies to appoint a committee to investigate a question which promises very interesting results. Such an inquiry should embrace the antiquity of the leading clan-tartans, and on the state of the manufacturing arts among the Highland Clans at the probable date of their invention. Mr Hair, the most successful manufacturer of fancy tartans in Paisley, told me that nothing could be more perfect in colour and pattern than the ancient clan-tartan; that he felt convinced, however great his success, and however often he was complimented on the subject, that he never improved in a single instance on the original pattern from which his fancy tartans were a variety. If manufacturing skill, therefore, be any criterion of civilization, in what state of civilization were the mothers of the Highland clans, whose home manufactures it has defied the most spirited manufacturer in the most spirited manufacturing town in Scotland, to exceed, either for the elegance of the pattern or the harmony of the colours. Surely the penny-a-line historians of Highland ignorance and barbarity, have been very remiss in not finding some heavy-headed Fleming ancestors for the tartans, as well as for the Douglasses and other old and noble Scottish families!

although always known by one hereditary name, was locally called by the name of the chief for the time; and the confederation, though it retained one characteristic name, was locally called after the name of the ceanncath for the time, in the same way in which Greek and Roman armies were called by the name of the general-in-chief, and the different divisions of them by the names of the officers by whom they were respectively commanded. Hence the clan that was called by one name, under one chief, was called by other names, under another chief. It was the same with the confederation. The Macdonalds, before assuming that surname, were called by the proper names of different chiefs, Siol Uistein, Siol Ghillidh-bride, Siol Ghuthraidh, &c. &c.; but they were still known by the name of their original ancestor Conn; and so with the Camerons, Campbells, &c. &c. The southern confederation of the clans of Ireland were called Scuit or Scots, seven hundred years before the Christian era. The same name occurred again and again at long intervals. It was the same with the Firbolgs or Belgs. Ignorance of this custom has led to much confusion, and makes Irish historians of modern times represent their country as the subject of an endless succession of invasions and conquests by armies, which come, nobody knows whence, and go nobody knows where; when the only invasion and conquest seem to have been the peaceful succession of one ceanncath, who gave his name to the confederation, to another whose name died with him, at least for the time. Who, for instance, can make sense of the following note by the above learned editor, without the above explanation? but with that explanation it becomes intelligible.

"Without intending to deny positively," says the learned and candid editor of Cambrensis Eversus, "that an Eirimonian, named Eugaine Mor, may have preceded Labhraidh Loingseach, the first Eirimonian king, by some years, and conquered these fair districts, which always have been the first seized by invaders," namely, Louth, Meath, Dublin, Kildare, Carlow, Kilkenny, Waterford, Tipperary, Limerick, Roscommon, Sligo, Down, and Antrim, the fat of the land, and the most accessible to invaders; "I would fix the real origin of the Eirimonian power in Ireland at the invasion of Labhraidh Loingseach, A. C. 89, 63. According to tradition, Labhraidh came from Gaul, and as Leinster and Connaught, which anciently included a large portion of Meath province, were, according to all authorities and Charles O'Conor's map, the principal seat of the Firbolg or Belgæ, it is but natural to conclude that Labhraidh's followers were the Belgæ, who had long been in possession of the south of Britain and the greater part of Gaul. But here a great difficulty arises: what are we to think of the colony of Belgæ which, under the conduct of Slainghe, seized Ireland even before the Tuatha de Dananns?" "Now, in forming his opinion here, the reader must remember that Ireland was divided into five provinces by Slainghe, and a similar division was made by the Eirimonian Eochaidh Feidleach, nearly contemporary with king Labhraidh Loingseach; 3rdly, that, according to Keating, the Firbolgs, who had been expelled by the Tuatha de Dananns, suddenly return to Ireland, *no one knows how, after more than a thousand years*, and acquire lands in Leinster and

Connaught, at the very time when the pentarchy was revived by Eochaidh Feidleach; 4thly, that the best soldiers of the great Eirimonian, Cormac Mac Art, and of his father and son, were Firbolg, and that he found a retreat from enemies among the Connaught Belgæ; 5thly, that the Firbolg Gamonradii are expressly styled the 'great Milesians;' finally, that the soldiers of the three Collas, who destroyed the palace of Eomania, and conquered the greater part of Iarian Ulster, were all Belgæ. These may be only coincidences in the history of the traditionary Firbolgs of Slainghe, with the historic invasion of Labhraidh Loingseach; but they are coincidences sufficiently strong to justify great doubts of the former, especially as Dr O'Conor admits, in another place, that some of the best authorities do not mention the first colony of Firbolgs. Moreover, nothing is more common in merely traditional history than an inversion of dates and events. When the conquering Belgæ and the conquered had been amalgamated into one people, and began, after some centuries, to digest their history, it would not be unprecedented in bardic story, to find them ante-dating, by some thousand years, the Firbolg invasion,—*an event which occurred shortly before the commencement of the Christian era, and adopting as their own the genealogy of another race settled with them in Ireland.* Thus, because the Romans, who conquered Britain, were descended from Æneas, the Britons soon discovered that their own ancestor, Britus, belonged to the same family. And, when about the middle of the fourteenth century, nearly all the rural strong-bownians had adopted Irish names and the Irish dress, they found no difficulty in tracing their origin to Milesian, or to any stock but the English, though the continued presence of the English power in Ireland, and the constant influx of the English blood, must have counteracted powerfully the process of amalgamation, and the general adoption of the Milesian ideas. I think it manifest, from Irish history, that, if new Irish colonies had not been planted in the country in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the term 'Saxon,' or 'Englishman,' or 'Norman,' would have been, long since, even in the baronial halls of the Butlers, the Burkes, and the Fitzgeralds, as opprobrius an epithet as 'Firbolg' ever was in the ancient raths and cathirs of the so-called Eirimonian nobles." "But there are two means of explaining how Firbolg and Eirimonian, though really the same race, might not have been distinguished: by admitting that, at different intervals, from A. C. 300 cir. colonies of Belgæ may have landed in Ireland from Britain or Gaul, but that they were subdued (conquered) by the great Belgic colony in the year A. C. 83, 69, or, what appears to me a more probable supposition, that the Belgæ of Leath-Cuin, that is, the race of Crimthan, A.D. 79, gradually extended their conquests over their kindred in Connaught and Leinster, during the course of the three following centuries, and that thus the conquered Belgæ of Leinster and Connaught came to be regarded as Firbolgs, while the conquerors were metamorphized into Eirimonians. But however these matters may be explained, no advocate for the antiquity of the Eirimonian colonizing can explain how it happened that Tighernac could not find a regular succession of Eirimonian kings before the Christian era, though he gave a list of Irians from the foundation of Omania, A.C. 305, 226."

The following were the qualifications required for the different ranks of the order of the Bards. The Focalan, being the youngest student, was required to repeat twenty historical poems and tales. The Macfuirmi, forty tales: the Dos, fifty; the Canaith, also fifty; the Clith, one hundred and seventy compositions; the Ollamh, three hundred and fifty; the Aos-dona, an equal number. The Aos-dona led the Bards and Minstrels into the *circle;* but when the meeting was formed, all were on a footing of perfect equality. Saint Columba and St Benean were both bards, the former apparently the aos-dona or chief-bard of Ireland, for he returned there after the settlement at Iona as referee in a serious dispute between the king of Ireland and the Bards. The Fillidh, or minstrel grade, were all of the order and rank of the Bards. The minstrels played on all kinds of instruments, but the Bards only on the harp, which was considered as the higher musical instrument. The Fillidhean became Christians under the influence of Saint Patrick, and aided, or rather formed, the band of choristers in the Irish cathedrals, and added much to the impressiveness and acceptability of the Christian service in the public estimation. Thus, when the Druid religion gradually yielded to Christianity in Ireland, the minstrel branch of the bardic institution was preserved and fostered by the Culdees, who considered it more politic to accomplish what they of course considered a great object, by "wisely retaining many of its established superstitions." These words are Logan's, not mine, for I have been unable to discover that the Druids employed superstitious devices to influence the people. Indeed, it cannot be conceived that natural theology, which admits of and requires being demonstrated, could be inculcated by superstition, like religions which must play on men's feelings, because they cannot appeal either to natural science or common sense. The Irish, like the Welsh bardic institution, had its triennial celebration, where an august meeting of the order assembled, to regulate all matters connected with the profession. These assemblies, although presided over by a king or prince, were assemblies of the people, and in which every motion was carried by a majority of all present. The last of these meetings on record in Ireland, took place in 1792, the object of which was to revive the periodical meetings (for some years discontinued) for perpetuating the "music, poetry, and oral traditions" of Ireland. Mr Dugan, whose memory deserves to be respected, offered in 1778 two munificent prizes to performers on the harp; but only two competed at the meeting. This sorrowful decline of an order associated with all their high and holy feelings, roused the dormant patriotism of Ireland; and a society was formed for supporting a professor and students, in the year 1807, but it has not met with the encouragement it deserved.

In Wales, we find that Anuren, a prince of the Ottadini, and others illustrious for rank and patriotism, gloried more in their bardic qualifications than nobility of rank. King Cadwaladir, about 670, presided at a meeting assembled for the purpose of hearing the Bards reciting old compositions, and also their own productions. These meetings were called Eisted-vodas. They are continued in Wales, (to the honour, be it stated, of the Ancient Britons) to this day. The Druids having disappeared before the Culdees, the Bards were

no longer an organized order under collegiate discipline, and became the creatures of the Church, less strict in their morals. Hence, Gruffudd and his "Gaelic friends" laid down rules at this meeting of 670, to correct abuses, and introduce improvements in Celtic poetry and music, and for regulating the mode of competition, qualification of candidates, &c.; "the proper observance of which was expected to restore discipline among the Bards, and to perpetuate the true history of transactions;" the Bards having become less strict in adhering to the truth in their poetry. Accordingly, at the above meeting, we find that invention (which was not permitted by the Druids) was declared punishable by fine and imprisonment; and the like penalty was exacted for mockery, derision, or undeserved censure. Ryhs ap Gruffudd, prince of South Wales, gave a magnificent entertainment to King Henry II., when a large assemblage of Bards attended, and received a confirmation of all their franchises. Similar meetings have been held at various times and places, sometimes by royal summons, and at others by the nobility. Henry VIII. issued a commission for one to be held at Caerwys, "for the purpose of instituting order and government among the professors of poetry and music, and regulating their art and profession, according to the old statute of Gruffudd ap Cynan, prince of Aberfraw." Queen Elizabeth appointed another to assemble at the same place. In 1792, "a congress of the Bards of the Isles of Britain," was held on Primroschill, near London, with the view of restoring druidal mythology and bardic learning," according to the Gentleman's Magazine, L. xii. Since then, the Cymrodorian Society has given frequent eistid-vodas in the metropolis, and, as already stated, they are held periodically in Wales. The kindred people of Bas Bretagne have lately been desirous of a similar convention, and I hope, from what I have recently heard from a Welsh gentleman, that at no distant date, arrangements will be made by the literati of that spirited Principality to have a gathering of the remnant of the Bards from all countries, in some central locality, to revive ancient customs, and renew ancient ties and associations among the now scattered, but still attached and warm-hearted remnants of the great Celtic clans.

The historical value of Celtic poetry is proved by the fact, that a poem of the bard Taliesen, who lived *anno* 540, and which described the death of King Arthur, and the place of his interment, was repeated to Henry II., about the year 1187. The King, to test the historical value of the poem, ordered a search to be made for King Arthur's tomb, in the churchyard of Glastonbury; and there it was found and identified, in the presence and to the satisfaction of the King! A similar discovery was made by the recitation by a harper of a duan on Cathgarbha, where Oscar and Cairbear both fell, in which an account is given of the burial of King Conan, a provincial chief or king, who fell also there. The Irish Academy, to verify the bardic record, had the spot excavated, when the grave was found as described in the song. According to tradition, Cohmal, (pronounced Cole) the father of Fingal, fell in Ayrshire, in a battle fought between himself and Morni, the father of Gaul, who was supported by a clan of the Britons of Strathclyde. The grave being pointed out by tradition, the late

Rev. Dr Memes, then Rector of the Ayr Academy, and other gentlemen, had it opened, when it was found to verify Ossian's description. The urn containing the ashes of the ancient hero, was surrounded and covered by "four grey stones," and completely answered the description of the bard. The report of this discovery went the round of the newspapers thirty years ago. Ronald Glas of Keppoch, having estranged his clan, by accepting or declaring his intention to accept a feudal charter of the clan district, was killed by a family of the name of Clan-Dughail, whom he deeply and treacherously injured. The clan declined to interfere; but the celebrated bard, Ian Lom, determined to punish the murderers of his chieftain, obtained a warrant for their apprehension from the Privy Council, which they eluded for a considerable time; but they were at length taken by surprise by a party obtained by the bard from his chief, Sir James Macdonald, in a block-house, which they defended until it was set in fire over their heads, when, being compelled to rush out, they were overpowered and killed. As the warrant required that they should be produced "dead or alive" in Edinburgh, their heads were cut off and sent there, and their bodies buried in a sand-hill in the vicinity. The late Dr Smith of Fort-William, who was very sceptical on the subject of Ossian's Poems, and all Highland traditions, thought that he had in this tradition (owing to the dryness of the ground in which the Clan-Dughail were said to have been buried) an opportunity of striking a blow at, as he assumed, the public credulity; and he got the hill excavated; when, lo! to his surprise, he found seven skeletons, but not a single skull. Nay, more, the skeleton of the old man, who was represented by tradition as of gigantic size, and lame in consequence of having had his thigh-bone broken, and ill set in his youth, was found to confirm the tradition to the letter, for the bones of one of the skeletons were much larger than the others, and one of its thigh-bones was shorter, and had a knot on it where it had been broken and joined again. In short, Dr Smith became so impressed with a conviction of the truth of the poetry and traditions of the Highland clans, in consequence of this incident, as to have applied himself immediately to the acquirement of the language, and he prosecuted its study until he could peruse Ossian's Poems in the original. He got a statement of the result of his exploration of the grave of Clan-Dughail drawn up, printed, and distributed among his friends, and was, ever afterwards, an earnest advocate of the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, and also an able adversary to the absurd views of ancient Highland institutions and society assumed by feudal historians. He contended, that without a knowledge of the poetry and traditions, which are the only true expositors of the history of the Highland clans, no stranger had any reliable means of forming a just opinion on the subject. He agreed with me as to the danger of attempting to pass off a fiction for tradition, while the same clans continued to occupy the same localities for ages; and that it is the historian who writes in the privacy of his library, and who can adopt the recorded fictions that suit his views, that is under no check, and not the traditional historian. Surely it cannot be denied, for instance, that this treatise is written under the check of public opinion, in so

far as traditional, but not in so far as leaning on extracts already published. The Celtiberians asserted, according to Theocritus, quoted by Logan, that they had poems, containing their laws and history, for a period of six thousand years. Tacitus mentions that the poems which contained the annals of the Germans were ancient in his days. Some of the poems mentioned in express terms by Tacitus, as carried down orally for hundreds of years before his time, were in existence seven hundred years after his death. One of the pursuits in which Charlemagne took great delight, was searching for these relics of antiquity, and committing them to memory. The same may be said of the great Alfred of England. Logan refers to a fragment which he holds to be the oldest specimen of the bardic genius of the ancient Celts. Lucernius, king of the Averni, was wont to court popularity by "extraordinary munificence." A bard once arriving long after the others, saluted the prince with a poem, extolling his virtues and benevolence, but lamented his misfortune in being too late to share his bounty. The song procured the gift of a purse of gold to the happy bard, who then chaunted loudly and extemporaneously, saying, "that Lucernius' chariot wheels, as they rolled along, scattered wealth and blessings among the children of men." Gildas and Nemius were bards, and profess to have compiled their histories from ancient poems; but they complain of, and deplore the destruction of many old records by the enemy. Among the remains of poetry, quoted by Bosworth and others, is that of Merddin or Merlin, the Caledonian, who flourished in 470. The antiquaries of Wales go much farther back with the history of their extant poetry than the Christian era, and so do those of Hibernia. Fingin and Fergus, Hibernian bards, belonged to the second century, and are not doubted; and, since the Christian era, numerous individuals distinguished in the science, are mentioned by monkish writers of undoubted authority. Torna, Dubhach, Feich, Cronan, Benean, Columba, Adamnan, Dallan, Seanachan, Angus, Amergen, were all Hibernian bards; and the Welsh can furnish a list as brilliant and as much beyond suspicion; while an equal number, among whom, Orran, Ullin, Caril, &c., with Ossian at their head, were Caledonian bards: two large volumes of whose poems, now in print, have come down, chiefly by oral recitation, to the middle of the last and the beginning of the present century. The former were published by the learned and talented clergyman, Dr Smith; the latter by the Highland Society, with a literal Latin translation from the manuscripts found in Macpherson's repositories, and to publish which he bequeathed £1000 by his will.

It has, I think, been shown in the above short sketch of the druidal and bardic institution of the Caledonian, Irish, and Welsh Celtic clans, that oral recitation was not so uncertain a medium for carrying down important events, in poems and tales composed by men of genius and highly cultivated minds, as the gentlemen who (in total ignorance of the language in which these poems and tales were written) constituted themselves judges of their merit and authenticity, seemed to think.

Iomarba, were the names of the professional competitions, which were common and periodical both in Scotland and Ireland. They were suppressed in

Ireland, at least within the Pale, by a penal statute; but they came down in the Highlands to the days of Dr Johnson; who, while denying the existence of Gaelic poetry, mentions that Iomarba were at that time held in the Highlands, as eisted-vodas are now held in Wales, to recite and celebrate this *non-existing* poetry! In Anglia Sacra, mention is made of a Scot who was acquainted with a hundred different measures of verse; and Giraldus, not only states that the Highlanders and Irish were superior musicians, but they also sung and played "in parts,"—which was totally new to him. This implies that there was no dramatic poetry then in England. The Druid morality, which was very strict, forbade, as already stated, the use of fiction, and, consequently of satirical and dramatic poetry by the Bards. They required that the subject of all poems should be strictly true, and told by the Bards in accordance with the truth; but they were not only allowed, but required, to relate these events in a manner worthy of men of genius, feeling, and good taste. The strict exclusion of fiction from Celtic poetry was no doubt unfavourable to dramatic poetry, and I do not think the ancient Celtic clans had—what we understand as—dramatic poetry; but we are assured by tradition, that their historical poems were dramatically represented and recited at their Iomarba; and this tradition is sufficiently corroborated by Giraldus Cambrenses' statement, that the Highlanders and the Hibernians sung and played musical pieces "in parts." Major, a historian who was evidently disinclined to give any credit to his "upthrough" countrymen, (as he called the Highlanders,) in speaking of the musical taste and attainments of James the First, could only illustrate their excellence by comparing his performances with those of the "Hibernians and the Highlanders, who were the best of all players on the harp." Now, I would pause and ask the reader here, whether it is possible for him to believe that the Hibernians and the Highlanders had arrived at such eminence as players on the harp, without having a poetry worthy of the music which they sung to the harp? Poetry was the very soul of music, until modern taste substituted harmony for melody, and, by smothering the song in singing, devorced feeling from music, after a long life of wedded happiness. Was it only in Hibernia and the Highlands (where the best players on the harp known to learned musicians and antiquaries like Giraldus and Major were to be found) that the music and poetry were unequal, and altogether unworthy of one another? The best answer to this strange assumption is to lay before the reader some specimens of Gaelic poetry of unquestionable antiquity. But before submitting these specimens from Ullin, Orran, and Ossian, three of our most celebrated bards, I beg leave to premise that the poems from which I quote have been before the public, in print, and in the native language, those of Ullin and Orran for more than eighty, and those of Ossian for more than fifty years. I also beg leave to refer to the West of Scotland Magazine, and to say that I have proved in my articles published in that perodical,—

1. That poems bearing the same characteristic features with those afterwards published and ascribed to Ossian by Macpherson, had been universally known for time immemorial in the Highlands; and that they were referred to

in innumerable poems (many of the verses of which I translated and quoted in English) by the Gaelic Bards, ages before Macpherson was born, in the same manner in which Greek and Roman poems are referred to by the contemporary poets of England.

2. I showed, from Irish and Northern historians, whose works could scarcely have been seen by Macpherson, because they were not then published, although the materials existed in manuscript, and in a Latin history of Ireland, published in France in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,—that the heroes and events celebrated in the poems of Fingal and Temora, are historical heroes and events; and that they are named by the same names, and narrated substantially in the same manner, by these historians and by Ossian. I considered the above as satisfactory evidence of the authenticity of the poems as could be required by any impartial antiquary under the circumstances, especially when taken in connexion with the copious literal translations by which I showed, that the Gaelic poems found in Macpherson's repositories after his death, bear, intrinsically, undoubted evidence of having been the work of a superior poet to the author of the English version of these poems.

I may, in corroboration of these facts, remark, that the poems published by the Rev. Dr Smith, above eighty years ago, and by the Highland Societies of London and Scotland from Macpherson's manuscripts, under the editorship of Sir John Sinclair, more than fifty years ago, bear unquestionable intrinsic evidence that the authors of these poems were superior for genius, taste, and a knowledge of the language, to the parties by whom these poems were copied from oral recitation, and prepared for the press. The poems substantially bear evidence of being the production of men of great genius, refined tastes, patriotic, benevolent, noble, and generous feelings and sentiments; while, taking them as prepared for the press and published, a line or two lines will be found on a page, a word or two words in a verse, and a verse or two verses in a *duan* or canto, which form a contrast most striking for coarseness, tautology, or ambiguity, to the chasteness and elegance of the rest. Dr Smith thus accounts for the exceptions to the version published by him: "The poems," says Dr Smith, "having been collected from various editions, they may, *perhaps*, appear in some places inelegant or abrupt; it being sometimes necessary to take half a stanza, or perhaps half a line, from one edition, to join to so much of another. As the poems were, for the most part, taken down from oral recitation, frequent mistakes may have been made in the proper division of the lines, and in the assigning of its due quantity to each. Those who recited ancient poems took, frequently, the opportunity of *substituting such words as they were best acquainted with, in the room of such as were more foreign or obsolete.* To expunge these words, when none of the copies in the editor's hands supplied him with better, was a task which he did not consider as any part of his province."

I cannot help regretting that the learned and patriotic Doctor took so strict a view of his duties as editor of poems carried down, as he himself shows, by oral tradition from a remote antiquity, through various channels, some of them, to say the least, not very competent. The poems being uniformly

of such a character as legitimately to lead to the conclusion, that the authors were incapable of writing these exceptional parts, the inference is inevitable, that they were interpolations by some incompetent reciters. I cannot help regretting, therefore, that the Rev. Doctor did not feel it to be his duty to expunge these passages and restore the original, since no writer was more competent to do so than himself. To publish the poems without expunging these obvious interpolations, was more scrupulous than just to the fame of the departed Bards, who had surely a right to expect that the editors of their works in future ages should feel it to be their sacred duty to do them justice. These remarks apply only to the Gaelic version; for the Rev. Doctor allowed no tautology or obscurity to deform the translation, which is every thing that could be desired. Indeed, it is only fair to say, that, if the Gaelic antiquities, or Seanna-dhana of Dr Smith, had been illustrative of the religion and poetry of any other part of the British Empire excepting the Highlands, they could scarcely fail, not only to have made his fortune, but also to raise him to the very summit of popularity. But, instead of being remunerated for his great work, the Doctor lost so much money by the publication, as seriously to burden his small income; and, instead of its raising him to the very height of popularity with his fellow-countrymen, it simply subjected him to the rapacious appetites for detraction, characteristic of the small fry of parasites who prey on men of genius after they are dead; and, although many of his relations have been literary men, or belong to professions that ought to be literary, and although I am no relative, I am, so far as I know, the only Highlander that ever took up the pen to do him justice. Dr Smith either met with ingratitude on the part of his fellow-countrymen, who were surely as interested as he was in doing justice to the literature of their ancestors, or he was the generous victim of his own noble enthusiasm,—a fate to be envied rather than regretted. But, alas for the modern Highlanders who will go any distance to see Gillie-callum danced, and to shake hands, by proxy, with a lord or a duke, but who have never yet recorded their grateful recognition of the honour done to their country by the labours of Dr Smith, by "putting a stone in his cairn."

With reference to Mr Macpherson's English translation, and also to the version of the Gaelic originals found in his repositories prepared for the press, it is to be remembered, that Macpherson was only a mere school-boy or student, when he was *employed* by the Rev. Dr Blair and other patriotic gentlemen, to collect and translate these poems. Now, it will not, I think, be denied that it is the uniform tendency of persons of an ardent and poetic temperament, especially before having attained to a maturity of judgement, to imagine that they cannot too highly exaggerate or colour the subjects on which they write. "Oh," exclaimed a worthy Gael of my acquaintance, "what would this country be but for Sir Colin Campbell and his Highlanders!" In this spirit of enthusiasm we find Macpherson continually repeating the epithets and phraseology which he considered best calculated to make his heroes not only great, but even marvellous. I have no doubt that a critic of good taste and discrimination could point out, in the English version, every instance in which such

epithets and phraseology were thrust into the poems by Macpherson, as they stand out in bloated relief among the more chaste and elegant passages of his translation. But these meretricious interpolations appear still more prominent in the original, as prepared for the press by Macpherson himself,—for in these the style and the measure of the verses are every now and again inflated and forced out of joint by the obtrusion of ill-conditioned tautological epithets, and a sounding, but most empty phraseology. With these drawbacks, natural to a youth so sensitive and enthusiastic, when portraying, to parties ignorant of the original, poetry so descriptive of all that is tender, generous, and heroic in the human character, in a language different from the original, Mr Macpherson's translation is not only chaste and elegant, but graphic and exceedingly beautiful. He who would take the trouble of purifying Macpherson's translation of Ossian from his interpolations or fancied improvements, and of publishing the rest without changing a word, would, in my opinion, merit the gratitude of mankind.

It seems necessary, before submitting to the reader specimens from the ancient poets, to make a few remarks on the poetry floating traditionally in Ireland under the name of Ossian, although I really cannot enter into the spirit of the controversy between the Irish and the Highlanders on this subject, my Celtic sympathies being so catholic as to make me look on it as a matter of indifference whether the great representative of the ancient Celtic bards was born in Erin or Albin. Indeed, my opinion is, that the Greeks, in disputing about the locality of Homer's birth, showed themselves to be destitute of the true clan-spirit and patriotism that ought to characterize the conduct of kindred and noble races one toward another, and, therefore, that they deserved the fate their conceited, selfish, and intemperate divisions brought upon them. But the Irish do not claim the poems ascribed to Ossian by Macpherson as the productions of their Ossian; they only want to deprive their Caledonian brethren of the credit of having had a bard who could have produced such poetry, nearly two thousand years ago. This, to be sure, is somewhat less generous than we could be disposed to give our fellow Celts of Erin credit for, and it cuts both ways; for, if the state of society in Albin was at that time as civilized as the production and popularity of these poems instruct, the state of society among their brethren of Leth-cuin could not have been so barbarous as their so-called Saxon neighbours assert, and *vice versa.* But the fact is, that the poems of the Highland Ossian show that he lived before priestcraft and feudalism dwarfed the souls and corrupted the tastes and judgements of mankind; while the Irish Ossian is shown, by the productions ascribed to him, to have been the very personification of the dwarfed souls and corrupted tastes and judgements resulting from the spiritual and civil despotism of the dark ages. It is but too well known that the priests of the above period cultivated superstition as the great ally or handmaiden of religion: hence in these Irish "Ursgeuls" or *new* tales, ascribed to Ossian, (as they are called both in Erin and Albin,) the adventures of the traditional heroes of the people are mixed up with magicians, mountebanks, saints, giants, and witches,—but with a design and a method well calculated to emasculate the

minds, and corrupt the taste of the people, and so prepare them for swallowing the monkish legends, however extravagant and marvellous. Nay, more, these Ursgeuls show that the fabricators of them were the monkish dabblers in Greek and Roman literature, and not the Celtic bards; for they have their allegories, monsters, and metamorphosis,—although rude, maudlin, feeble, unnaturally fantastic, obscene, and ludicrous.

Mr O'Kierney, one of the editors of the Ossianic Society, who calls these alleged poems of Ossian "Ursgeuls,"—or, *new* tales, states, that "they are founded on ancient poems, but *more* authoritative," historically, than the originals from which they are derived! and I question not that they are as authoritative as can be desired on the subject of the Heathen and Christian controversies between Ossian and St Patrick,—the pilgrimages to Rome, — the wars between the Fingalians and the kings of Erin about the feudal tribute of *mulier mercheta*, &c. &c. But Mr O'Kierney has not submitted the originals from which the Ursgeuls are alleged to have been derived, to the public, whom he wishes to enlighten; so that we must necessarily wait until he shall have had another literary engagement from the Ossianic Society, before we are in a condition to solve this puzzle. Mr O'Kierney, perhaps, takes for granted that his readers have undergone the process of emasculation which his Ursgeuls are so well calculated to produce, and that they will believe his curious paradox without requiring any evidence of its truth! But, to speak without sarcasm, a more humiliating proof of the perverting influence of combativeness on the human intellect than is instructed by the collection and publication of these Ursgeuls, at great expense, by a society of learned Irish gentlemen, under the delusion that they are the productions of a man of genius, and an honour to Ireland, is not to be found on the records of any other country in Europe! That to combativeness, and not dishonesty, is to be ascribed the publication of this unnatural trash ascribed to Ossian by the Irish, is shown by the fact, that, along with it they have published works by St Benean, Dr Lynch, &c., containing a whole mass of evidence, which can leave no doubt that the Feinn spoke a different dialect, wore a different dress, and were different in their manners and customs from the people of Leth-Eugain-mhoir, or the southern half of Ireland. These are called Milesians, Firbolgs, Belgs, &c.; while the people of Leth-cuin are called Cruithni, Picti, Tuatha-de-dannans, &c.

I have stated elsewhere, that it was the custom of the clans to take the names of the chiefs and ceanncaths, or war-chiefs,—that is, chiefs of confederations of clans,—for the time; and, hence, that clans, and confederations of clans, were continually changing their names. In reading recent publications by learned societies of Irish gentlemen, in illustration of the traditional poetry and history of their country, it will be observed that confederations of clans, and clans also, disappear and appear in a manner which puzzled the very editors, because they did not know that such was the custom of clans down to the date of feudalism, when feudal tenures led to fixed surnames. That the comparatively ancient feudal writers on the histories of Ireland and Scotland did not qualify themselves better for their self-imposed task, by devoting some

portion of their research to the poetry and traditions, which throw so much light on the ancient local clan governments and customs of countries known to have been occupied down to the age of feudalism by patriarchal clans, shows that they really were not very anxious to ascertain the truth. They do not, therefore, inspire us with much confidence either in their narratives or opinions. There is nothing staggering in the fact, that clans and confederations took the names of their chiefs and ceanncaths for the time, and thus frequently took new, and occasionally assumed old names, according to the new or old names of the chiefs and ceanncaths for the time. There is, I repeat it, nothing in the above to stagger writers who knew that Roman divisions and armies did the same, and that a similar practice prevailed in England even after England had a standing army.

In the southern, or Leth Uigean-mhoir's half of Ireland, the clans and confederations had, from time to time, so many names, as to puzzle the very editors of works recently published to illustrate the traditional poetry and history of the country.* The clans of Leth Cuinn, or Conn's half of Ireland, were less numerous, and being of Caledonian descent, and maintaining their position only through assistance from the mother country in every extremity, they were naturally more tenacious of the names by which they were identified with the great clans of their native land. We accordingly find them almost invariably called by historians, Cruithni, Picti, Tuath-de-danans, &c., like their kindred Caledonian tribes. That the southern clans frequently changed their names, may be inferred pretty confidently even by comparing Ptolomy and Richard, who did not write at such very distant periods from one another, as on any other rational grounds to account for the circumstance, that the people of the same district are called by different names by these topographical writers. As I cannot enter at greater length here into so ample a subject, the following quotations must serve.

Ptolomy, Geo. Hib. states, that the Minapee and the Canaeci were "*nationes Teutonici origines;*" and Orocius, a Spanish priest, who wrote a valuable compendium of history, which has been misunderstood or mis-translated into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, and which translation is again misunderstood or mis-translated by Bosworth, states that Ireland was occupied (meaning, no doubt, the part opposite to Spain) by families (clans) of the Scots. Bede, who speaks from his personal knowledge, states, that the people of the British Isles had the same theology, but received it through the medium of five different dialects, viz. that of the Angles, Britons, Scots, Picts, and Latins. He also distinctly states that the Scots came from Ireland. Nobody doubts that Columba was a Scot, and came from Ireland; and the Irish writers above referred to, show that Ireland was called Scotland, when the Scots were ceanncaths of the southern confederation there. Alfred distinctly describes Ireland as an island, and says it was called Scotland. Erchad, a saint born in Kincardine, preached to the Scots on his way home from Rome. This implies that the Scots then occupied the Lowlands. The Scots probably called the country Scotland on

* See page 62.

being fairly established there; for Alfred calls it Scotland, which implies that they transferred to it the name they had previously given to Ireland. But, be that as it may, the *new* name shows that the Scots were a *new* power in Scotland; otherwise, why was not the country known by the name of Scotland before the days of Alfred? *Land* is a Gothic or Teutonic word, and nothing can be more certain than that the Picts and Scots spoke different dialects. Erchad, as already stated, (Aberdeen Breviary,) preached to the Britons and Scots, naming them in that order, which surely implies that the country of the Scots was situated between those of the Britons and the Picts. Here we have a distinct people between the Britons and Picts, who give a new name to the country, and that name, too, in a foreign language. Nay, more, the ceanncath or war-chief of this people takes the title of king of Scots; his sons are called princes, and he creates dukes, earls, lords, baronets, &c.; and, land, king, prince, earl, lord, and baronet, are all names foreign to the Pictish or Caledonian language, and cannot be expressed in it, until this day. Yet historians fancy that they have established it as a fact, that the Highlanders, in whose language not a single one of these names or titles can be expressed, are Scots, and that the people of the Lowlands, in whose language they originated, and can be appropriately expressed, are the descendants of the Picts or Caledonians. But let us see whether the life of Columba, published jointly by the Bannatyne Club and the Irish Celtic Association, confirms or contradicts my views on this subject.

Adamnan, according to this authoritative book, states that when one of the Pictish chiefs was baptised, he received the word through an interpreter: "*verbo Die a sancto per interpretem recipto.*"—Ware's "Vita Sancti Columbæ" by Adamnan, page 62. Again, he says that Columba, having tarried at that time for some days in the "province" of the Picts, the word of life was preached to the people through the medium of an interpreter.—Ibid., page 145. Here we find Bede, Erchad, Adamnan, all writing to the effect that the Scots were situated between the Britons and the Picts, and spoke a different dialect from the latter. Indeed, Adamnan's words imply that the Picts were shorn of the supremacy, and reduced to "a province;" while Alfred's words imply that the country was called by the Scots after their own name, Scotland. I will not argue with those who require farther evidence on the above subject, but may quote Ossian and Cormac, grandson of Conn,—the former from the Highland Society's edition of Ossian, edited and published by Sir John Sinclair, more than fifty years ago; and the latter on the authority of Father O'Keef, from a work published more than two hundred years ago. My version is from my mother's oral recitation; but it agrees substantially with those of the Father. I beg to premise that Adamnan is corroborated by St Benean, Dr Lynch, &c. who state that the Malmuta laws of Ireland were written in the Feinian or Pictish language. Ptolomy, the very best authority, states that the south of Ireland was inhabited by "*nationes Teutonici origines.*" The Editor of an edition of Cambrenses Eversus shows that the soldiers of the three Collas were Firbolg, and that the Firbolg and Belgæ were identical in Ireland. The people of Leth-Cuinn were never called Firbolg, Belgs, &c. &c. in Ireland, but they are uniformly called Cruithni, Picti, Tuatha-

de-danans; all indicating their identity with the clans of Caledonia. Let us now see what Ossian (I don't mean the Ossian of Mr O'Kearney's "Ursgeuls," but the Ossian whose ancient poems he so clumsily and grossly caricatures) says on the above quotation of the different confederations of the southern and northern clans of Ireland :—

TEMORA.

Chruinich cinnicheadh mor Uillin,	Gathered the great clans of Ullin,
'S chuir iad cuireadh gu righ nan lann,	And sent an invitation to the king of swords,—
Righ do shinnsreadh mor nam beann,	A king of the race of their mountain ancestors,—
Siol Shealma nan cruaidh gu'n fhaillein,	The race of Selma, of steel unfailing,
'S triadhadh Erin aig eiridh.	The chiefs of Erin having risen (in arms.)

This movement was, of course, inimical to the great southern confederation, so they also convened a meeting of all their great tribes:—

"Cuim," thuirt iad, "bhiodh Conn na righ,	"Why," said they, "should Conn be king,
Siol coigrich nan strith O Mhorbhein?"	The race hostile of strangers from Morven?"
Thainig iad mar shruthaibh O shliabh.	They came like a spate from the wold.

Here we have the simple graphic statement of the great Celtic historian and bard, which singularly coincides with the above quotations. In short, all the statements collected and published by learned Irish societies, and all facts stated by such ancient historians as were neither Caledonian or Irish, agree with Ossian, and *vice versa*. We shall never have a consistent history of Ireland or Scotland, until the authenticity of our ancient poems is recognised, and until, like the Northern sagas, they are made the foundation of our histories.

The following verses were substantially published by Father O'Keef, in 1684. I have it not in my power at present to consult the Father's work, (as I am writing on a tour in the Highlands) but I have read it, and, to the best of my recollection, the only important difference between the following verses, as repeated by my mother, and his, is, that the Father makes Fergus, and not Cairbear, the fourth in descent from Conn. Both the Father and my mother ascribed the verses to Cormac, grandson of Conn. The verses show that the people of Leth-Cuin, or Temora, and their ancient kings, were Gaidheil, which is the historically recognised cognomen of the Highlanders, and not the Irish. The Hibernian clans of Leth-Cuin are always designated Gaidheil Eirneach.

'S mise Cormac, ogha Chuinn,	I am Cormac, grandson of Conn,
Ard righ fhear Theamhair chruinn;	High king of the men of the circuit of Temora;

Ro fheallasach orm rinneadh foil,
Le mo mhnaoidh 's le m' reachdadair.

Very treacherously I have been betrayed
By my wife and judge.

'S eol dhomhsa rud gun gaoid,
Tri nithean a mhilleas mnaoidh,—
Am fear fein gu'n bhi ga 'n reir,
Leannanas lag, luidean mean.

I know three things without a flaw,—
Three things that ruin women :—
A husband not their equal,
A small drudge, and faint love.

'S eol dhomh rud eile gu'n ghaoid,
Na tri nidhean a riaghlas mnaoidh,—
An cial fein, co-mhòchadh am fear,
'S leannas fiughantach, laidir.

I know three things without a flaw,
Three things that rule women :—
Good sense, a sympathizing husband,
Love generous and strong.

Mo mhallachd an diugh is gu brath,
Air duine uasal na air flath,
A gheileas do las mhnadh,
Mar bith iad beusach nan ghniomhadh.

My curse to-day and for ever
On the gentleman or chief
Who yields to woman's flame,
Unless she be modest in her conduct.

Cearthar gu'n bheud ri 'n linn,
Thainig O na Gaidheil ghrinn,[1]
Conn oilleil ceud-chathach,
Art, mi fein, is Cairbeir.

Four have in their generations
Descended from the sprightly Gael,
Illustrious Conn of a hundred battles,
Art, myself, and Cairbear.

DAN AN FHIR LEIDH LE ORRAN.—(The first duan only.)

Aig ceuma mall a chaochain chiuin,
eg ceyma mall a chaochayn chi-uyn

At the slow steps of the mild streamlet,

Le d' chruit, gu 'n ghleus, na tosd,
led chruyt gu 'n yleys na tosd

With thy harp untuned, silent,

Tha usa, mhic Arair nan teud,
ha usà vic arayr nan teyht

Art thou, son of Arair of strings,

Gu 'n phong ciuil bho d' laimh a nochd?
gun phong cuyl vod la-yv a nochd

Without a note of music from thy hand to-night?

Tha taibhsean tiamhidh a trial,
ha tayvsen ti-avi' a tri-al

Melancholy ghosts are travelling

Mu 'n cuairt air nialaibh nan speur,
mun cu-ayrt ayr ni-aliv nan spēyr

Around on the clouds of night,

Dh-eisteachd am molaidh O d' bheul,
yeystechd am molay' o d vēyl

To listen to their praise from thy lips,

'S cha chluinn iad air aile an cliu.
's cha chluynn i-ad ayr ay-le an cliu

And they hear not on air their fame.

A mhic Arair c'om a d' thosd,
a vic ar-ayr com ad hosd

Son of Arair, why in silence,

Is taibhsean nan treun co dluth?
is tayv-sen nan trēyn co dlu'

When the spirits of the night are near?

"Co is fhearr fios na u fein,
co is err fios na u fēyn

"Who better knows than thyself,

Orrain, air beus na fhalbh?
orr-ayn ayr bēys na yalv

Orran, of the habits of those that are gone?

Tha 'n cuimhne a dearse air t-anam. ha'n cuyné a dèrsa ayr tan-am	Their memory is shining on thy soul.
Can an dain chianael an teabhachd, can an dayn chi-a-nel an te'-avachd	Sing their lays pensive, with sympathy,
Cuir an cliu gu linnte cein, cuyr an cliu gu linntè cēyn	Send their fame to ages remote,
Mar dheo-greine air anam nam bard, mar ye-o-grēnè ayr anam nam bard	Like a sunbeam on the souls of the bards
Tra bhios Orran sa chlarsach nan suain. tra vis orr-an sa chlarsach nan su-ayn	When Orran and his harp are asleep ;
Caidlidh Orran sa chlarach, cayd-li' orran sa chlar	For sleep will Orran and his harp,—
Ach mairidh a dhain na dheigh." ach mari' a yayn na yey'	His lays will survive after him."
An so thamh Dumoir nan sleagh, an so hav dumor nan slegh	Here dwelt Dumor of spears,
'S na theach, mar sholus, a nighean chaoin, 's na hech mar holus a ni'-en chaoyn	And in his house, as a light, his daughter mild, (Orran sings.)
B' aillidh a cruth 's bu bhinn a ceol, baylli' a cru' s bu vinn a ceol	Beautiful her face, sweet her music.
Thug Lamha do'n oigh a ghaol. hug lava don oy' a yaol	Lava gave to the maiden his love.
Am feachd Dhumoir bha Lamha treun. am fechd yuy-moyr va lava treyn	In Dunmor's host Lava was a hero.
Is Min-shuil an righ dha cha d'eur,— is min-huyl an ri' ya cha dēyr	Sulmina the king did not grudge him ;
Cha d'eur an righ ach dh-eur i fein, cha dēyr an ri' ach yēyr i fēyn	The king did not, but she did herself,
Aig miad a speis do Ronan aillidh, ayg mi-ad a speys do ronan āyli'	From the greatness of her love to Ronan, the handsome
Ronan bho Shruth-thorman nan steud. ronan vo ru'-horman nan steyd	Ronan from the Struthormon of steeds.
Chuir fios air a cheili bhaigheil ; chuyr fios ayr a cheyli vay'eyl	He sent a messenger to his chosen, the affectionate ;
Dh-imich ise le fear iuil, yi-mich ish-è le ferr i-uyl	She accompanied the guide.
Bha Lamha dlu air an raon. va lava dlu ayr an raon	But Lava was (watchful) on the heath.
Cheangael a 'm fear iuil ri craoibh, chengel am ferr i-uyl ri croyv	He tied the guide to a tree,
'S thug e leis na luing a ghaol. 's hug e les na luyng a yaol	And in his ship carried away his beloved.
Chluinti air stuidhean ard a glaodh,— chluyntì ayr stuy'en ard a glao'	Her cry was heard over the waves,—
" A Ronain, mo ghaoil, thig le cobhair !" a rōnen mo yaoyl hig le covayr	" Ronan, my love, come with help !"
Cha chluinn e t-eibh air cuan annrach, ha chluynn e teyv ayr cu-an annrach	He hears not thy voice on a sea tempestuous,

'S e aig sruthan ad luaidh an oran:— 'se ayg sru'-an ad luy' an ōràn	At the side of the stream praising thee in song:—
" 'S mall do cheumaibh a ghaoil,— 's mall do cheymiv a yaoyl	"Slow is the steps of my love,—
'S cian o 'm chaochain mo leannan. 's ci-an o 'm chochayn mo lenan	Far from my streams is my fair one.
Cha chluinn do cheum air an raon, cha chluyn do cheym ayr an raon	I hear not thy steps on the heath,
'S tha ghaoth fuaimer 's na meangain. 'sha yao' fuymer 's na meangen	And the wind is resounding in the branches.
Thig, a Shuil-mhina, mo ghaoil, hig a hūyl-minè mo yaoyl	Come, Sulmina, my beloved,
Mar eilid an aile san eibhneas; mar ellid an aylè san eyvnes	Like a roe in beauty and joyousness;
C' om a bheil do cheuma co mall com a veyl do cheymă co mall	Why are thy steps so slow
Air Gorm-mheall nan gleann eildeach? ayr gorm-vel nan glenn eyltech	On Gormal of roe-frequented glens.
'S cian an oiche, 's mi m-onar. 's ci-an an oychè 's mi monar	Long is the night, and I am alone.
A luchd iomachd nan speura gorma, a luchd i-omachd nan speyra gorma	Travellers of the blue skies,
Bheil sibhse feithibh r' ar annsachd? veyl shivse fey'-iv rar ann-sachd	Are ye also waiting for your beloved?
'S do chail sibh eolas ar cursa? 's do cha-il siv e-olas ar cursa	Or have ye wandered from your course?
Ciod a rug ort, a ghrian na maidne, ced a rug ort a yri-an na mad-nè	What has overtaken thee, sun of the morning,
Noir tha u co fada gu 'n eiridh? noyr ha u co fada gun eyri'	When thou art so slow in rising?
'N do choinnich u Minshuil do ghraidh. 'n do choynnich u minhuyl do yra-i'	Hast thou met Sulmina of thy love,
Noir dhi-chuimhnich u aird nan speuran? noyr yichuynnich u ayrd nan spēyran?	That thou hast forgotten the heights of the sky?
A shoillsean aillidh le'r teaghlach deal- a hoylshen āyli' ler telach tel- rach, rach	Lights beautiful of the radiant family,
Is maiseach slighe sa 'n iarmailt aigh, is maysy'ech sli'-è san iarmelt a'	Whose journey is lovely in the firmament, genial:
A bheil sibh ga'r falach nar paillin a veyl siv gur falach nar payllyn 's na neoil, 'sna ne-oyl	Are ye hiding in your pavilion in the clouds,
A chionn gur gearr libh an oiche? a chi-onn gur gerr liv an oyche	Because you deem the night too short?
Ach leamsa cha n'eil i gearr, ach le-amsa cha neyl i gerr	But to me it is not short,

'S mo Mhinshuil dhonn air seacharan,
'smo vinhuyl yonn ayr secharan

Tog t-or-cheann a ghrian eibhinn,
tog tor-chenn a yri-an ēyvinn

Is feach dhomh gu luadh, a ceumadh."
is fe-ach yov gu lu-a' a cēyma'

Dhealraich a mhaduinn aobhach,
yelrich a vaduynn aovach

Ach cha 'n fhaicear leis a h-aogus.
ach chan aycer leys a h-aogus

Dh-eirich ceo aillidh dlu dha,
yeyrich ce-o ayli' dlu ya

A giulan samhla gaolach Shuilmin,
a gūylan savla gaolach huylmin

Sgaoil e ghlacaibh na comhail.
sgoyl e ylachiv na covel

Ach threig e air an aile dhobhaidh.
ach h-reyg e ayr an āh-le yovi'

Dh-imich Ronan lan do dhoruinn,
yi-mich ronan lan do yoruyn

Gu fear aosda nan creag casach.
gu fer aosda nan creyg cosach

Fhuaireas e 'n taice ri luirg fein
huyres e 'n tayce ri luyrig fēyn

Sa 'n doire dhoillear fo sgail gheug,
san doyrè yoyller fo sga-il yēyg

Lan ogluchd, a crom-aomadh,
lan og-luychd a crom-a-om-a'

Le fheusaig ghlais mu bhroilleach aosda.
le ey-sayg ylaysh mu vroyll-ech a-os-da

Air an lar bha shuil a dearca,
ayr an lar va huyl a derc-à

Ach anam bha'n comhnuidh, thaibhsean.
ach anam va'n cov-nuy' hayv-sen

"Ciod arsa Ronan," a chi u
ci-od, ar-sa ronan, a chi u

"Mu Chulmina mo leannan gaolach?"
mu chulmina mo lenn-an ga-ol-ach

"Macan ceangailte ri craoibh,
macan ceng-aylt-è ri croyv

Barca na deann thair cuan.
barc-à na de-ann hayr cu-án

A Shuilmina 's cruaidh leam do ghlaodh,
a huyl-mina 's cruy' lem do yla-o'

A taomadh air, tuin gu'n chomhnadh,"
a taom-a' ayr tuynn gun chov-na

And my brown-haired Sulmina wandering.

Lift thy golden head of joy, sun,

And quickly let me see her steps."

Brightened the morning delightful,

But he sees her not.

A beautiful wreath of mist arose near him,

Bearing the resemblance of Sulmina.

He spread his arms to meet her,

But it faded away on the unfriendly air.

Ronan sped, full of disquiet,

To the aged recluse of the rock;

He was found leaning on his crutch,

In the dark grove under the shade of the boughs,

Awe struck and bending low,

With his grey beard floating on his aged breast;

On the ground his eye was fixed,

But his soul was in the land of spirits.

"What know you," said Ronan,

"Of Sulmina, my sweetheart, beloved?"

"A little youth," he replied, "tied to a tree,

A ship speeding over the sea;

Sulmina, sad is thy cry,

Pouring on the waves without help."

"'S deacair a shean-fhir do sgeul." 's dec-ayr a hen-ir do sgeyl	"Severe, old man, is thy tale!"
"Cha chualas leat olcas gu leir." cha chu-al-as le-at olc-as gu lēyr	"Thou hast not heard the whole evil!"
Dh-imich an laoch tursach deurach yim-ich an la-och tur-sach dèy-rach	The hero retired sorrowful, tearful,
Toirt bhuillean borb do'n chopan bheumtoyrt buyll-en borb don chop-an vēymnach, nach	Striking fierce blows on the boss of alarms.
Ghrad phill bho raonaibh nan eiltean, yrad fill vo raon-iv nan eyl-ten	Quick from the heath of deer returned,
Prasgan corr do dh-ogain threubhach. prasg-an corr do yog-ayn h-reyv-ach	His band surpassing of youths, warlike.
Dh-fhan iad mar ris an laoch, yan i-ad mar ris an laoch	They remained, along with the hero,
Tosdach teamhaidh fad na h-oiche; tosdach ti-av-ay' fad na hoy-che	Silent, sad, during the long night;
Fonn clarsaich, na fuaim slige, fonn chlar-saych na fuym slige	The music of the harp, the sound of the shell,
Fleadh na tiene cha b-fhiu leinn. fle na teyn-e cha b-i-u-linn	Banquet nor fire, they valued not.
Fuar, fliuch gu'n cheol gu'n eibhneas, fu-ar fleuch gun chy-ol gun eyv-nes	Cold, wet, without lay or joy,
Chaith, sinn ann sa bhein an oiche, chay' sinn ann sa veynn an o-i-che	They spent the night on the mountain.
Sa mhaduinn leum sin air lear. sa va-duynn leym sin ayr ler	In the morning we sprang on the sea,
Ar n-oighean gu'n ghean air an traigh. a noy'-en gun yen ayr an tra-i'	Leaving our young women on the shore in grief.
Bu cho-amhluidh, a Dhumoir do chor-sa bu cho-av-luy' a yu-moyr do chor-sa	Similar was the condition of Dumor,
Sa mhaduin an am dhuit eiridh; sa va-duynn an am yuyt ey-ri'	When rising early in the morning,
Minshuil bhoidheach nan ciabh orbhuidh, min-huyl vo-i'-ech nan ci-av or-vuy	Lovely Sulmina of the golden hair,
Cha 'n fhaic na d' thalla dorch ga h-eide, chan ayc na halla d-orch ga hey-de	Is not seen in thy dark halls dressing.
Chruinnich na h-oighean le'n iughair, chruynn-ich na hoy'-en len i-u'-ayr	Gathered the maidens for the chase with their arrows,
Sa mhaduinn a shealg nan sleibhtein; sa va-duynn a helg nan sleyv-ten	In the morning to hunt over the wolds.
Dh-iar iad Suilmina na teach dimhair, yi-ar i-aht suyl-mina na tech di-veyr	They sought Sulmina in her secret bower,
Dh-iar 's cha do chual i 'n eibhidh. yi-ar 's cha doh chu-al i 'neyv-i'	They sought, but she heard not their cry;
"Ighean Dhumhoir is cian do chlos. i'-en yuy-moyr is ci-an do chlos	"Daughter of Dumor! long is thy sleep;

Duisg a shealg nan earba ciara; duysg a helag nan er-ba ki-ar-a	Awake to hunt the dun roes;
Cha b-abhaist dhuit bhith air dheire, cha b-av-asyht yuyt vi' ayr yèy-rè	Thou art not wont to be the last,—
Duisg, duisg tha ghrian ag eiridh. duysg duysg ha yri-an ag èy-ri'	Awake, awake, the sun is rising!
Duisg 's na h-eiltean a mosgladh; duysg sna heyl--ten a mosg-la	Awake! the hinds are up and away;
Crath a nighean Dhumoir do chiabhan, cra' a ni'en yuy-moyr do chi-av-an	Shake thy locks, daughter of Dumor,
A shealg nan sliabh, gairm do ghaothar." a helg nan sli-av gayrm do yao'-ar	To hunt the wolds, call thy hound."
Och tha 'n oigh-ghraidh air ionndrain," och han oy'-yra-i ayr i-on-trayn	"Alas! the lovely maid is amissing!"
Chaidh mar shaighead tre chluais Dhu- chay' mar hay'ed tre chluysh yu- moir. moyr	Went like an arrow through Du- mor's ear.
Bu tursach Dumor san lo sin, bu tur-sach du-mor san lo sin	Sad was Dumor on that day,
Ach bu tursaich gu mor Ronan. ach bu tur-saych gu mor ronan	But sadder, by far, was Ronan.
Chruinnich an oiche mu 'n cuairt dhith, chruynn-ich an oyche mun cuyrt yi'	The night gathered around her.
Dall-bhrat ceo air traigh gu 'n leirsinn dall-vraht ce-o ayr tray' gun leyrsinn	A mantle of mist impenetrable to sight.
Gu tosdach, tiamhaidh f huair sin cala, gu tost-ach ti-av-ay' huyr sin cala	Silent, pensive we discovered a bay,
A falach an taobh an t-shleibhe. a fal-ach an ta-ov an tleyv-è	Hid in the side of the mountain.
Doiller gu'n f hasgadh chaidh sin, doyll-er gun asg-a' chay' sin	In darkness, without shelter, we spent
An oiche f hadadh san tir chein. an o-i-che ad-a' san tir chēyn	The long night in the land remote.
Bha soluis nan speur air uaireabh, va so-luys nan speyr er u-ayrv	The lights of the sky occasionally
A sealtuinn truaillidh tre na neultaibh; a sel-tuynn truylli' tre na neyl-tayv	Looked gloomily through the clouds;
Bu dobhuidh neo-choineal an dreach, bu do-vuy' ne-o-choyn-el an drech	Troubled and unkindly they looked.
'S bha chomhachag bho chraig ag eibh- va cho-vac hag vo chra-ig ag eyv- each. ech	The owl was wailing from a rock;
'S chite air uair taibhsean tiamhaidh, 's chit-e er u-ayr tayv-shen ti-av-i'	And at times were seen pensive ghosts
Ag amharc ciar tre cheo na h-oiche ag a-varc ci-ar tre che-o na ha-oyche	Gazing sideways through the mist of night.
Shuidh Ronan samhach air lic coinich, huy' ronan sav-ach er lic coy-nich	Ronan sat in silence on a mossy stone,

A sgia air geug oscionn an trein-f hir.
a sgi-a er geyg os-ci-onn an treyn-ir
His shield suspended on a bough above his head.

Chluinnt'na h-iallaibh fead na gaoithe,
chluynt na hi-all-ayv fed na goy-e
The wind is heard sounding among its thongs;

'S mise ri thaobh gu cianael.
's mishe ri haov gu ci-a-nel
And I was by his side sorrowful.

Thog mi, a monmhur dan athar,
hog mi a mon-vur dan a'-yr
I breathed, in murmurs, his father's lay,

A ghleachd an Ullan ri Cormar.
a ylechd an ullan ri cor-mar
When he fought in Ullin against Cormar.

Leig dhiot, arsa 'n laoch an dan,
leyg yi-ht arsan laoch an dan
"Drop," said the hero, "the lay,

Gus am pill a mhaduinn lia-ghlas;
gus am pill a vaduynn li-a-ylass
Until the dark-grey mornings return;

Oir tog a d' sgeul mo chorruich fein,
oyr tog ad sgeyl mo chŏruych feyn
Or exalt my own indignation in thy lay;

Tha manam ag eiridh gu iorguill.
ha manam ag ey-ri' gu i-ar-guyll
My soul is rising to destroy."

Tra phill Cormar o'n chomhrag bhorb,
tra fill cormar o'n chov-rag vorb
When Cormar (the bard speaks as Ronan) returned from the fierce conflict,

Sa lean e 'n Sruthorman an rua-bhoc,
sa len e 'n sru'-horm-an an ru-a-voc
And in Struthormon pursued the deer,

Bha thi air mise a sgrios;
va hi er mise a sgris
He was bent on my destruction;

'S nach d' thaining mo chlaidheamh a thruaill.
's nach dayn-ig mo chla-ev a'h ruyll
For my sword had not left its sheath.

Ghabh aon da laoich truas ri 'm oige,
yav a-on da loych truas rim oyg-e
One of his heroes took pity on my youth,

Is shoar e mi o bheum nan sleagh,
is hoar e mi o veym nan slea'
And saved me from the stroke of the spear.

Ar 'n airm tha fathasd aig Lamha,
a nayrm ha fa'-ast ag la-va
Our arms are in the possession of Lava

Le bas neo-thrathail m' athar ghaolaich.
le bas ne-o-ra'-el ma'ar ya-ol-ich
Since the untimely death of my beloved father.

Ach ciod tha monmhur thair an raon?
ach ced ha mon-vur h-ayr an raon
But what murmur do I hear on the heath?—

Chi mi laoch a tarruinn dlu,
chi mi laoch a tarr-uyn dlu
I see a warrior drawing near,—

Lennibh ga stiuradh air leth-laimh,
lenn-ov ga sti-u-ra' er le'-layv
A child leading his steps,

Sa shleagh nach h-eatrom san laimh eile.
sa le-a' nach he-trome san layv eyl-e
And his spear, which is not light, in his other hand.

Tha chas a failneacha san f hraoch,
ha chas a fayl-nach-a san roach
His foot is failing in the heather,

San caochan da mar thuil-bheum gail-bheach.
san co-ach-an da mar huyl-veym yayl-vach
And the streamlet is to him like a terrible spate.

"Coim a shiubhlas t-u an oiche a t-oanar, coym a hi-uv-las tu an oy-che a ton-ar	Why travellest thou in the night alone,
Le 'd cheumaibh aosda air raon tiamhaidh? led cheyayv aos-da ayr roan ti-avi'	With thy aged steps through the dismal moor?
Am bheil u mar mise fo bhron? am veyl u mar mise fo vrōn	Art thou, like me, in sorrow?
'N do chail u t-oige do bhean?" 'n do chayl u toygé do ven	Hast thou lost thy betrothed in thy youth?
"A sheannair," ars an leannaibh caoin, a hen-ayr ars an lenn ayv coyn	"Grandfather," said the lovely child,
"An e guth m' athair ghaoil a th' ann. an e gu' ma'yr yoyl a hann	"Is that the voice of my father,
Ga'r gairm o dubhradh an raon, ga'r gayrm o duv-ra' an raoyn	Calling us from the darkness of the heath,
Far nach tarruin, ar namhaid lann. far nach tarr-uyn ar na-vayd lann	To where our foes will not draw the sword?
'S amhuil na h-airm ud 's airm m'athair, 's avuyl na hayrm ud seyrm ma'yr	His arms are like the arms of my father,
Ach 's eug-samhuil an guth." ach seyg-sav-uyl an gu'	But unlike my father's is his voice."
"A faic u'n airm? a leinnibh teich! a fayc un eyrm a lenn-iv teych	"Dost thou see arms?" (the old man speaks) "Child, run!
Fag mise gun ghalt, am oanar; fag mishe gun yeylt am onar	Leave me without fear alone;
Deanadh Lamha rium na 's aill; den-a' lava ruym nas ayll	Let Lava do as he will,—
Si'm iarrtas bas air uaigh mo mhic." sem i-ar-tas bas ayr u-ay' mo vic	My desire is to die on the grave of my son."
Theich an leannaibh gu luath, heych an lenn-iv gu lu-a'	The child fled with speed
Le uamhunn ri uchd an raoin. le u-a-vuynn ri uchd an raoyn	And terror, against the breast of the hill.
Fo chritheach na h-aois, na aite, fo chri'-ech na haoys na ayte	Trembling with age, in his place,
Sheas daingean dana an shenna-laoch. hes dayng-en dan-a an shenna-laoch	Stood firm and daring the aged hero.
Chuir Ronan failt air an aosda, chuyr ronan faylt yr an aos-da	Ronan saluted the aged,
'S ghlac mise gu caoin an leannabh; 's ylac misè gu caoyn an lenn-av	While I pursued, and kindly caught the child.
"Cha bhuin sinne do Lamha nam blar, cha vuyn sinné do lava nam blar	"We do not belong to Lava of battles;" (Ronan speaks)
'S cairdean sinn do shuidh na eigin, 's cayr-den sinn do huy na eyginn	"We are the friends of the distrest;
Na laig air cul ar sgia tha sabhailt; na layg ayr cul ar sgi-a ha sav-aylt	The weak are safe behind our shields:
Gabhsa tamh, is innis dhuin t-iarguin." gav-sa tav is innis yuyn ti-ar- guyn	Rest, and tell us thy need."

"Suidheam air an leabaidh chre, suy'em ayr an leb'ay chre	"Let me sit on the bed of clay,
Far an caidel seamh mo mhac. far an caydgh-el shev mo vac	Where calmly sleeps my son.
Cia tosdach e'n drasd' fo 'n lic, ce tosd-ach e'n drasd fo'n lic	How silent to-night, under the flag,
Bu tric sa chath e mar chuairt-ghaoith. bu tric sa cha' e mar chu-ayrt yoy'	Is he who was often in battle like a whirlwind.
O 's balbh a nochd 's a ghairden lag, oh 's ballv a nochd 's a yayr-den lag	Dumb to-night, and weak of arms,
An suidh nach meathadh 'n am cruadail. an suy' nach me-a' nam cru-a-del	Is the hero that would not soften in the hard conflict.
Cha ruig e na feidh 's na gleannaibh, cha ruyg e na fey' 's na glenn-ayv	He will not chase the deer in the glens,
'S cha dirich e fraoch fo armaibh. 's cha dir-ich e frōach fo arm-ayv	Nor ascend the mountain in arms.
C'ait a bheil aobhar uail ca-yht a veyl ao-var u-ayl	Where is there cause for exultation,
Is Lamhor san uaigh na shineadh? is lavor san u-ay' na hin-e'	When Lamor is stretched in the grave?
Ri iomachd aonach na greine, ri i-o-machd aon-ach na greyn-è	Travelling in the sunshine of the mountain,
B-eibhinn do chruth a laoich liomhaidh, b-ey-vinn do chru' a laoych liv-ay'	Beautiful wert thou, hero lithe,
Toirt sōlus fan do shuillean t-athar, toyrt solus fann do huyll-en ta'-ar	Giving light to the eyes of thy father,
Tha 'n diugh gun latha gun leirsinn. han di-u' gun la'-à gun leyr-sinn	Who is now without day or eyesight.
Pillidh a ghrian gu h-ait a rithist, pill'-i a yri-an gu ha-yt a ri'-ist	The sun will again return on her own course,
Sa gruag oir na stioma dualach; sa gru-ag oyr na sti-o-ma du-a-lach	Her golden hair spreading lightly, (far and wide;)
Ach 's cian, cian an oiche fo'n lic; ach 's ci-an ci-an an oy-che fō'n lic	But long, long is the night of the grave;
Cha d' thig crioch, a mhic, air do shuainsa. cha d-ig cri-och a vic er do hu-ayn-sa	Thy sleep, my son, will not come to an end.
Ach tha t-iomachd an saoghail chein, ach ha tim-achd an sa-o'yl cheyn	But thy steps are in the country remote,
'S tu eibhinn le laoich nan arach. 'stu ey-vinn le loych nan ar-ach	Rejoicing among the heroes of battle-fields.
Ach 's muladach sinne ar son an laoich, ach 's mul-a-dach sinnè ar son an loych	But sorrowful are we without thee, warrior,
Bha teagh-chridheach ri sgeul anrach." va te-a'-chri'-ech ri sgeyl an-rach	Who was tender-hearted on hearing of oppression."
"Innis," arsa Ronan, "fhir-aosda, innis arsa ronan ir-aos-da	"Tell," said Ronan, "aged man,

Aobhar a bhais?—Am b'e Lamha?"
a-o-var a vays am be lava

The cause of his death?—Was it Lava?"

"Be Lamha a mharbh e gun chas,
be lava a varv e gun chas

"'Twas Lava who killed him, without a fault

Ach feothas a ruin do 'n lag:
ach fe-o'-as a ruyn don lag

But the goodness that made him love the helpless:

Be nos a shinnsear, 's gach linn,
be nōs a hinn-sir 's gach linn

It was our nature, in every generation,

Gun bhi tiomadh a chasgairt foirneart;
gun vi ti-om-a' a chas-ga-irt foyr-neart

Not to be timid in rebuking injustice;

Bu chomhla phrais ar sgia gu 'n dian,
bu chov-la fraysh ar sgi-a gu'n di-an

Our shields were gates of brass to save (the injured,)

'S bu chrann-dionaidh dhoibh ar sleagh.
sbu chrann-di-on-ay' yo'v ar sle-a'

Our spears their shaft of protection.

Tra bha mi fein am og-eide,
tra va mi feyn am og-ey-de

When I myself was young in armour,

Mar bha 'n de an laoch tha'n dorchas,
mar va 'n de an laoch ha'n dor-chas

As was yesterday the warrior who is now in darkness,

Le athar Lamha chaidh mo cheuma,
le a'-ar lava chay' mo cheym-a

With Lava's father went my steps,

Gu creach tigh eibhinn Struthormoin.
gu crech ti' ey-vinn ru'-hor-men

To plunder the joyous dwelling of Struthormon.

Chronnuich mi fein an gniomh,
chronn-uych mi feyn an gni-av

I myself rebuked the deed,

'S gun neach aig eiridh nar h-aghaidh,
sgun nech eg ey-ri' nar ha-i'

None having risen against us,

Ach leannaibh bha 'g iomairt saighde,
ach lenn-iv va ag i-om-irt sayt-e

But a child that was wielding his arrow,

'S ga tilge mar lann nar comhail.
sga tilig-e mar lann nar co-vel

And flinging it like a lance against us.

Thuit an t-shaighead gu faoin
huyt an ta'-ed gu fa-oyn

The arrow fell harmlessly

Air cois Chomair na'm baoth-bheus.
er coys cho-moyr nam bao'-veys

On the foot of Comar of evil habits.

Sheal e air an leannaibh le gruaim,—
hel e ayr an lenn-iv le gruym

He looked at the child with a scowl,—

"Sa'n Eillean Uaigneach bith do chomh-
sa'n eyll-en u-aygnech bi' do chov-
nuidh.'
ni'

"In the Secret Isle shall be thy dwelling."

Thugus an t-og do 'n Eillean Uaigneach.
hugas an tog don eyllen u-aygnech

He was carried to the Secret Isle,

Bha sleagh Chomair shuas os a chionn
va sle-a' cho-moyr hu-as os a chi-on

Comar's spear over him,

Leth-thoghta tric.
le-hog-te tric

Was repeatedly half lifted (to strike.)

Bu deacair leam bas an leinnibh chaoin;
bu dec-ayr le-am bas an lenn-iv choyn

I deemed the death of the child cruel.

Thainig dlu 'n tra chual e m' osnadh, hayn-ig dln 'n tra chu-al e mos-na	He came close to me, hearing my sigh,
B-iogna leis m' airm a dearsa: bi-ogn-a leys mayrm a der-sa	Wondering at my arms shining:
Glais e laimh gu teann mu m' chosabh, ylaysh e layv gu tenn mum chos-av	He locked his arms around my legs,
'S sheal e 'm ghnuis le ghorm shuil dheuraich. s hel e 'm ynuys le yorm huyl yeyr-ich	And looked in my face with his blue and tearful eye.
Mheataich mo chridhe le baigh; ve-taych mo chri-e' le ba-i'	My heart melted with pity;
Bha mo dheoir a sile diamhair va mo yey-oyr a sile di-av-ayr	My tears fell unseen
Na or-chiabhan, sa cheann fo m' sgeith. na or-chi-av-an sa chenn fo m sgey	Amid his golden locks, his head under my shield.
Mar ghoideas earba le minnein ciar mar yoyd-es e-ar-ba le minn-en ci-ar	As steals the roe away with her kid
Bho shuil an t-shealgair tre 'n fhraoch, vo huyl an te-la-gayr tre 'n roach	From the eye of the hunter through the heather,
Na iolaire gu carraig dhiamhair na i-olayr-è gu carr-ig yi-a-vir	Or as the eagle carries to a secret rock
A h-al gu 'm falach san oiche, a hall gum fal-ach san oy-che	Her brood in the midnight darkness,
'S amhail a ghiulain mi tre thuinn 'sav-il a yuyl-en mi tre huynn	So did I carry over the waves
An leannaibh gu mhathair san oiche. an lenn-iv gu va'-ir san oy-che	The child to his mother through night.
Mar nial frois bha is air an traigh, mar ni-al froys va ish ayr an tra-i'	Like the cloud of the shower, she was on the beach,
'S do radh i rium fein, gu h-ait, s do ra'i ruym feyn gu hayt	And said to me, brightening with joy,
"'So dhuit sleagh (an t-shleagh tha'm laimh) sho yuyt sleagh (an tleagh ha'm la-iv	"Take this spear (the spear now in my hand,)
'S theirir Ronan gu brath ri'm mhac." 's her-ir ronan gu bra' ri'm vac	And Ronan, for ever, will my son be called."
Air Ronan, cha chulas sgeula, ayr ronan cha chu-a-las sgeylà	Of Ronan I received no news,
Gus 'n do chluinn an deigh bho Lamha, gus 'n do chluyn an dey' vo lava	Until I heard yesterday from Lava,
Gu 'm be fhagail na thir leonte gu 'm be ag-ayl na hir le-on-te	That, leaving him wounded in his country,
Fa bron oigh nan ciabhan aillin fā bron oy' nam ci-av-an āh-linn	Was the cause of the grief of the maiden of the beautiful hair.
An speis thug mise do Ronan, an speysh hug mi-se do ronan	My friendship for Ronan
B'aithne do'm mhac. Esa dhuraichd, bay'-ne dom vac esa yuy-richd	Was known to my son. He wished

Gu'n robh e lathair ga chomhnadh,
gun rov e la'-ayr ga chov-na'
That he had been present to assist him,

Le sleagh mhor Sruththormain.
le sle-a' vor sru'-hor-mayn
With the great spear of Struthormon.

Chuladh Lamha a chomhradh,
chu-al-a' lava a chov-ra'
Lava heard what he had said,

'S chruinnich a shloigh mu'm aon mhac.
's chruynn-ich a loy mum o-an vac
And gathered his people around the youth.

Feach uaigh! Le'r deoir a sile,
feych u-ay' le'r de-oyr a silc
Behold his grave! With tears falling,

Abraibh-'an sin tha leaba Laimhoir!
ab-riv an sin ha leba layvoyr
Say, here is the bed of Lamor!

Si cuideachd leaba athair,
si cuyt-achd leba a'-ayr
It will also be the bed of his father,

Oir 's gearr gus an caidil Runmath.
oyr sger gus an cyd-il run-ma
For brief the time until Runma will sleep.

Ach cuiream comraich oirbh a sheotaibh,
ach cuyrem com-rich oyrv a he-ot-ayv
But let me beseech you, warriors,

Mo leannabh 's ma shleagh thoirt do Ronan."
mo lenn-av sma le-a' hoyrt do ronan
To bear my child and spear to Ronan."

"'S mise Ronan," ars an laoch,
s mi-se ronan ars an loach
"I am Ronan," said the hero,

'S e g' aoma tiamhaidh gu Runmath.
s e gaoma ti-a-vay' gu run-ma'
Bending in grief over Runma.

Guil iad mar aon air uaigh Lamhoir.
yuyl i-ad mar oan ayr u-ay' lav-voyr
We wept, like one, over the grave of Lamor.

Ach ciod tha tighinn mar f huaim chaochan,
ach ced ha ti'-inn mar uym chochan
But what approaches like the sound of streams,

Tra bhruchdas doinnean a neulaibh?
tra vruchd-as doynn-en nan ni-al-ayv
When bursts the storm from the clouds?

Feachd Lamha le'n shleaghean liomhaidh,
fechd lava len slea'-en li-ovay'
The host of Lava with their spears polished,

'S iad lionar a taoma na'r comhail,
si-ad li-on-ar a to-ama nar cov-ayl
And they numerous, pouring to meet us,

A dealradh mar lannaibh air carraig,
a del-ra' mar lann-ayv er carr-ig
And shining like blades on a rock,

Tra dhearcas a ghrian a neulaibh.
tra yeyr-es a yri-an a ni-al-ayv
When the sun breaks through clouds.

Chualadh Ronan copan nan cath,
chu-ala' ronan copan nan ca'
Struck Ronan the boss of battle,

'S leam e gu tapadh le eibhneas.
s lem e gu tapa' le eyv-nes
As he sprang to deeds with joy.

Am beum sgeithe thionail a shlugh,
am beym sgey-e hi-o-nel a lu-a'
The alarm-stroke gathered his people,

Mar nial gruamach mu'n daraig gheugaich;
mar ni-al gru-a-mach mun darr-ayg yeyg-ich
Like an angry cloud round the branchy oak;

Mar thannas na h-aoiche ag imeachd,
mar hannas na hoy-che ag im-echd

An co-thionneal nan doinnean eite,
an co-hi-onn-el nan doynnen èyte

Gu dortadh air doireachan Ardbhein,
gu dor-ta′ er doyr-ech-an ard-veyn

San darach fairrel ga h-eisteachd;
san darr-ach fayrrel ga heys-techd

B-amhuil Ronan dol sios do'n araich.
bav-il ronan dol si-os don ar-aych

'Sa lochri laidir na cheumadh.
'sa lo-chri laydir na cheym-a′

Like the spirit of night, careering

Amid the congregated ghosts in a tempest dismal,

To pour on the groves of Ardven,

With the monarch oak watchfully listening;

So descended Ronan to battle

With his chivalry strong in his steps.

* * * *

'Sa reir sin, le neart 's le fuathas,
sa reyr sinn le nert sle fu-a′-as

Shiubhail, is lean a shluagh, Lamha.
hi-uv-ayl is len a lu-a′ lava

Mar tharn buaireal a neal dorcha,
mar harn buyrel a ni-al dor-cha

Tra 's duaichnaidh faiche na Lara,
tra 's du-aych-nay′ faych-e na lara

Tha mile clogaid is shleagh ard,
ha mil-e clogayd is sle-a′ ard

A dealradh mar dhoire na chaoiribh.
a del-ra′ mar yoyrè na choy-riv′

Ach co dh'innseas cith a chathadh?
ach co a yinn-ses ci′ a cha′-a′

Tha sgiathan leathan ga'n sgolta
ha sgi-a′-an le′-an gan sgolta

Le neart gabhaidh, nan claidhean;
le nert ga-vay′ nan clay′-an

Cinn is cinn-bheirt a tuiteam,
cinn is cinn-vèyrt a tuyt-em

'S na mairbh a muchadh nan leonte.
sna mayrv a mu-cha′ nan le-on-te

Fuil a ruith mar mhile caochan,
fuyl a ruy′ mar vil-e caoch-an

'S anama Laoch dol suas an smuidibh.
is anama loach dol su-as an smuyt-iv

Ach co iad 'n da iolaire sgiathach,
ach co i-ad an da i-ol-er-e sgi-a′-ach

Tha gleachda co fiadhaich san roan?
ha glechd-a co-fi-a′-ich san roan

Cha mhinnean og, na coileach fraoiche,
cha vinn-en og na coy-lach fo-a-che

Mu bheil an stri len lannaibh bas-mhor.
mu veyl an stri le lannayv bas-vor

Feuch fear dhiu air a ghlun ag aoma,
feych fer yi-u er a ylun ag aom-a

Equal in strength, and in dreadful appearance,

Lava led, and his people followed.

Like fierce thunder in a dark cloud,

When gloom rests on the plain of Lara,

A thousand helmets and spears shone on high,

Blazing like a grove on fire.

But who can relate the tug of battle?

Broad shields are being split

By the wonderful strength of swords:

Heads and helmets falling,

And the dead smothering the wounded.

Blood is running like rivulets,

And the souls of heroes ascending in steam.

But who are they, the two eagles, broad winged,

That are wrestling so wildly on the heath?

'Tis not for a young kid nor the poult of the moor-cock

They contend with their deadly weapons.

Behold, one on his knee stooping,

Sa thaice luba a shleagha.
sa haycè luba a lea'-a

Sustained on his bending spear.

"Geil," arsa Ronan, "do shleagh,
gèyl arsa ronan do lea'

"Yield," said Ronan, "thy spear,

Is mar rithidh Sulmina;
is mar ri-i' suyl-mina

And with it Salmina;

Bas mo naimh cha mhian leam fein,
bas mo nayv cha vi-an le-am fēyn

The death of an enemy is not my desire,

Noir chi mi fo chreuchd e na shine."
noyr chi mi fo chreyc e na hin-e

When I see him wounded and low."

"Tha m' uilsa taomadh mar shruth;
ha muyl-sa toama mar ru'

"My blood is pouring like a stream;

Dh-aindeon beiream dhuit do ghaol.
yayn-en beyr-am yuyt do yoal

I must of necessity yield thee thy love.

Air cul na carraig ud tha uaimh,
ayr cul na carrayg ud ha u-ayv

At the back of yonder rock there is a cave

Air bruaich chluanean ghiurm a chaochain;
ayr bruych chlu-an-en yuyrm a cho-ach-en

On the meadowy green bank of the stream;

Ach togadh, an ainnir mo leac,
ach toga an ayn-ir mo lec

But let the nymph rear my tomb;

Oir ge bu deacair thug mi gaol dhith."
oyr ge bu decayr hug mi goal yi'

For though I used severity, I gave her my love."

Ghreis Ronan a dh-iarruidh a ghaoil.
yreys ronan a yi-ar-uy' a yaoyl

Ronan hastened in search of his love.

Fhuair e'n caochan 's fhuair e'n uaimh,
hu-ayr en caoch-an 'shu-ayr en u-ayv

He found the rivulet and the cave,

Ach ainnir a ghaoil cha d' fhuair.
ach a-inn-ir a yaoyl cha dn-ayr

But the nymph of his love he found not;

Cha chluinnte ach fuaim na h-osaig,
cha chluynnte ach fu-aym na hosayg

Nor could he hear, save the sound of the breeze,

Is monbhur an duillich sheargte.
is mon-bur an duyll-ich herg-tè

And the rustle of the decaying leaves.

"C'ait a ghaoil a bheil do thamh?
cayt a yaoyl a veyl do hav

"Where is thy dwelling, my love?

C'oim nach d' ig u dian am chomhail?
coym nach dig u di-an am cho-vel

Why dost thou not hasten to meet me?

Thig a ghoil 'o d' ionad diamhair,
hig a yoyl o din-ad divayr

Come, my love, from thy hiding;

Cluinn a Shuilmina do Ronan."
cluynn a huyl-mina do ronan

Answer to thy Ronan, Sulmina."

Och 's diomhain a laoich do ghuth,
och sdi-ovayn a loych do yu'

Alas! vain is thy voice, hero:

Cha toir ach na creagan dhuit eistiachd.
cha doyr ach na creg-an yuyt èy-stechd

The rocks alone reply.

Cluinn sgal cuilean sa'n arich,
cluynn sgal cuy-len san ar-ich

He heard the wail of a hound in the (battle) field,

Sud an t-ait 'n do thuit Suilmina.
shud an tayt 'n do huyt suyl-mina

In the spot where fell Sulmina.

Dh-iar i'n ar a chomhnadh Ronain; yi-ar i n ar a chov-na' ronayn	She had sought the field in aid of Ronan;
'S choinnich a h-uchd corran saighde. 's choynn-ich a huchd corran say'-de	She was met by a barbed shaft.
Chaochail an solus na suil, chaochayl an sol-us na suyl	The light faded in her eye,
'S shearg na gnuis ros na h-aille. 's her-ag na gnuys rōs na hayllè	Beauty fled from her face.
Thuit Ronan gu'n tuar, gu'n deoir, huyt ronan gun tu-ar gun de-oyr	Ronan fell, without colour, without tears,
Air a muineal leth-f huar fo'n eug, ayr a muyn-el le'-u-ar fon eyg	On her bosom, half cold in death,
Amhuil eitheann a dh-aomas gu lar, avuyl ey'-en a yom-as gu lar	As ivy inclines to the earth,
Noir thuiteas a dharag gheugach. noyr huytes a yarag yey-gach	When falls its blooming oak.
Thug Suilmina plaosg air a suilean, hug suyl-mina plosg ayr a suy-len	Sulmina's eyes opened for a moment
'S ghrad dhuin iad le aiteas sa bhas. 's yrad yuyn i-ad le ayt-as sa vas	With a blink of joy, then closed, pleased in death.
Bu chian thug sinne ri bron, bu chi-an hug sinnè ri bron	Long did we remain in grief,
'Sar deoir a sruthadh mu'n cuairt dhoibh, 's ar de-oyr a sru'-a' mun cu-ayrt yoyv	Our tears falling around them,
Gus 'n do labhair Runma gu ghlic, gus 'n do lav-er run-ma gu glic	Until Runma wisely spoke,
'S e tighinn dluth, le mhall cheumaibh: 's e ti'-inn dlu le mall cheymayv	Approaching with slow steps:—
"An gairm cumhadh air daimhich o'n eug? an geyrm cu-va' ayr dayv-ich o'n eyg	"Can sorrow recal our friends from the grave?
An cluinn iad nan suain air caoineadh? an cluyn i-ad nan suayn ayr caoy-ne'	Do they hear our wails in their sleep?
Ach 's geur gus an lean sin an ceum, ach 's geyr gus an len sin an ceym	But we will shortly follow their steps,
Do thalabh an clos 's nan neoil, do hal-av an clos 'snan ne-oyl	To their halls calm among the clouds,
Tra leagheas ar laidhean tearc tra le'-es ar lay'-en terc	When our short days have melted away
An sruth nam bliadhn' tha bras ga'r treigsinn. an sru' nam bli-a'-n ha bras gar treyg-sin	In the stream of years that are fleeting from us.
Nach faic sibh cheannadh an f halluing cheo nach fayc siv chenn-a an alling che-o	Do you not already see the garb of mist
Feathamh ri Runma 's na neoil deas? fe'-av ri run-ma 'sna neoyl des	That awaits Runma ready in the sky?

'S cha 'n fhada bhios Ronan na dheigh,
's cha 'n a-da vis ronan na yey
Nor will Ronan be long after him,

Mu gheighleas e do bhron a feasd.
mu yey'-les e do vron a fesd
If he yields to endless grief.

Tha 'm bron mar an sruthan diamhair,
ha m bron mar an sru'-an di-vayr
Sorrow is like a secret streamlet,

Dh-iaras fo iochdar na bruaiche ;
yi-ar-as fo i-ochd-ar na bruy-che
Undermining its flourishing banks ;

Tha'n gallan cheanadh ag aomadh
han gallan chen-a' ag oam-a'
Making the young trees bend over,

Thog ri thaobh a gheugan aillidh.
hog ri haov a yeyg-an aylli'
That exalted their blooming boughs by its side.

Bhuin am bron, eireadh ar cliu ;
vuyn am bron ēy-rè ar cli-u
Dismiss sorrow, earn fame ;

'S ar uine ruidh air sgiathan gabhaidh."
'sar uynè ruy' ayr sgi-a'-an gav-i'
Our days are flying on matchless wings."

Dh-eirich Ronan, sa chneas fo bhron ;
yey-rich ronan sa chnes fo vron
Ronan arose with a bosom sad ;

'S thug teach a naimh do'n og 's do'n aosda,
's hug tech a nayv don og 's don o-as-da
He gave the house of his foe to the young and the aged,

Dh-fhag e fhir-mhor a dhion an tuir ;
yāg e ir-vor a yi-on an tuyr
And left his big men to defend the tower ;

Mar sin is fear iul na h-oiche.
mar sin is fer i-ul na ho-ichè
And likewise the guide of (the previous) night.

Chuireas an oigh an luing an laoich ;
chuyr-es an oy' an luying an laoych
We placed the maid in the ship of the hero ;

Is thogair, caointeach, an so a leac.
is hogayr coyn-tech an sò a lec
And here, weeping, we reared her tomb.

An so tha leaba Ronain faraon,
an sò ha leb-a ronan far-oan
Here also is the grave of Ronan,

An laoch bu treune 'sa b-aillidh.
an laoch bu treyn-è 'sa baylli'
The hero strong and beautiful.

Bu tursach a laithean san raon ;
bu tur-sach a lay'-en san roan
Sad were his days on the heath ;

Ach 'n deigh a ghaoil cha b-fhada beo e.
ach 'n dey' a yoyl cha ba-da be-o è
But he did not live long after his beloved.

Nis tha leaba, fo'n chloich choinich,
nis ha leb-a fon chloych choyn-tich
Now his head is under the mossy stone,

Ri taobh a ghoil,
ri taov a yoyl
By the side of his love,

Tha feusag a chluairean aosda
ha fey-sag a chlu-ar-en oas-da
The beard of the aged thistle

A taomadh tiamhaidh mu'n cuairt dhoibh.
a toam-a' ti-avay' mun cu-ayrt yoyv
Pouring mournfully around.

'S tric mise, ri solus nan reul,
'stric mi-se ri sol-us nan rēyl
Often am I in the light of the stars,

Ag eisteachd ri comhradh an taibhsean.
ag eyst-achd ri cov-ra' an ta-iv-shen
Listening to their spirits conversing.

'S eibhein air na neoil an imeachd,
's eyv-eyn ayr na ne-oyl an im-achd
Joyous is their course in the clouds,

Tra chluinneas iad fonn mo chlarsaich.
tra chluynn-es i-ad fonn mo chlar-saych
When they hear the sound of my harp.

A mhic Arair, tha'n taibhsean dluth,
a vic ar-er han tayv-sen dlu'
Son of Arair, their spirits are nigh,

Na ceil orra t-oran tiamhaidh!
na cèyl orra tōr-an ti-av-ay
Deny them not thy song pensive!

DAN AN DEIRG,—THE LAY OF DARGO, BY ULLAIN.

(From the Rev. Dr Smith's Seananna Dhana.—The first Duan only.)

'San la ad bha Comhal na'm buaidh,
'san la ad va coval nam buy
On that day was Coval of victories,

Le cheol 's le shluagh air an leirg—
le che-ol 's le lu-a' ayr an leyrig
With his people and music on the shore;

Ge iosal an cluainean an f heidh,
ge i-o-sal an cluy-nen an ēy'
Though, on the meadows of the deer,

An diugh an laoch nach b-f haoin am feirg;
an di-u' an laoch nach baoyn am feyrig
To-day is (the grave of) the hero that was not feeble in his anger;

A leaba fo chos nan clach,
a lebà fo chos nan clach
His bed in a hollow beneath stones,

A fasga na daraig aosda.—
a fasgà na darayg aos-da
In the shelter of the aged oak.

Bha laoich ri 'n sleaghan an taic,
va laoych ri'n sle'-an an tayc
His warriors were leaning on their spears,

An suilean laiste 's an aghaidh aoimte,
an suy-len layste san a'ay oymte
Their eyes kindled, their faces looking down,

Ag eisteachd ri sgeula gaisge,
ag eystec ri sgeyla gaysgé
Listening to a tale of heroism,

Air Comhal is righ Innsefail;
ayr coval is ri' innse-fayl
Of Coval and the king of Innesfail;

'N tra sguab iad an arach le cheile;
'n tra sgu-ab i-ad an arach le chey-lè
While, together, they swept the battle-field;

Noir chunnacas linn luadh bharca
noyr chunna-cas linn lu-a' varca
When seen was a swift bark

Seola gu traigh na neul-eide.
seo-la gu tray' na neyl-ēyde
Steering to the shore under its cloud-like array.

Dh-f hainaich Comhal an long,
yanich coval an long
Coval knew the ship,

'S an copan o'n bhuail an beum-sgeithe.
's an copan òn vuyl an beym sgey'-è
And (meaning of) the boss that re-sounded on the shield.

"Grad leumaibh air aigeal nan tonn,
grad leymayv ayr aygel nan tonn
"Quickly (he cried) leap on the waves of the sea

A chomhair righ tha na eigein."
a cho-ver ri' ha na eyginn
To the relief of the king in extremity."

Bu gharbh an doinnean o dheas,
bu yarv an doynnen o yes
Rough was the storm from the south,

A gleachd gu duaichnidh ri'r suil
a glec gu duych-ni' rir suyl
bhreid-gheal,*
vreytyil

Wrestling with our sails, kerch-white.*

Oir thaom an oiche na'r comhail,
oyr haom an oyché nar còveyl

For the night poured in our faces,

Air cuam dobhuidh nan tonn beuchdacl.
ayr cu-an dovuy' nan tonn beychdell

On a fierce sea of bellowing waves.

"Ciod," arsa Comhal na'm buaidh,
ci-od arsa coval nam buy'

"Why," said Coval of victories,

"Am fa dhuin bhi 'g uadal cuain,
am fa yuyn vi gudal cuyn

"Should we remain rocking on the sea,

Is eillean fuar nan camus crom,
is eyllen fu-ar nan camus crom

And the cold island of bending bays

A sgaoileadh a sgiathan foil,
a sgoyle' a sgi-a'-an foyl

Spreading its wings calm

Gu'r dion 'o dhoinnean na h-oiche.
gur di-on o yoynen na hoyche

To shelter us from the storms of night.

Tha e crom mar bhogh' air ghleus,
ha e crom mar vo' ayr ylēys

It bends like a bow in action,

Tha e seimh mar uchd ma ghaoil.
ha e sheyv mar uchd ma yaoyle

And is mild as the bosom of my love.

Caitheadh mid an oiche fo sgeith,
cay' mid an oychè fo sgey'

Let us spend the night under its wing,

Ionad eibheinn nan aisling ciuin."
i-onayd eyvinn nan ayshlin ci-uyn

The pleasing island of peaceful dreams."

Chualas comhachag a creig,
chu-alas covachag a creyg

An owl is heard from a rock,

'S guth broin ga freagairt a uaimh.
sgu broyn ga freygayrt a u-ayv

And a mournful voice from a cave.

"Se guth Dheirg," arsa Comhal, "a thann,
se gu' yey'rig ar-sa coval a hann

"It is the voice of Dargo," says Coval,

Chail sinn sa chuan onf hach,
chayll sinn sa chu-an on-a-vach

"Who was lost on a sobbing sea,

'N tra thill sinn o Lochlan nan crann,
'n tra hill sinn o lochlan nan crann

When we were returning from Lochlan of masts,

'S gach doinnean gu teann gar ruagadh.
sgach doynnen gu tenn gar ruga'

With every storm closely pursuing us.

Thog na tuinn an cinn 's na neoil,
hog na tuynn an cinn 's na noyl

The waves lifted their heads to the skies,

Dh-as sleibhtean ceo air an lear;
yas slave-ten ce-o ayr an ler

Wolds of mist covered the face of the deep;

Bha mhuir mholach le stuaidh ghlas,
va vuyr volach le stuy' ylas

The ocean was rough with grey waves,

Fo bhuaireadh bho iar gu ear.
fo vuyrè vo i-ar gu err

And under fury from west to east.

* The head-dress of Highland females was called "breid," a kerchief. Being snowy-white, the breid is often used as a simile, as in the above case, for snowy-whiteness.

Bha Dearg gu h-ard ann sa chrann;
va deyrag gu hard ann sa chrann

Is bhrist an ial ris an d' earb e;
is vrist an i-al ris an d-erab è

Morbhein cha'n f haic e gu brath;—
morvēyn chan ayc e gu bra'

Dh-f halaich tonna-gaireach bh'uin e."
yalaych tonn-garrech vuyn è

Dh-aithnich Geallachos guth an Deirg,
yayn'ich gella-chos gu' an deyreg

'S mar bu ghna leis air an leirg,
s mar bu yna leys ayr an leyrig

Rinn e miolaran 's thug leum gabhaidh,
rinn e milaran 's hug leym gavay'

Le mor oibhneas, ghios na traigh,—
le mor oyvnes yi-os na tray'

Mar shaighead a glaic an iughair,
mar hay'd a glyc an i-u'-ayr

Tha chasan ag suibhal tre bhar-thuinn:
ha chasan ag si-uval tre var huynn

B-aite leis na mac na h-eilde,
b-ayhtè leys na mac na heyl-tè

A Dheirg a bhith leum ri d' bhraigh.
a yeyrig a vi' leym ri d vra-i'

Chunnacas liennedh an aoibhneas,
chunnac-as linne' an oyv-nes

Le solus bristeach nan reultan,
le solus bristach nan reyltan

A caidreamh ri cheile mar chairdean,
a caydrev ri cheyle mar chayrden

A thachair gu'n duil an tir naimhdean.
a hach-ayr gu'n duyl an tir nayvten

'S noir f haichte le Dearg ar loingeas
'snoyr aych-te le deyrag ar loyngas

Aig ro-mhiad aighear s'a sholais,
ayg ro vi-ad ay'er sa hōlays

Mar tugadh Gealchossa air laimh e;
mar tuga' gelchossa ayr layv e

Ghios na tragha sior nar coail.
yis na tra-ya si-or nar co'-ayl

"Am beo u Dheirg," arsa Comhal,
am be-o u yeyrig ar-sa còval

"A chail sinn an cuan salach gharbh-thonn?
a chayl sinn an cu-an sălach yarv-honn

'S ioghna do thiarnadh o'n Bha-shruth,
s i-o'-na do hi-arna' o'n varu'

Dargo was high on the mast;

The thong broke to which he had trusted:

Morven he will never behold,—

He was concealed from us under turbulent waves."

Geallachos knew the voice of Dargo,

And, as was his wont, on the hill,

He whined with excitement, made a leap, astonishing,

In his excess of joy, for the shore,

And, like an arrow from the embrace of the yew,

Cut his course through the top of the waves:

More joy had he than in the son of the hind,

In leaping on thy bosom, Dargo.

By us was witnessed their joy,

In the broken light of the stars,

Embracing one another like friends,

Unexpectedly met in the land of foes.

Nor would Dargo have noticed our ship,

From the excess of his joy,

Had not Geallachosa pulled him by the sleeve,

Toward the shore to meet us.

"Art thou living, Dargo," said Coval,

"Whom we lost amid *drumlie* rough waves?

Thy escape from Ba-ru was wonderful,

A shluig le garraich a suas u."
a heuyg le garr-aych a suas u

That swallowed thee up with a roar."

"Le tulga thonn," thuirt Dearg, "ga'm luasga,
le tulga honn huryt deyrag gam luasga

"Floating on waves," said Dargo, "that tossed me (about,)

Bha mise an oich f huar sin gu latha,
va misé an oych . u-ar sin gu la'-a'

I was during that cold night until morning.

Seachd geallachain, 'sgach aon mar bhliadhna,
sechd gellachayn sgach aon mar vli-a'-na

Seven moons, each of them like a year,

Le'n tragha 's le'n liona chaidh tharum.
len tra'á 's len li-o-na cha-i' harum

With their waning and growing, passed over me.

Chaidh mi 'n latha a sealg a chuirn;
chay mi n la'-á a selag a chuyrn

I spent the day in the chase on the crest of the hill;

'San oich be manran ciul mo mhian;
san oych be-manran ci-ul mo vi-an

At night my desire was tuneful minstrelsy;

Ach b' eigin iala, mar thaibhse,
ach beyginn i-ala mar hayvse

But I was compelled to stalk like a ghost,

Le ceilg,* air eunlaidh na h-oiche.
le ceylig ayr eynlay' na hoyche

Treacherously* on the birds of night.

Sa'n tirsa 's neo ait a ghrian,
san tirsa 's ne-o ayt a yri-an

In this country the sun is unhappy,

'S gur mall a ghealach do thriall.
's gur mall a yelach do h-ri-al

And the moon slow ón its course.

Ach ciod so aobhar air broin?
ach cy-od so aovar ayr brōyn

But what is the cause of your grief?

Chi mi air deoir a srutha.
chi mi ayr de-oyr a sru'-á

I see your tears falling;

Nach beo Crimora mo ghaoil,
nach be-o crimora mo yaoyl

Is Crimora of my love no more,

An ailleag chaoin bu tlathaidh cruth?
an ayl-eg choyn bu tla-i' cru'

The little beauty of the mildest face?

Chunna mi i seola na'n nial
chunna mi i se-o-la nan ni-al

I saw her sailing on the clouds

A dh-iadh mu sholus na h-oiche,
a yi-a' mu holus na hoychè

That winded round the light of night,

Tra dh-amhairc i nuas ro'n fhrois,
tra yav-ayrc i nu-as ron roys

When looking down through a shower,

Air gnuis thiamhidh na doine.
ayr gnu-is hi-av-i' na doyné

On the calm face of the deep.

Bha i ann an caochla dreach,
va i ann an caochla drech

She was in a different array,

* The ancient Highlander pursued his sports on the manly principles of determined perseverance and daring intrepidity. He followed the stag for days and weeks, sleeping in his plaid among the heather, and snatched the salmon, between the linn and the sky, standing on the dizzy ledge of the rock with his long gaff, in a position dangerous and magnificent; but nothing short of starvation would make him take part in the brutal German battue, or in any mode of fishing or killing game, which did not make it a sporting and chivalrous affair, worthy of a gentleman, and inconsistent with the greed and blood-thirstiness of the venison-butcher or game-poulterer, who degrades sport into a mercantile transaction of profit and loss, in the present day.

A suilean graidh a sile dheur ; a suyll-en gray′ a silê yēyr	Her eyes of love shedding tears ;
Ach dh-aithnich mi cruth mo ghaoil, ach yayn′ich mi cru′ mo yaoyl	But I knew her lovely face,
'S an taobhar thair cuan i dh-eiridh. san taovar hayr chu-an i yēyri′	And why she rose over the sea.

* * * * * * * * *

"Nach truagh leat mise, a Chrimora ? nach tru-a′ let mise a chrimora	"Dost thou not pity me, Crimora ?
Och ! na fag mi so am oanar." och na făg mi so am oan-ar	Och ! leave me not alone."
Oigh-thaibsean chuartaich i le 'n orain, oy′ hayvsen chu-artaych i len ōren	Maiden ghosts gathered around her with songs,
Is dh-fhag iad mise tursach, bronach. is yag i-ad mi-se tursach bronach	And they left me, grief-struck, lamenting.
"Thig le d' cheol binn, a Chrith-mora, hig led che-ol binn a chrimora	"Come with thy sweet music, Crimora, (they sung)
Gu talla nan oighean fial, gu tăllá nan oy′-en fi-al	To the hall of the social maidens,
'Sa bheil Suil-mhalda is Trennmor, sa veyl suyl-valda is treyn-mor	Where is Sul-malla and Trenmore,
A sealg feidh dhoillear nan nial. a sel-ag fey′ yoyll-er nan ni-al	Coursing dusky deer in clouds.
Chualas i le h-osna leointe, chu-alas i le hosna le-oynte	I heard her, with a wound-sigh,
'S i sealtain bronach na deigh." is i seltayn bron-ach na dey′	When looking with sorrow behind her."
Sguir an ceol, an taibhse a threig, sguyr an ce-ol an tayv-se a hreyg	The music ceased, the spirits vanished,
'S dhag iad mise a sile dheur, 's yag i-ad mi-se a si-le yeyr	And they left me shedding tears,
Air traigh ainel 's mi leom fhein. ayr tray′ ayn-el 's mi le-om feyn	On a strange shore by myself.
O'n og-mhadain gu dall-oiche, o'n og-vadayn gu dall-oyche	From the young morning until the blind night,
Mo choidh o sin cha do sguir. mo choy′ o sin cha do sguyr	My lamentations have not ceased since then.
C'uin a chi mi u, a Chrimora ? cuyn a chi mi u a chrimora	When shall I see thee, Crimora ?
Ri 'm bheo bidh mise fo eislean ! rim ve-o bĭ′ mi-se fo eys-len	While living, sorrow must be mine !
Tha m' anam a snamh an ceo : ha man-am a snav an ce-o	My soul is swimming in mist :
Innsibh fior an doigh a dh-eug i ?" innsiv fi-or an doy′ a yēyg i	Tell me truly how died she ?"
"An sgeula truagh tra fhuair do bhean, an sgeyla tru-a′ tra huyr do ven	"When the woful news came to thy wife,
Tri lathain bha i na tosd gu 'n ghean : tri la′-ayn va i na tosd gu'n yen	She was three days incapable of speech or motion :

An ceathramh dh-fhiar i a mhuir gu'n bhaigh,
an ce'rav yi-ar i a vŭyr gun vay'
On the fourth, she sought the sea, cold and pitiless,

'S fhuaras i gu'n deo air traigh:
's hu-aras i gun de-o ayr trā-y'
And was found on the shore soulless:

Mar shneachda sa'n fhireach fhuar,
mar nechda' san irech u-ar
Like a wreath of snow on the bleak hill,

Na eala air Lanna, gu'n tuar.
na ella ayr lanna gun tu-ar
Or like a swan on Lanna, breathless.

Fhuaras i le h-oighibh gaoil,
hu-aras i le hoyiv' gaoyl
She was found by her maidens beloved,

A theirinn o chaochain nan sliabh,
a her-inn o chaochen nan sli-av
As they descended from their mountain streams,

Le 'm basaibh min a siabadh dheur,
lem basayv min a si-aba' yeyr
With their soft hands wiping away tears,

'S le'n osnich a seide an ciabh.
slen osnich a sheyté an ci-av
And their sighs lifting their locks.

Le lic is gorm-fhoid na traigh,
le lic is gorm-oyd na tray'
With flags and the green turf of the shore,

Thog sinne comhnuidh do mhnoi.
hog sinné covni' do vnoy
We raised the dwelling of thy wife.

B' iomad bha 'n latha sin dubhach,
bi-omad va'n la'-á sin duvach
Many on that day were in grief,

'S bu tiamhaidh cumhadh gach aon.
's bu ti-avi' cuva' gach aon
And melancholy were the lamentations of all.

Mar aile a seinn an cuilc na Leige,
mar ayll a seynn an cuylc na ley-gè
Like a soft breezein the reeds of Lega,

Dh-eirich mall is fann a cliu.
yey-rich mall is fann a cli-ū
Slowly and faintly was raised her elegy.

Ach ciod so 'n solus an Innse-fail?
ach ci-od so'n solus an innse-fayl
But what light is that in Innesfail?

Feuch crann-taraidh* an fhuathais!
feych crann-taray' an u'-aysh
Behold the cross of speed and battle!*

Togaibh air siuil, tarnaibh ur raimh,
togiv' ayr si-uyl tarn-ayv ur rayv
Exalt our sails, draw your oars,

Sgiursaibh a bharc tre chuaintaibh.
sgi-ursiv a varc tre chu-ayntayv
Scourge the bark through the seas.

Sheid gaoth dhileas na'm beann,
heyd gao' yil-es nam beynn
The faithful wind blew from our mountains,

'S cha b-fhann air buillean gu comhnadh;
's cha bann ayr buyllen gu cov-na'
Nor faint were our strokes to aid it;

Thug sinn muigh air braigh nan tonn,
hug sinn mŭy ayr bray' nan tŏnn
We churned the tops of the waves,

'S gach sonn is a shuil ri comhraig.
s gach sonn is a huyl ri covrig
Every hero's eye looking for battle.

Bha uilean Dheirg air slios a sgeith,
va uyllen yeyrig ayr slis a sgey'
The elbow of Dargo was on his shield,

* "Crann," a shaft of wood; ("tar," should be "sar,") surpassing; and "ruith," running: viz., the beam or shaft of surpassing running or speed.

'S a dheoir a srutha sios ri taobh.
sa yoyr a sru'-à si-os ri taov

"Chi mi Dearg gu tiamhaidh, tosdach;
chi mi deyrg gu ti-avi' tosdach

Tog Ullainn nan teud sprochd an laoch."
tog ullayn nan tēyd sprochd an laoych

And his tears streamed down by its side.

"I see Dargo in sorrow, and silent, (said Coval;)

Ullain of the chords, lift the grief of the hero."

DAN CHAOILTE.

Ri linn Threin-mhoir nan sgiath,
ri linn hrēyn-voyr nan sgey'-è

Ruaig Caoilte am fiadh mu Eite;
ruyg caoyltè am fi-a' mu eytè

Thuit leis daimh-chabrach nan cnoc;
huyt leys dayv-chabrach nan cnochd

'S cho-fhreagair gach slochd da eighe.
's cho-regayr gach slochd da ey'-è

Chunnaic Min-bheul, a gaol,
chunnayc minveyl a gaol

'S le curach faoin chaidh na choel.
sle curach fa-oyn chay' na cho-el

Sheid osna choimheach gu'n bhaigh,
heyd osna choyvech gun vay'

'Chuir druim an aird air a bharca.
chuyr druym an ayrd ayr a varca

Chualas le Caoilte a glaodh,—
chu-alas le coyltè a glao'

"A ghaoil, a ghaoil, dean mo comhnadh!"
a yaoyl a yaoyl den mo chovna'

Ach thuirling dalla-bhrat na h-oiche,
ach huyrling dāllàvrat na hoyche

'S dh-fhailnich air a chluis a comhradh:
's yaylnich ayr a chluys a covra'

Mar fhuaim sruthain an cein,
mar u-aym sru'-en an ceyn

Michinteach thain a h-eibh na choail.
mi-chinntech hayn a heyv na cho-ayl

'Sa mhadainn an onfha na traigh,
sa vad-ayn an ona na tra'-i

Fhuaras gu'n chail an og-bhean.
hu-aras gun chayl an og-ven

Thog e 'n cois na traigh a leac,
hog e 'n coys na tray' a lec

Aig sruthan bronach nan glas-gheugan:
aig sru'-an brōnach nan glas-yeygan

'S eol do'n sealgair an t-aite;
s eol don sel-ager an taytè

'Se baigheal an teas na greine.
se bay'el an tes na greynè

THE LAY OF CAOILTE.

In the days of Trenmor of shields,

Chased Caoilte the deer on Eitè;

Fell by him the antlered stags;

Every valley answering to his call.

Minvel saw her love,

And in a weak curach she went to meet him.

A fierce and pitiless blast

Turned the bark back upwards.

Heard by Caoilte was her cry,—

"My love, my love, save me!"

But the blind panoply of night descended,

And her plaint failed on his ear:

Like the sound of a distant streamlet,

Uncertain reached him her cry.

In the morning, by the murmuring shore,

Was found without strength the young wife.

He raised her tomb at the side of the shore,

By the plaintive streamlet of the aged grove:

The hunter knows the place;

It is genial when the sun is high.

Bu chian do Chaoilte ri bron,
bu chi-an do chaoyltè ri brōn

Na aonar an coille Eite.
na oanar an coyllè eytè

Ach bhuail Trenn-mor beum-sgeithe:
ach vuayl treynmore beym-sgey′-è

'S le lochraidh ghluais Caoilte na threune.
sle lochray′ ylu-aysh coyltè na hreynè

Uigh air uigh phill a sholas.
uy′ ayr uy′ fīll a holăs

Chual e chliu is lean e an t-sheilge.
chu-al e chli-u is len e an teylegè

"'S cuimhn leom," arsa Dearg, "an laoch,
's cuyn le-om arsa deyrag an laoch

Mar aisling choimhneil a threig;
mar as-ling choyv-neyl a hreyg

'N tra stuir e gu h-og mi air Eite,
'n tra sti-uyr e gu hog mi ayr eytè

Sa dheoir a fliuche a sgeithe.
sa ye-oyr a fli-ucha a sgey′-è

"Ciod fa do thuireadh, a Chaoilte?
ci-od fa do huyrè a chaoyltè

Com' a bheil t-aois bronach, dubhach?"
com a veyl toys brōnach du-ach

"Mo ghaol tha fo 'n fhoid na sineadh."
mo yaol ha fo'n ōghd na sinè

"O! dean an t-aite so thaoghal
oh den an taytè so ha′-ol

Mar roghainn do chuairtaibh na frithe?"
mar ro′-aynn do chu-ayrt-iv na fri′-è

Na dh-iarradh do Chaoilte thugadh;
na yi-ara′ do chaoyltè huga′

A chunnic bu tric am oran.
a chuynnè bu tric am ōran

O nach ro' mo chliusa co marionn,
o nach rò mo chli-usa co mar-inn

'S mi le Crimora 's na neuil chairdel."
smi le crimora sna ne-oyl chayr-del

"'S dearbh gu'm bith do chliu mairionn,"
s derv gum bi′ do chli-u mayrinn

Arsa Comhal bu chaoin labhairt;
arsa coval bu chaoyn lavayrt

"Ach co sud le'n sgiathaibh gabhaidh,
ach co sud le'n sgia′yv gavi′

Toirt a sholuis bho'n cheud fhaire?
toyrt a holuys von cheyd ayrè

Lochlan, ma 's maith mo bheachd,
lochlan mas may′ mo vechd

A cuartach Innse-fail le'm feachd.
a cu-ar-tach innse-fayl lem fechd

Long was Caoilte under sorrow,

Alone among the woods of Eitè.

But Trenmor struck the shield (of alarms:)

With his chivalry came mighty Caoilte.

By degrees returned his tranquillity.

He won fame, and followed the chase.

"I remember," said Dargo, "the hero,

Like a kindly dream that has passed away;

When a youth he steered with me on Eitè,

His tears falling on his shield.

"What is the cause of thy sorrow, (I said) Caoilte?

Why is thine age in sadness?"

"My love is stretched under the turf."

"Do thou frequent this place

In preference to all the bounds of the forests?"

What he asked was conceded to Caoilte;

His memory has been often in my song.

Oh, that my fame were as lasting,

And myself with Crimora on clouds friendly."

"Thy fame will assuredly be lasting,"

Said Coval of the mildest converse;

"But who are those with their broad shields,

Taking from us the light of the horizon?

Lochlin, if I judge aright,

Is surrounding Innesfail with an army.

'S an righ, bho ard uinneig stuadhaich, san ri vo ard uyn-eyg stu-a'ych	And the king, from the highest turret,
Ag amharc air son a chairdean buadhach, ag av-arc ayr son a chayrden buy'ach	Looking for his friends victorious,
Their e, le aighear na shuil : heyr e le ay'-er na huyl	He exclaims with joy in his eye :
"Tha Comhal am fagus le shiuil !" ha cuval am fagus le hi-uyl	"Yonder approaches Coval with his ships!"
Feuch Lochlan a nuas nar codhail, feych lochlan a nu-as nar co'-ayl	Behold, Lochlan descends to meet us,
Is Armour ro' pa mar dhamh croice ; is armor ro pa mar yav croycè	Armor before them like the antlered stag ;
Air traigh Eirein, a lamh ge bras, ayr tray' eyreyn a lav ge brass	On the shore of Erin, though bold his hand,
Mise dh-fhuasgail a teann-ghlais. mise yu-asgayl a tenn-ylays	'Twas I that relieved it out of a tight lock.
Tairnibh, mo ghaisgeich, o 'r leis tayrniv mo yaysgich or leys	Draw, my heroes, from your thighs
An lann ghlas, 's air cladach leumaibh ; an lann ylas sayr cla-dach leymiv	Your grey blades, and spring on shore ;
Le suil 's le cridhe laiste, euchdail, le suyl sle cri'-è laystè eychdel	With eyes and hearts kindling for deeds illustrious,
An diugh dearbhar neart na Feinne. an d-i-u' dervar nert na feynnè	This day prove the strength of the Feinn.
Tog, a Dheirg, do sgia leathan ; tog a yeyrig do sgi-a le'-an	Exalt, Dargo, thy broad shield ;
Crath, a Chonaill, to chraosnach ; cra' a chonayl to chraosnach	Connal, shake on high thy crosnach ;
Buail, a Chaoirill, beum le'd chlaidheamh ; buyl a charyll beym led chlay-ev	Strike, Carril, with thy deadly sword ;
Is seinnsa, Ullainn, dan chath-baoisge."* is seynn-sa ulaynn dan cha'-boysge	Ullin, sing thou the battle-song* of boisge."
Choinnich sinn Lochlan, 's cha b-agh dhuinn ; choynnich sinn lochlan 's cha ba' yuynn	We met Lochlin, and not for our weal ;
Sheas iad romhain daingean, laidir, hes i-ad rov-aynn dayng-en lay-dir	They stood before us, compact and strong
Mar dhoire daraich air uchd Mheallmhoir, mar yoyrè daraych ayr uchd vellvoyr	As a grove of oak on the breast of Melmor,
Nach lub do dh-ailgheas nan siataibh. nach lub do yayl-yes nan shi-at-ayv	Which bends not at the pleasure of the storms.

* "The Germans," says Tacitus, "have poems which are rehearsed in the field, and kindle the soul into flame. The spirit with which these songs are sung predicts the fortune of the approaching fight. In the compositions they study a roughness of sound, and a peculiarly abrupt and broken cadence. They lift the shield to their mouths, that the voice may swell and be rendered more loud and sonorous by repercussion.

Chunnaic Innse-fail* sinn an sarach,
chunn-ic innse-fayl sin an sa-rach
Innesfail saw us in extremity,

Is bhruchd iad gu'n dail ga'r comhnadh.
is vruchd i-ad gun dayl gar cov-na'
And rushed in haste to aid us.

Chaidh Lochlan a sgapa o chiele,
chay' lochlan a sgapà o cheyle
Lochlin was scattered asunder,

'S cha mhor gu'n chreuchdan bha beo dhiu.
s cha vor gun chreychdan va be-o yuy
And few of them survived unwounded.

Choinnich Armour 's righ Innse-faile,
choynn-ich armor sri innse-fayl
Armor and the king of Innesfail met,

'S bu duaichnidh, gabhaidh an iomairt.
sbu du-aych-ni' gav-i' an i-om-irt
And dark and dreadful was the conflict.

Chaidh sleagh an righ an uchd a mhor-fhir,
chay' sle-a' an ri an uchd a vor-ir
The king's spear pierced the breast of the big man,

Ged bu tiugh a sgia 's i laidir.
ged bu ti-u' a sgi-a 's i ladir
(Though) thick and strong was his shield.

Ghuil Lochlan is Innse-fail,
yuyl lochlan is innshe-fayl
Lochlan wept and so did Innesfail,

'S thuit deor le baigh o shuinn na Feinne.
's huyt de-oyr le bay' o huyn na feynnè
And tears of pity fell from the heroes of the Feinn.

Is sheinn am bard an t-oran tursach,
is heynn am bard an tōran tur-sach
Their bard sung the song of sorrow,

Tra chunnas gu'n deo an ceann-feadhna.
tra chunnas gun de-o an cen-feyna
When was seen the head of the people had fallen.

CUMHADH AN FHIR-MHOIR.

Bha airde mar dharaig sa ghleann,
va ayrd-è mar yarayg sa yle-ann
He was in height the oak of the vale,

A luas mar iolair nam beann, gun gheilt,
a lu-as mar i-ol-ayr nam benn gun yeylt
In speed the mountain-eagle, without fear,

A spionna mar Loda na fheirg,
a spionna mar loda na eyrig
In strength, Loda in his rage,

A bhuille gun bhaigh, gun leigheas.
a vuyllè gun vay' gun ley-as
His strokes pitiless and cureless.

O's moch do thuras gu d' neoil,
o's moch do huras gu d' ne-oyl
Oh, early is thy journey to the clouds,

Is og leinn, a laoich a thuit u.
is og léynn a laoych a huyt u
Too young we deem thy fall, hero.

Co dh-innseas an sgeula do'n aosda?
co yinnses an sgeyla don a-os-da
Who will tell the tale to the aged?

Co do'n og-mhnaoi gu'n d' eug u?
co don og-vnoy gun deyg u
Who to thy young wife that thou art dead?

* Innse-fail.—It is worthy of remark, that the king or ceann-cath of the people of this country is called by his territorial title, while the king or ceann-cath of the Caledonians is simply called by his proper name, like any of his men.

Chi mi t-athair fo eithir na h-aoise,
chi mi ta'yr fo ey'-er na ha-oyse
I see thy father under the burden of years,

Gu faoin an dochas ri thigheachd ;
gu faoyn an dochas ri hi-achd
In vain hoping for thy return;

A lamh air an t-shleagh 's i air chridh,
a lav ayr an tle-a' 's i ayr chri'
His hand on the spear, and it trembling,

Sa cheann mar chrithean 'n am sine ;
sa chenn mar chri-en an am sinè
His grey head the aspen in the wind;

Meallaidh gach nial a shuil,
mellay' gach ni-al a huyl
The clouds deceive him for thy sails,

'S e'n duil gu faic e do bhata,
s e'n duyl gu fayc e do vata
And he thinks he sees thy ship;

Seallaidh a chlann air an lear,
sell-ay' a chlann ayr an lĕr
But the youth look over the sea,

'S chi iad an ceatheach a seala.
s chi i-ad an cé-ech a se-o-la
And see the mist sailing.

Crathaidh easan a cheann liadh,
cra'-ay' esan a chenn li-a'
He shakes his grey head,

Osna tiamhaidh 'sa ghnuis bronach.
osna ti-avay' sa ynuys brōnach
His sigh pensive, his face sorrowful.

Tha Crimin fo fhiamh a ghaire,
ha crimin fo i-av a yayrè
Crimina smiles in her sleep,

A bruadar bhith air traigh a'd chomhail:
a bru-adar vi' ayr tray' ad cho-ayl
Dreaming that she is on the shore to meet thee:

A bilibh fosgailt a cuir failt ort,
a bill-iv fosgaylt a cuyr faylt ort
Her lips are parted to salute thee,

'S lamhan sgaoilte gu d' ghlachadh,
s lav-an sga-oylte gu d ylachca'
Her arms extended to embrace thee.

Och, a bhean-ghaoil, 's faoin do bhruadar;
och a ven yaoyl 's faoyn do vru-a-dar
Alas! lovely spouse, thy dream is fantasy,

An t-uasal gu brath cha'n fhaic u ;
an tu-a-sal gu bra' chan ayc u
The (thorough) gentleman wilt thou never see!

Fad o dhachaidh thuit do ghradh,
fad o yachay' huyht do yra'
Far from home thy love has fallen ;

An Innse-fail fo smal tha mhaise.
an innse-fayl fo smăl ha vaysè
In Innesfail, a cloud fell on his beauty.

Duisgidh t-usa a Chrimine,
duysgi' tusa a chriminè
Thou shalt awake, Crimina,

'S chi u gu'n robh t-aisling mealta ;
s chi u gun rov taysh-ling-melta
And see that thy dream was deceitful,

Ach c'uin a dhuisgeas a shuain,
ach cuyn a yuysges a hu-ayn
But when will awake from his slumbers

An laoch thuit gu'n tuar san arich?
an laoch huyt gun tu-ar san ārich
The hero who fell pale on the field?

Guth nan gaothar na beum-sgeithe,
gu' nan ga'oar na beym-sgey-è
The voice of the hounds, or the sound of the alarm-giving shield,

Cha chluinner leat sa chria-thigh fhiurain.
cha chluynner let sa chri-a hi' i-uyren
He hears not in his house of clay.

A shiol na leirge fagaibh an treun,
a hi-ol na leyrgè fagiv an treyn
Race of the sea depart,

Guth seamh na maidne cha chluinn e;
gu′ se-v na mayyd-ne cha chluyn e
The mild voice of morning he hears not;

Cha dean e air comhnadh le airm,
cha den è ayr covna le ayrm
He will not assist you in battle;

Is coraig nan sleagh cha duisg e.
is cor-ayg nan sle-a′ cha yuysgè
The conflict of spears will not awake him.

Beannachd do dh-anam an laoich,
bennac do yan-am an laoych
Blest be the soul of the hero,

Bu gharg colg a dol an ghniomh,
bu yarg colag a dol an gni-av
Whose aspect was firm when in action,

Ard righ Lochlan, ceann an t-shluaigh;
ard ri′ lochlan cenn an tlu-ay′
The high king of Lochlan, head of the people;

'S ioma ruig a thug a riamh.
s i-oma ruyg a hug a ri-av
Many a victory did he achieve.

Bha airde mar dharaig sa ghleann,
va ayrde mar yarayg sa ylenn
He was in height the oak of the vale;

A luas mar iolair na'm beann gu'n gheilt,
a lu-as mar i-olayr nam beann gun yeylt
In speed the mountain-eagle, without fear;

A spionna mar Loda na f heirg,
a spi-ona mar loda na eyrig
In strength, Loda in his rage,—

A bhuille gu'n bhaigh gu'n leagheas.
a vuylle gun vay′ gun le′-as
His strokes pitiless and cureless.

The following, being the first duan of the Poem of Temora, by Ossian, is called Cathgarva, both in Albin and Erin. I consider it as fair an average specimen of Ossian's style, as the foregoing is of the poetry of Ullin and Orran. I regret that want of space puts it out of my power to give similar specimens from the other ancient bards, especially Carril, the sweetest of them all; but his poems are too lengthy for my space, as the phonetic spelling takes up so much room, and adds so greatly to the expense.

Tha gorm thonna na h-Eirinn an soilse,
ha gorm honna na hey-rin an soyl-se
The blue waves of Erin are in light,

A beannaibh am boillsge an la,
a bennayv am boylsge an la
Her mountains in the brightness of day;

Croibh chiara ag aomadh fo ghaoidh,
croyv chi-ar-a ag aoma′ fo yaoy′
Dusky woods waving in the wind,

Liath-shruthain a taomadh o chairn;
li-a′-ru-′ayn a taoma′ o chayrn
Grey streams pouring from rocky peaks;

Feuch! da thom aillidh le'n darach uaine,
fe′ch da hom āylì len darach u-aynè
Behold, two beautiful hillocks with their green oaks

Og aoma mu'n cuairt do chaol-rath,
og aoma mun cuayrt do chaol-ra′
Bending round a narrow vale,

Tha tarruin a chochain rò ghleannaibh.
ha tarruyn a chochayn ro ylenniv
That draws its streamlet from glens.

Air bruaich an uilt tha Cairber fein,
ayr bruaych an uylt ha cayrber feyn
On the bank of the burn is Cairber of Atha,

A shleagh, fo chomas an treun, ri thaobh,
a le-a′ fo chomas an treyn ri hoav
His spear ready by his side;

A dhearg shuil fo ghiorraig, 's e bron.
a yerag huyl fo yirrayg se bron
His red eye is cowed; he is in grief.

Dhe-eirich Cormag an anam an righ,
yeyrich cormac an anam an ri'
Cormak rises on the soul of the king,

Gun chli, is a lot na thaobh.
gun chli is a lòt na haov
Feeble, with a wound in his side.

Le f haichte, bha 'n t-og an dubhra,
le aychte va'n tog an duvra
Half seen, in the shade, is the youth;

Fhuil chraobhach a srutha bho chliabh,
uyl chrovach a sru'-a vo chli-av
The blood pouring from his bosom.

Thog Cairber a shleagh tri uairen,
hog cayrber a le-a' tri uayren
Cairber thrice lifted the spear,

Tri uairen chuir e f heusag fo laimh;
tri u-ayren chuyr e ēysag fo layv
Thrice stroked his beard with his hand,

Chaisg e tri uairean a cheum,
chaysg e tri u-ayren a chēym
Thrice checked his (forward) step,

'S chrath e ruigh na'm beud gu h-ard.
s chra' e ruy' nam bēyd gu hard
And shook his deadly arm on high.

Mar niol am fasach a mor thriath,
mar ni-ol am fasach a mor ri-a'
Like a cloud in the desert is the great chief,

A caochladh fo'n ghaoidh a dhealbh,
a caochla' fo'n yaoy' a yel-av
Changing its shape in the wind.

Na gleannaibh a bron fo'n f hirich,
na glenniv a bron fo'n irich
The glens darken below their hills,

Ma seach fo ghiorraig nam braon.
ma sech fo yirrig nam braon
Alternately expecting the shower.

Ghabh an righ a mhor anam dha fein,
yav an ri' a vor anam ya fēyn
The king resumed his mighty soul,

Ghlac e sleagh nan treun na laimh,
ylac e sleagh nan treyn na layv
He grasped the spear of heroes in his hand.

Thiondaidh e shuil air cul magh Lena,
hi-onday' e huyl ayr cul ma' lena
He turned his eye on the back of Lena's hill,

Far a bheil luchd faire nan gorm thonn.
far a veyl luchg fayrrè nan gorm honn
Where are placed the watchers of the blue waves.

Thainig iad le'n ceumaibh fo f hiamh,
haynig i-ad len ceymayv fo i-av
They approach in the steps of fear,

A coimhead tric air slios an t-shaile:
a coyved tric ayr slis an taylè
Often looking on the face of the sea.

Dh-aithnich Cairber gu'n d' thainig an righ.
yaynich cayrber gun daynig an ri'
Cairber knew that the king was come.

Ghairm e dorchadh na triadh gu laimh.
yayrm e dorcha' na tri-ay' gu layv
He, darkly, called his warriors to his presence.

Grad thainig ceum f huaimer nan sonn,
yrad haynig ceym u-aymer nan sonn
Quickly came the resounding steps of the warriors,

An ghlas-lannaibh lomadh nan laimhibh.
an glass-lannayv loma' nan lāy'iv
With their grey blades bare in their hands.

An sin bha Morla uaibh-riach ciar,
an sin va morla u-ayv-rich ci-ar
There was Morla, fierce and swarthy,

An sin Dalla le chiobhan sa ghoidh;
an sin dalla le chi-av-an sa yay'
There Dalla with his locks on the wind.

Cormar ruadh ag aomadh air sleagh,
cormar ru-a' ag oama' ayr sle-a'
Red Cormar bending on his spear,

A sealtain o thaobh borb fo ghruaim.
a seltayn o hoav borb fo yru-aym
Looking sideways from his surly face.

B-alluidh do shuil chrom a Mhalthuis,
balluy' do huyl chrom a valhuys
Wild was the down-looking eye of Malthus,

Fo fhaileas do mhor fhabhraid,
fo ayles do vor avrayd
Under the shade of his large helmet.

Sheas Foldath mar charraig an sruth,
hes folda' mar charrayg an sru'
Foldath stood like a rock in the flood,

A falach fo chothar a dubh-chruth,
a falach fo cho'-ar a yuv-chru'
With its dark form covered in foam,

A shleagh fhada mar ghiubhas an t-shleibh,
a le-a' àdà mar yuyvas an tleyv
His spear, like a pine of the wold,

A thachras ri doinnean nan speur;
a hach-ras ri doynnen nan spēyr
That has often met the storms of the sky;

A sgiath dearcach le beumibh comhraig;
a sgi-a' dercach le beymiv cov-rayg
His shield is marked with the strokes of battle;

A dhearg-shuil riamh gu'n fhiamh.
a yerag-huyl ri-av gun i-av
His red eye ever fearless.

Iad sin is triath eille gu'n chuntas,
i-ad sin is tri-a' eylle gun chuntas
These, and other innumerable chiefs,

Thionail dluth mu righ Eirinn,
hi-nel dlu' mu ri' ēyrinn
Gathered close round the king of Erin,

Noir thainig fear faire a chuain,
noyr haynig fer fayrre a chuyn
When came the watcher of the sea,

Mor-aineal bho chruach Moilena,
mor-aynel vo chru-ach moilena
Moranel, from the height of Moilena,

A shuilean sealtinn claon o chean,
a huylen seltinn claon o chenn
His eyes aslant in his head,

A ghuth air chrith, gu'n tuar a bheul.
a yu' ayr chri' gun tu-ar a veyl
His voice trembling, his lips colourless.

"An seas triadhaith na h-Eirinn air chul,
an ses tri-a'-ay na heyrinn ayr chul
"Stand the chiefs of Erin apart,

Balbh mar bhadain san oiche chiuin,
balv mar vadayn san oyche chuyn
Silent as a grove in a calm night,

Na mar gharbh-choille fo mhuig;
na mar yarv-choyllè fo vuyg
Or like a rough forest under a cloud;

Is Fionnghal air an traigh a boilsge,—
is fionn-yal ayr an tray' a boylsge
And Fingal on the beach gleaming,

Fionn is uamhasaiche beum,
fionn is u-av-asaychè beym
Fingal of dreadful sword-cuts,

Ard righ nan treun bho shruthaibh Morbheinn?"
ard ri' nan treyn vo hru'-iv morveynn
The lofty king of the heroes of Morven of streams?"

"Am facadh t-u an gaisgeach nach fann," am faca′ tu an gaysh-gech nach fann	"Hast thou seen the hero that is not feeble,"
Arsa Cairber o spairn a chleibh; arsa cayrber o spayrn a chleyv	Said Cairber from his labouring breast;
"A bheil a laoich lionar air an traigh? a vèyl a laoych li-o-nar ayr an tra-i	"Are his warriors numerous on the shore?
An tog e sleagh comhraig o dheigh, an tog e sle-a′ cov-rig o yey′	Does he advance the battle-spear,
No'n d' thainig an treun an sith?" non d-aynig an treyn an si′	Or comes the mighty in peace?"
"An sith cha d'thainig e, a righ Eirinn, an si′ cha daynig e a ri′ eyrinn	"In peace he comes not, king of Erin,
Bha roinn a shleagh roi' 'n treun a suas, va roynn a le-a′ roy an treyn a su-as	The point of the spear was before him on high,
Mar mhall dhreag* a bhais ag eiridh, mar vall yreg a vaysh ag eyri′	Like the meteor* of death ascending,
'S fuil mhiltean a taomadh mu chruaidh. s fuyl vilten a taoma′ mu chruy	(Prognosticating) the fall of thousands in death.
B-es' a leum an tus air tir, bes a leym an tūs ayr tir	He was the first to spring on shore,
Laidir fo leadan liadh na h-aois. la-dir fo ledan li-a′ na haoys	Strong in the grey locks of age.
'S lan, feitheach, garbh-challapanach an righ, 's lan fey′-ech garv challa-pan-ach an ri′	Full, sinewy, brawny-legged is the king,
Ach 's eatrom gu'n strith a cheum. ach s e-trom gun stri′ a cheym	But light and free are his steps.
Air taobh an treun tha chlaidheamh fiar, ayr ta-ov an treyn ha chlay-ev fi-ar	Aslant, on the side of the mighty, is the sword
An dara beum a choidh nach iarr; an dara beym a choy′ nach i-arr	That never needs to repeat a cut;
A sgiath leathan uamhasach na laimh, a sgi-a le′-an u-a-vas-ach na layv	His broad and dreadful shield on his arm,
Mar chearcal fuileach re 's i lan, mar cher-cal fuyl-ech re si lan	Like the bloody circle of the full-orbed planet,
Geiridh gu dana tre stairm. gey-ri′ gu dana tre stayrm	Advancing daringly through the storm.
Lean Oissian, righ caoin nam fonn, len oissian ri′ caoyn nam fonn	Ossian followed, mild king of lays,
'S mac Mhoirni sonn oscion nan triath. s mac morni sonn os-ci-on nan tri-a′	And the son of Morni, a hero above chiefs.
Leum Connal air shleagh o thuinn; leym connal ayr le-a′ o huynn	Connal leaped on his spear over the waves,
Is Diarmaid donn nan trom chiabh. is di-ar-mid donn nan trom chi-av′	And brown Diarmid of the heavy locks.

* A meteor which, when seen on any road leading to a burying-ground, is superstitiously assumed to portend the death of some one, who will soon be carried on that path to his or her grave.

Lub Fillean a bhogha le morchuis, lub fillen a vo′-a le mor-chuys	Fillan bent with pride his bow,
Og shealgair Mhoru nan sliabh; og he-lager voru nan sli-av	The youthful hunter of Moru of wolds.
Ach co sud air ceann nan treun, ach co sud ayr cenn nan treyn	But who is he that is at the head of the hosts,
Mar gharbh-shiubhal shruth o bheinn? mar yarv-hi-uval hru′ o veynu	Moving impetuous as a spate from the hills?
Co ach mac Oissean an triath; co ach mac oissean an tri-a′	Who but the son of Ossian, the hero;
Mar bhoisge teine misg a chiabh, mar voysgé tèynè misg a chi-av	Glowing amid his locks
A leadan fada tha lan chuach, a led-an fa-da ha lan chu-ach	His long hair is full of curls
Fhabhaid dhubh le chielt' an cruaidh, a-ayd yuv le cheylt an crūy′	His black helmet half hid in steel,—
A lann air ial a trial ri thaobh, a lann ayr i-al a tri-al ri hoav′	His sword is restless on his side,
A shleagh a siubhal boilsgeadh baoth. a le-a′ a si-u-val boyl-sge′ bao′	His eager spear gleams wickedly.
Theich mi o gharg shuil an t-sheoid, heych mi o yarg huyl an te-oyd	I fled from the fierce eye of the hero,
A righ Thighmora is mor cliu." a ri′ hi′-mora is mor cli-u	King of Temora of great renown."
"Teich usa, fhir dhonadh, gu'n fheum," teych usa ir yona′ gun ēym	"Fly, then, mannikin unfit for deeds,"
Arsa Foldath, gruamach am feirg; arsa fol-da′ gru-am-ach am feyrig	Said Foldath, frowning and wrathful;
"Teich-sa gu d' liath-shruthaibh fhein, tìych-sa gu d' li-a′-hru′ayv hēyn	"Fly thou to thy own grey streams,
Anamain is goinne, is meirg an diamhair. an-am-ayn is gŏynnè is meyrig an di-var	Scant soul, and rust in secret.
Nach facar linn an t-Oscar donn? nach fac-ar linn an tos-car donn	Have I not seen this Oscar?
Chunnaic mise an triath an comhraig. chunn-ic mis an tri-a′ an cov-rayg	I have seen the hero in battle.
An cunnart, dheth na trein tha'n sonn; an cunnart ye′ na treyn han sonn	In danger he is of the mighty;
Ach 's iomadh sleagh is sonn an Eirinn. ach si-oma′ sle-a′ is sonn an ēyrinn	But there are many spears and heroes in Erin.
A righ Thighmora nan ard chraobh, a ri′ hi′-mora nan ard chra-ov	King of Temora of lofty woods,
Leig dhomhsa tachairt ris an t-sheod; leyg yovsà tach-ayrt ris an te-od	Let me meet the hero;
Is caisgidh mi 'n sruth mor na dheann. is cays-gi′ min sru′ mor na yenn	I will stop this mountain spate in its speed.
Ma shleagh tha nighte am fuil, ma le-a′ ha ni′-te am fuyl	My spear has been washed in blood,

'S tha mo sgiath mar bhalla Thuradh."
s ha mo sgi-a' mar valla hur-a'

My shield is like the wall of Tura."

"An coinnich Foldath na aonar na daimh?"
an coynn-ich fol-da' na o-anar na da-iv

"Will Foldath alone meet the strangers?"

Arsa Malthas na fabhrad ciar;
arsa mal-thas na fav-rad ci-ar

Said Malthas of the dun helmet;

"Nach 'eil iad cho laidir air an traigh
nach eyl i-ad cho layd-ir ayr an tra-i

"Are they not as strong on the shore

Ri co-thional garbh-shruth nan sliabh?
ri co-hinal garv-hru' nan sli-av

As the congregated waters of the wolds?

Nach iad sud na trein thug buaidh
nach i-ad sud na treyn hug buy'

Are not these the mighty who conquered

Thair Suaran nan cruaidh-bheum,
hayr su-ar-an nan cruy'-veym

Swaran of hardy sword-cuts,

Noir ghabh sliochd Eirinn an ruaig?
noyr yav shliochd eyrinn an ru-ayg

When the race of Erin fled?

'S an tachair Foldath ri'n corr-threun?
san tachayr fol-da' rin corr-hreyn

And will Foldath meet their surpassing hero?

A chridhe bhosdail is ciar beus,
a chri-e' vosdayl is ci-ar beys

Man of the boasting heart and dusky deeds,

Gabh spionnadh dluthach an t-luaigh,—
gav spi-onn-a' dlu'-ach an tlu-ay'

Take the united strength of the people,—

Gabh Malthas maille ri threun.
gav malthas mayllè ri hreynn

Take Malthas and his warriors.

Bha mo chlaidheamh le beumaibh ruadh,
va mo chla'-ev le beym-eyv ru-a'

My sword with strokes has been red,

Ach co a chualadh gu fear mo ghuth?"
ach co a chu-al-a' gu fi-ar mo yu'

But who has heard from me crooked words?"

"A shliochd Eirinn is uaine raon,"
a hli-ochd eyrinn is u-ayne roan

"Race of Erin of green hills,"

Thuirt triath Chlaonrath nan caoin shruth,
huyrt tri-a' chlaõn-ra' nan ca-oyn hru'

Said the chief of Clonrath of mild streams,

"Na cluinneadh Fion air briaraibh faoin;
na cluynnè' fi-onn ayr bri-arayv fa-oyn

"Let not Fingal hear your words vain;

Na biodh solas air naimhdean an diugh,
na bi-o' solas ayr nayv-den an di-u'

Let not the enemy rejoice to-day,

A cuir spionnadh nan laimh san tir.
a cuyr spi-onna' nan layv san tir

And be strengthened in the land (by your divisions.)

'S treun sibh fein a shiol na'm blar,
streyn siv feyn a hi-ol nam blar

Mighty are ye, race of battles,

Mar ghaillen o ghair a chuain,—
mar yayllen o yayr a chu-ayn

As a storm on the roaring sea,—

Mar stairm a thachrais ri sgeir aird,
mar stayrm a hach-ris ri sgeyr ayrd

A storm that meets a lofty sea-rock,

A bheir a coille gu lar 'o cruaich;
a veyr a choyllè gu lar o chru-aych

Or tears forests from the breasts of mountains;

Ach glauiseadh mid nar neart gu leir,
ach gluys-e′ mid nar nert gu leyr
But let us move in combined strength,

Mall mar mhor cho-thional nial,
mall mar vor cho-henal ni-al
Slowly as a great gathering of clouds,

Bidh georrag air sar mhac nam beum,
bi′ girrag ayr sar vac nam beym
So shall fear fall on the surpassing son of the sword,

Is tuitidh a shleagh gu'n fheum 'o'n triadh.
is tuytì′ a hle-a′ gun eym on tri-a′
And the spear fall deedless from his hand.

'Chi sinn dubh nial a bhais,'
chi sinn duv ni-al a vayis
'We see the dark cloud of death,'

Their iad, is failas a fas m' an tuar.
heyr i-ad is faylas a fas man tu-ar
They will say, while a shade spreads over their faces.

Bidh bron air Fionn aosda na baigh,
bi′ bron ayr fi-onn aos-da na bay′
Sorrow will overtake Fingal the compassionate and aged,

Sa chliu a sioladh air traigh gu'n bhuaidh:
sa chli-u a si-ol-a′ ayr tray′ gun vu-ay′
While his fame melts away without victory:

Cha'n fhaicear a Morbhein ceum an triath,
chan ayc-er a mor-veynn ceym an tri-a′
In Morven will not be seen the steps of the hero,

'S bidh coineach na 'm bliadhnadh an Selma."
s bi′ coynech nam bli-an-a′ an selma
The mess of years will cover Selma."

An samhchair dh-eisd Cairber ruadh,
an sav-chir yeysd cerber ru-a′
Red Cairber listened in silence,

Mar dhuth-nial nan stuadh air raon,—
mar yu′-ni-al nan stu-a′ ayr raon
Like a dark cloud, from the waves, on the heath,—

Nial a sheasas dorch air Cromleac,
ni-al a hesas dorch ayr crom-lec
A cloud that stands darkly on Cromla,

Gus am brist dealan a thaobh.
gus am brist dellan a haov
Until the lightning breaks from its side.

Laiseaidh gleanna ri boilsge nan speur,
lays-i′ glenna ri boilsge nan speyr
The glens are lighted by the flash,

Bidh tannais gu'n fheum fo sholas.
bi′ tann-aysh gun eym fo hol-as
And deedless spirits under rejoicing.

Mar sin an samhchair sheas an righ,
mar sin an sav-chir hes an ri′
Thus in silence stood the king,

Gus 'n do ghluais le brigh a ghuth:
gus n do ylu-aysh le bri′ a yu′
Until his voice was heard significantly:

"Sgaoilear a chuirm air Moilena;
sgoyler a chuyrm ayr moilena
"Spread the feast on Moilena;

Thigeadh mo cheud bard a nall.
hige′ mo cheyd bard a nall
Approach my hundred bards.

Olla, nan ciabh dubh-ruadh, eirich,
olla nan ci-av duv-ru-a′ ey-rich
Rise, Olla of the dark-brown locks,

Gabh clarsach righ Eirinn a'd laimh;
gav clarsach ri′ eyrinn ad la-iv
Take the harp of Erin's king in thy hand;

Siubhail gu Oscar nan lann, si-uv-ayl gu oscar nan lann	Go to Oscar of swords,
'S thoir cuire dha gu fleagh an righ. s hoyr cuyre ya gu fle-a' an ri'	Invite him to the king's feast.
An diugh biodh cuirm is fonn sa ghleann, an di-u' bi-o' cuyrm is fonn sa ylenn	To-day we will have a banquet in the glen,
A maireach bristear linn na sleaigh. a mayrech brister linn na sle-ay'	To-morrow we will break spears.
Innis gu'n d' thog mi suas innis gun d hog mi su-as	Tell him that I raised on high
Uaigh Chathail fo luaidh na'm bard. u-ay' cha'-ayl fo lu-ay' nam bard	The tomb of Cathul amid the songs of bards.
Thug mi charaid truagh do'n ghaoith. hug mi charid tru-a' don yaoy'	I have given his poor friend to the wind.
Innis dha gu'n chualas mu'n bhuaidh innis ya gun chu-al-as mun vu-ay'	Tell him that I heard of the victory
A choisinn e aig fuar-shruth Charuinn. a choysin e ayg fu-ar-hru' charuynn	He gained at the cold stream of Carron.
Cha'n fhaic mi 'n so mo bhrathair treun, chan ayc min so mo vra'yr treyn	I see not here my mighty brother,
Cha' neil Cathmor le cheudaibh ri'm thaobh, cha-neyl ca'-mor le cheydayv rim ha-ov	Cathmor and his hundreds are not with us,
Tha air lamhan gann fo airm. ha ayr lavan gann fo ayrm	And our hands are few in war.
'S namhaid Cathmor do strith nam fleagh, s nav-id ca'-mor do stri' nam fle-a'	Cathmor is a foe to conflicts at feasts,
Tha anam mor mar dhearsadh greine; ha anam mor mar yersa' greynnè	His great soul is all sunshine;
Ach bristeaidh Cairber sleagh ri Oscar, ach brist-i' cerber sle-a' ri oscar	But Cairber will break a spear against Oscar,
A thriathaidh Thighmora, air comhnard Lena. a hri-a'-ay' hi-mora ayr cov-nard lena	Chiefs of Temora, on the plain of Lena.
Labhair e dana ma Chathul, lavayr e dana ma cha'-ul	He spoke daringly of Cathul,
'S tha manam a lasadh le feirg. s ha manam a lasa' le feyrig	And my soul is kindled with indignation.
Tuitidh Oscar air Moilena, tuyti' oscar ayr moylena	Oscar shall fall on Moilena,
'S eiridh na fhuil mo chliu." s eyri' na uyl mo chli-u	And my fame rise from his fall."
Shoilsich solas an aghaidh nan treun, hoylsich sōlas an a'-ay' nan treyn	Joy glowed in the faces of the warriors,
Is sgaoil iad misg crianach Moilena. is sgoyl i-ad misg cri-aynach moylena	They spread themselves among the coppice of Moilena.

Tha cuirm is slige ga deasachadh shuas, ha cuyrm is sligè ga desacha′ hu-as	The feast and the shell are preparing above,
'S fonn nan clar 's nan duan ag eiridh. s fonn nan clar s nan du-an ag eyri′	And the sound of harps and lays ascending.
Chuala triathaidh Shelma an solas, chu-al-a tri-a′-ay′ helma an solas	The chiefs of Selma heard the rejoicing,
'S shaoil Cathmor corr gu'n d'thainig, s haoyl ca′-mor corr gun dayn-ig	And thought that Cathmor had arrived,
Cathmor corr, ceann-uidhe nan daimh, ca′-mor corr cenn-uy′ nan dayv	Cathmor the surpassing, the host of strangers,
Brathair Chairber nan ruadh chiabh; bra′ayr cayr-ber nan ru-a′ chi-av	The brother of red-haired Cairber;
Cha bu choimeas an da anam. cha bu choymes an da anam	But unlike were their two souls.
Bha solus nan speur an uchd Chathmoir. va solus nan speyr an uchd cha′-moyr	The light of heaven was in the bosom of Cathmor.
Do dh-Atha na'm bruach, a thuir ard, do ya′-a nam bruach a huyr ard	To Atha of banks where (rises) his high turrets,
Tha seachd aisereann a sine, ha sechd ayseren a sinè	Seven passes (ravines) lead,
'S air gach aisre bard na sheasaibh, s ayr gach aysh-re bard na hesayv	And on each pass a bard is placed,
A cuireadh dhaimh do thalla na fial; a cuyrè yayv do halla na fi-al	To invite strangers to the social hall;
Ach shuidh Cathmor an uaigneas, ach huy′ ca′-mor an u-ayg-nes	But Cathmor kept aloof from the (fulsome) voice of praise,
A seachnadh bhi ag eisteachd ri chliu. a sech-na′ vi ag eyst-achd ri chli-u	To avoid listening to his fame.
Thainnig Olla ruadh le dhain. haynig olla ru-a′ le yayn	Red Olla came with his lays.
Ghluais Oscar gu'n dail gu cuirm, yluys oscar gun dayl gu cuyrm	Oscar went without hesitation to the feast,
Le tri ceud gaisgeach, ri laimh, le tri ceyd gaysgech ri layv	With three hundred warriors in his train,
Roi Lena nan lan-shruth gorma, roy lena nan lan-hru′ gorma	Through Lena of blue and ample streams,
A liath-choin a leum san fhraoch, a li-a′-choyn a leym san raoch	His grey dogs bounding through the heather
'S tre'n garbh-chonas a sgaoile thall. stren yarv-chonas a sgoyle hall	And the strong gorse of the wold.
Chunnaic Fionn an sonn a trial, chunnayc fi-onn an sonn a tri-al	Fingal saw the hero departing,
'S thuit anam an treun fo bhron, s huyt anam an treyn fo vron	And his soul sunk in grief,
Neo-chinteach ma Chairber cealgach, ne-o-chinntech ma chayrber ce-la-gach	Uncertain of Cairber the treacherous,
Le smuaintean fiar misg cuirm is oil. le smuynten fi-ar misg cuyrm is oyl	And his oblique thoughts at the feast and the drinking.

Thog mo mhac sleagh Chormaic na laimh; hog mo vec sle-a′ chormayc na la-iv	My son carried the spear of Cormak in his hand;
Bha ceud baird a seinn air sliabh, va ceyd bayrd a seynn ayr sli-av	There were a hundred bards singing on the wold,
Ach cheil Cairber am bas bha snamh ach cheyl cayrber am bas va snav	But Cairber concealed the death that was swimming
Fo dhubhradh san am, na chliabh. fo yuvra′ san am na chli-av	In the dark thoughts of his bosom.
Fleagh tha sgailte, sligean a fuaim, fle-a′ ha sgayltè slegen a fu-aym	The feast is spread, the shells sound,
'S eudain an t-shluagh an solus dealrach: s eydayn an tluy′ an solus delrach	And the faces of the people are in a blaze of light:
Ach chitear solus* mall is fann ach chiter solus mall is fann	But a light* slow and faint is seen
A dearsadh fada thall air Lena, a dersa′ fada hall ayr lena	Afar on Moilena,
Sa cheann dearg le-chleite an dorchas. sa chenn derag le-chleyte an dor-chas	With its red head half hid in the darkness.
Dh-eirich Cairber thall an airm, yeyrich cayrber hall an ayrm	Cairber started opposite in arms,
'S dubhradh a bhais na ghruaidh. s duvra′ a vaysh na yru-ay′	The darkness of death on his cheek.
Chaisg fonn chlarsaichean nan teud, chaysg fonn chlarsaychen nan teyd	The tuneful sound of the harp ceased,
Chualas screadan nan sgiath m'an cuairt. chu-al-as scredan nan sgi-a′ man cu-ayrt	And the harsh sound of shields was heard.
Fada thall air uchd an t-shleibh, fada hall ayr uchd an tleyv	At a distance, on the breast of the hill,
Thog Olla dubh-ruadh guth a bhroin. hog olla duv-ru-a′ gu′ a vroyn	Dark-red Olla raised the song of lamentation.
Dh-aithnich Oscar comhara bhais: yay′nich oscar covarā vays	Oscar knew the sign of death:
Ghluais is ghlachd gu'n dail a shleagh. ylu-ays is ylachd gun dayl a le-a′	He rose in haste, and seized his arms.
"Oscair," arsa Cairber ruadh, oscayr arsa cayrber ru-a′	"Oscar," said red-haired Cairber,
"Tha mi faicean sleagh buaidh na h-Eirinn, ha mi faycen sle-a′ bu-ay′ na heyrinn	"I see the spear of victorious Erin in thy hand,
Sleagh fhada Thighmora nan stuadh, sle-a′ ada hi′-mora nan stu-a′	The long spear of Timora of waves,
A boillsgeadh a t-laimh noir dh-eirich. a boylsga′ at layv noyr yeyrich	Shining in thy hand, when thou arose.
A mhic Morbhein nan coiltean ciar, a vic mor-veynn nan coylten ci-ar	Son of Morven of dusky woods,

* See a previous note on the death-meteor.

Sleagh dhuchais nan cead righ,
sle-a′ yuchays nan ceyd ri′
It is the hereditary spear of the first kings,

Bas an strith do threin 'o shean ;
bas an stri′ do hrēyn o hen
The death, in conflicts of heroes of old ;

Geil i, a mhic Oissian, gu'n spairn,—
geyl i a vic oyshen gun spayrn
Yield, son of Ossian, without a struggle,

Geil i do Chairber nan carabad."
geyl i do cayrber nan carabad
Yield it to Cairber of the cars."

"An geil mi," f hreagair an treun,
an geyl mi regayr an treyn
"Shall I yield," answered the hero,

"Sleagh ri Eirinn na'm beim cruaidh ;
sle-a′ ri eyrinn nam beym cruy′
"The spear of the kings of Erin of hard strokes,—

An t-shleagh a thug Cormac dhomh fein,
an tle-a′ a hug cormac yov feyn
The spear given by Cormac to myself,

Noir sgap sin a naimhdean 'o thuath ?
noyr sgap sin a nayvden o hu-a′
When we scattered his foes from the north ?

Thainig mi gu talla na feile,
haynig mi gu talla na feylè
I came to the hospitable mansion,

Noir theich iad 'o Fhionn na'm buadh.
noyr heych i-ad o i-onn nam bu-a′
When they fled before victorious Fingal ;

Dh-eirich solas an aghaidh na h-oige ;
yēyrich solas an àỳ′ na hōyg-è
Joy arose in the face of the youth :

Chuir e'm laimh sleagh Thighmora.
chuyr em layv sle-a′ himora
He placed in my hand the spear of Timora.

Cha d'thug e i do lag fo dhoruin,—
cha d hug e i do lag fo yōruyn
Nor did he give it to the feeble and helpless,

Do dh-anam ni basd gu'n ghniomh.
do yanam ni bāsd gun yni-ov
Nor to the little soul who boasts without deeds.

Cha'n eagal dhomhsa do ghruaim,
chan egal yov-se do yruym
Thy frown is no terror to me,

Cha theine bais do shuil dhomh fein :
cha heynè bays do huyl yov fēyn
Nor thine eye the fire of death.

A Cairber cuir giorrag air traill,—
a chayrber cuyr giorag ayr trayl
Cairber, frighten thralls,—

Tha anam Oscar mar charraig."
ha anam oscayr mar charrayg
The soul of Oscar is like a rock."

"Geil dhomsa an t-shleagh gu'n dail,"
geyl yovsa an tle-a′ gun dayl
"Yield, on the instant, the spear,"

Thuirt Cairber, is ardan ag eiridh,
huyrt cayrber is ard-an ag eyri′
Said Cairber, his rage arising.

"Bheil t-f hocail morchuiseach ard,
veyl tocayl morchuyshech ard
"Are thy words so big and lofty,

Chionn Fionn bhith air traigh na h-Eirinn,
chi-onn fi-onn vi′ ayr tra-i na hēyrinn
Because Fingal is on the shore of Erin,

Fionnghal nan leadan liadh,
fi-onnyal nan ledan li-a′
Fingal of the grey locks,

O chailltean ciara na Morbheann ?
o chaylten ci-ara na morvenn
From the dusky woods of Morven ?

Bha chogadh riamh ri doine fann ;
va choga′ ri-av ri doyné fann

Ach thigeadh e nall gu Cairber !
ach hig-e′ e nall gu cayrber

Mar fhaileas a snamh an gleann,
mar ay-lis a snav an glenn

Na ceathach a leughadh a fasach,
na ce′-ach a le′-a′ a fas-ach

Aomaidh e gu'n chliu o Atha."
aomay′ e gun chli-u o a′-ha

"Na'm biodh a fear thog beum air fann,
nam bi-o′ a fer hog bēym ayr fann

A tarruin a loin air Cairber,
a tarruyn a loyn ayr cayrber

Bheiridh e Eirinn uaine nan gleann
vèyrè′ e ēyrinn uynè nan glenn

Air son sabhalath 'o laimh an righ.
ayr son savala′ o layv an ri′

Na labhair ma Fhionn a Chairber,
na lavayr ma i-onn a cayrber

Tog do sgiath 's do chlaidheamh riumsa.
tog do sgi-a′ s do chlayev ri-umsa

An spionnadh theagaibh gu'n coimeas sinne ;
an spi-onn-a′ hegayv gun coym-as sinnè

Ach tha righ na Morbheann cliutach,—
ach ha ri′ na mor-venn cli-u-tach

Ceannard flathail nan ard thriath."
cennard fla′-ayl nan ard ri-a′

Chunnaic an cairdean maraon,
chunnic an cayrden maroan

Dubhradh ag eiridh nan ghruaidhean,
duvra′ ag ēyri′ nan gruay′-en

Dh-aom iad an comhair a cheile.
yoam i-ad an covayr a cheylè

An suilean laiste, an ceumaibh duaichnidh.
an suylen laystè an ceym-ayv du-aych-ni′

Leum-claidhean 'o mhile slios,
leym chlay′-en o vi-le slis

Chaisg Olla na fios a fonn,—
chaysg olla na fis a fonn

Olla ruadh na'm brosnachadh dana ;
olla ru-a nam bros-nacha′ dana

Chrith anam Oscair le solas,
chri′ anam oscayr le solas

He ever fought against the feeble ;

But let him come to meet Cairber !

Like a shadow swimming in a glen,

Or like mist melting away in the desert,

He will incline, without fame, from Atha."

"If he who made war on the feeble

Were to draw his sword on Cairber,

He would give green Erin with its glens,

To escape the hand of the king.

Speak not, Cairber, of Fingal ;

Rise thy shield and sword against me.

Our strength may, perhaps, be equal,

But the king of Morven is famed,

As head chief, among exalted heroes."

Their friends alike saw

Darkness growing on their cheeks.

They bent toward one another ;

Their eyes flashing, their steps threatening :

Swords sprang from a thousand thighs.

Olla, the prophetic, ceased the song,

Red Olla, of daring war-songs ;

The soul of Oscar swelled

Leis an t-sholas bu ghna do'n triath, leys an tolas bu yna don tri-a'	With joy,—the joy the hero used to feel
Noir bhuail corn-caismachd an righ. noyr vuyl corn-cays-mac an ri'	When the boss of alarms was struck by the king.
Mar thuinn a taomadh air traigh gu'n fhuaim, mar huynn a taoma ayr tray' gun uym	As waves pour noiselessly on the shore,
Mu'n cluinnear gairich cuain fo ghaoidh, mun cluynner gayrich cuyn fo yaoy	Before is heard the roar of the sea under the wind,
Thional mu Chairber a shluagh, hi-o-nel mu chayrber a h-lu-a'	Gathered his people round Cairber,
Samhach dorcha, dur is baoth; savach dorcha· dur is bao	Silent, dark, obstinate, wicked.
A nighean Thoscair, c'iume do dheoir? a ni'en hosgayr chuymè do ye-oyr	Daughter of Toscar, why that tear?
Cha do thuit an triath nach faoin; cha do huyt an tri-a' nach faoyn	The hero did not fall helplessly.
'S iomadh bas a dh-iadh mu'n tor, si-oma' bas a yi-a' mun tor	Many deaths encompassed the hill,
Ma'n d'aom a fear corr air a thaobh. man daom a fer corr ayr a haov	Before the surpassing man leaned on his side.
Faic iad a tuite roimh 'n triath, fayc i-ad a tuytè ıōyv n tri-a'	Behold how they fall before the hero,
Mar choille air sliabh san fhasach, mar choyllē ayr sli-av san asach	Like the forest of the wold,
Noir thig taibhse nan sian na fheirg, noyr hig tayvsè nan si-an na eyr-ig	When the spirit of the (embattled) elements,
A chuir giorraig air cloinn na h-airidh, a chuyr girrayg ayr cloynn na hayri'	To frighten the children of the shieling,
A glachdadh baraibh nan crann, a glac-a' barayv nan crann	Seizes on the lofty tops of the trees,
'S ga'n sgaradh le neart gu lar. sgan sgara le nert gu lar	And dashes them violently to the ground.
Thuit Morla 's Mathronan fo bhas, huyt morla s ma'-ronan fo vas	Morla and Mathronan fell dead;
Dh-aom Conachair gu lar na fhuil, yaom chonachayr gu lar na uyl	Conacher slowly bent down in his blood,—
Theich Cairber 'o lain an t-shair, heych cayrber o layn an tayr	Cairber fled from the blade of the hero,
Ga fhalach fein san dubhrodh, ga alach feyn san duvra'	And hid himself in the shade,
Air culabh cloiche nan cruth crom. ayr culav cloych nan cru' crom	Behind the stone of bending ghosts.*
'N sin thog e gu diamhair an t-shleagh, 'n sin hog e gu di-avayr an tle-a'	There he lifted the spear in secret,

* The worshipping altar, or pillar of the Gothic clans, is always called the stone of bending ghost by Ossian. This battle must therefore have been fought in the territory of the southern or Gothic clans of Ireland.

Is bhuail nimhael i 'n taobh Oscair.
is vuyl niv-el i'n taov oscayr

And struck it fiercely into the side of Oscar.

Thuit an gaisgeach air a glun,
huyt an gaysgach ayr a ylun

The hero fell on his knee,

A sgiath fo uillin, a shleagh na laimh;
a sgi-a fo uyllin a hle-a' na la-iv

His shield under his elbow, his spear in his hand.

Faic Cairber na shine 'san smuir,
fayc cayrber na hinē san smuyr

Lo! Cairber, stretched in the dust;

Bar geur na cruaidh chaidh tre cheann,
bar geyr na cruay' chay tre chenn

The sharp point of the steel went through his head,

Is sgoilt an ruadh-chiabh air a chul.
is sgoylt an ru-a'-chi-av ayr a chul

And split the red locks behind.

Mar charraig a bristeadh bho shliabh crom,
mar charr-ayg a brista' vo li-av crom

Like a rock falling from the cliff,

Thuit an sonn bu dorchadh gniomh.
huyt an sonn bu dorcha' gni-av

Fell the hero of dark deeds,

Noir chrathas Eirinn uain i fein,
noyr chra'-as eyrinn uynè i feyn

When green Erin shakes herself,

O bheinn gu beinn 's o mhuir gu muir:
o veyn gu beyn 's o vŭyr gu mŭyr

From mountain to mountain and sea to sea.

Cha'n eirich Oscar donn a choidh!
chan eyrich oscar donn a choy'

Brown-haired Oscar will never rise!

Tha e ag aoma ri taic a sgeithe,
ha e ag aoma ri tayc a sgey-'é

He is leaning down on his shield,

Is sleagh nan ceud bas na laimh.
is sle-a' nan ceyd bas na layv

With the spear of a hundred deaths in his hand.

Sheas Eirinn thall aír an t-shliabh,
hes eyrinn hall ayr an tli-av

Erin stood aloof on the wold,

Le fuim mar mhonbhar nan sruth;
le fuym mar vonvar nan sru'

With a noise like the murmur of streams;

Fhreager Lena nan cruth fo'n ceum.
reger lena nan cru' fon ceym

Lena of ghosts answered to their steps.

Chuala Fionnghal thall an toirm,
chu-ala fi-onnyal hall an toyrm

Fingal heard the distant sounds;

Ghlac e sleagh Shelma nam beum,
ylac e sle-a' helma nam beym

He seized the deadly spear of Selma.

Sgaoil a cheum ri uchd an t-shleibh.
sgoyl a cheym ri uc an tleyv

He stretched his steps against the breast of the wold,

Gu broin a taomadh o bheul:
gu broyn a to-ama' o veyl

The voice of sorrow bursting from his mouth:

"Cluinneam iargail is comhrag,
cluynnam i-argayl is cov-rag

"I hear the sound of conflict,—

Tha Oscar na oanar sa bhlar;
ha oscar na o-anar sa vlar

Oscar is alone in battle:

Gluaiseabh f hearaibh na Morbheann,
glu-aysev erayv na mor-venn

Move, men of Morven,

'S buailibh an comhnadh a lainn."
s buyliv an covna' a laynnè

And strike in aid of his sword."

Bu luadh mo cheum ris an raon, bu lu-a′ mo cheym ris an raon	Swift were my steps on the hill;
Leum Fillan thair fraoch Moilena, leym fillan hayr fraoch moylena	Fillin cleared the heath of Moilena in bounds.
Na neart ghluis Fonnghal nach faoin: na nert yluysh fionn-yal nach faoyn	In his strength advanced Fingal the hero:
B-uamhain an dealradh bha 'g eiridh, bu-avayn an delra′ va geyri′	Dreadful was the glare emitted
O'n sgeith air guaillin an laoich; on sgey′ ayr gu-aylin an laoych	From the shield aloft on his shoulder.
Chunnaic siol Eirinn fada thall, chunnayc si-ol eyrinn fada hall	The race of Erin saw, at a distance,
Dealradh mall 'o cheann na leirg, delra′ mall o chenn na lèyrig	The slow gleam at the bend of the shore,
Dh-aithnich iad nach d'eirich gann, yaynich i-ad nach deyrich gann	And knew that arose, not unequal,
Righ nan lann na-throm fheirg. ri′ nan lann na rōm eyr-ig	The king of swords in his anger.
Bha'm bas ag iadhadh mall mu smuvam bas ag i-a-ya′ mall mu smu-aintibh. ayn-tiv	Their deaths were swimming calmly in his thoughts.
Rainig sinne; bhuail sin comhraig; raynig sinnè vūyl sin cov-rayg	We reached; we struck in the conflict.
Chaisg triathaibh na h-Eirinn air cursa; chaysg tri-a′y-iv na heyrinn ayr cursa	Erin stopped our course;
Ach noir thainnig an righ na neart, ach noyr hayn-ig an ri′ na ne-art	But when the king came in his might,
Chlisg an cridhe bu danaidh bho chruaidh. chlisg an cri′-è bu danay′ vo chru-ay	Shrunk the heart most daring under steel.
Theich iad 'o chruachaibh Moilena, heych i-ad o chru-ach-ayv moylena	They fled from the heights of Moilena,
Am bas a beumadh nan ruaig. am bas a bēym-a′ nan ru-ayg	Death striking in their rear.
Fhuair sinn Oscar air a sgeith, hu-ayr sinn oscar ayr a sgey′	We found Oscar on his shield,
Fhiul ag iadhadh ma thaobh. uyl ag i-a′-ha′ ma haov	His blood flowing around him.
Trom iomaguin laidh air na treadha; trom i-oma′-guyn lay′ ayr na tri-a-á	Heavy anxiety lay on the chiefs;
A tiondadh an cul'aobh fo dheoir. a ti-onda′ an culav fo yoyr	They turned their backs in tears.
Bha'n righ a ceiltein a dheur fein, van ri′ a ceyltayn a yeyr feyn	The king was concealing his own tears,
Sa ghaoth 'o'n bhein na fhiasaig leidh. sa yao′ on veyn na i-as-ayg ley′	The mountain breeze in his white beard.
Dh-aom oscion an oig laoich yaom os-ci-on an oyg laoych	He bent over the young hero
Le guth broin 's le osnadh chianael. le gu′ broyn s le osna′ chi-a-nel	With a grieving voice and a pensive sigh.

" 'N do thuit Oscar sar nan lann, 'n do huyt oscar sar nan lann	" Has Oscar, the surpassing, fallen
A meadhain astair dhealraich fein ! a me'-ayn as-tayr yelraych feyn	In the midst of his own illustrious course !
Tha cridhe na h-aoise fo spairn, ha cri'-è na haoys fo spayrn	The heart of the aged is distressed,
A faicain na'm buaidh nach d'thainig do'n treun,— a faycin nam buy' nach dayn-ig do'n treyn	Seeing the victories that have not come to the mighty,—
Na blair a thigheadh a nall, na blayr a hig-a' a nall	The battles that would have come,
'S a ghearradh gu gann o chliu. sa yerra' gu gann o chliu	But which are cut off short from his fame.
C'uin a dh-eires solas an Selma ? cuyn a yeyres solas an selma	When will joy rise in Selma ?
C'uin a ghluaises bron a Morbhein ? cuyn a yluyses bron a morveynn	When will grief depart from Morven ?
Mo chlann thuit 'o am gu am ; mo chlann huyt o am gu am	My children fall from time to time ;
Biodh Fionn an deireadh a shliochd ! bi-o' fii-onn an deyrè' a hlic	Fingal will be the last of his race !
Mo chliu siolaidh sios 'o luaidh, mo chli-u si-olay' si-os o lu-ay'	My fame is ebbing away from notice,
Bidh m'aois fo thruaighe gu'n chairdean. bi' maoys fo hru-ay' gun chayrden	My age will be in sorrow, without friends.
Mar nial do cheo am thalla fein, mar ni-al do che-o am halla feyn	Like a cloud of mist in my own hall,
Cha chluinn mi tuille ceum mic, cha chluynn mi tuyllè ceym mic	I shall no more hear the step of a son,
A tearnadh le morchuis 'o 'n bheinn, a te-ar-na' le morchuys on veynn	Returning in splendour from the hill,
Le chomhlaen nan airm fo smachd. le covlen nan ayrm fo smac	With a band of armed warriors under his command.
Tuiteadh air deoir 'o ghaisgech Morbhein, tuytè ayr de-oyr o yaysgich morveyn	Let your tears fall, heroes of Morven,
Cha 'n eirich Oscar og a choidh." cha n eyrich oscar og a chōy'	Young Oscar will rise no more."
Thuit an deoir a righ nan lann, huyt an de-oyr a ri' nan lann	Their tears fell, king of swords,
Oir b' ionmhuinn le'n anamaibh an triath. oyr bi-on-vuyn len anamayv an tri-a'	For dear was the hero to their souls.
Noir ghluais e gu comhraig nan lann, noyr ylu-aysh e gu covrayg nan lann	When he went to the conflict of swords,
Cha bu dion do namhaid sgiath. cha bu di-on do navayd sgi-a'	The foe found no safety in his shield.
Measg solais thilleadh e le sith. mesg sol-aysh hill-e' e le si'	He returned amid rejoicings, with peace.
Cha bhith bron athair ma mhac, cha vi' bron a'-ayr ma vac	No father lamented his son,

Thuit san ar an tlachd oige ;
huyt san ar an tlac oygè

Fallen in battle in the bloom of youth ;

Chaidh iadsan gu'n bhron fo'n fhail,
chay' i-ad-san gun vron fon ayl

They went unlamented under the sward,

'O 'n thill an og cheann fo bhuaidh.
on hill an og chenn fo vu-ay'

Since their young commander returned with victory.

Bha Bran a donnalaich ri thaobh,
va bran a donnal-aych ri hoav

Bran was howling at his side,

Luath gruamach 's an fhraoch fo bhron ;
lu-a' gru-amach s an raoch fo vron

Luath on the heath surly in his grief ;

Is minic a ghluais iad maraon,
is minnic a yluys i-ad mar-oan

For often did they follow alike,

A shealg nan ruadhaibh leis an laoch.
a helag nan ru-a'yv leys an loach

To course the red-mantled race with the hero.

Noir chunnaic Oscar bron a chairdean,
noyr chunnayc oscar bron a chayrden

When Oscar saw the sorrow of his friends,

Labhair e an spairn a chleibh :
lavayr e an spayrn a chleyv

He spoke from his labouring bosom :

" Osnaich nan ard-thriadh fo aois,
osnaych nan ard-ri-a' fo aoys

" The sigh of high and aged chiefs,

Caoine nan con, is a fonn
caoynè nan con is a fonn

The weeping of the dogs, and the lay

A bristeadh trom 'o bheul nam bard,
a brist-e' trom o veyl nam bard

Breaking spontaneously from the mouths of the bards,

Leagh iad manam le bron,—
leagh i-ad manam le bron

Have dissolved my soul in grief,—

Manam nach do leagh riamh,
manam nach do le-a' ri-av

My soul that never melted

An comhstri nan sgiath 's nan lann.
an covstri nan sgi-a' s nan lann

In the conflict of shields and spears.

Bha coltach ri cruaidh mo laine.
va coltach ri cru-ay' mo layne

It was like the steel of my sword.

Guilainibh mi gu'm chruaich, a threinibh ;
guylayn-iv mi gum chru-aych a hreyn-iv

Carry me to my mountains, heroes ;

Togaibh clach sa bheinn do'm chliu,
togayv clach sa veynn dom chli-u

Raise a stone to my fame,

Cuiribh cabar san uaigh leam fein,
cuyriv caber san u-ay' le-am feyn

Place the horn of a deer in my grave,

'S lann thana na'm beum ri'm thaobh.
slann hana nam beym ri'm haov

And the thin blade of deadly cuts by my side.

Togaidh sruth am an cein an uir,
togay' sru' am an ceyn an uyr

The stream, in the course of ages, may remove the soil,

Chi an sealgaer gu cul a chruaidh,
chi an sellager gu cul a chru-ay'

The hunter will see the sword to its back ;

" So claidheamh Oscair, fo smuir,
so chlayev oscayr fo smuyr

" It is the sword of Oscar in the dust,

Suidh mor na'm bliadhna chaidh uainn."
suy mor nam bli-a'-na chai' uynn

A great worthy, of times long passed away."

'N do thuit u mhic a thug dhomh cliu?
n do huyt u vic a hug yov cliu

Has the son, who gave me fame, fallen?

Nach faic mi u Oscair a choidh?
nach fayc mi u oscayr a choy′

Shall I never see thee, Osear?

Noir chluinneas triathain m'an cloinn,
noyr chluynnes tri-a′-en man cloyn

When chiefs hear of their sons,

Nach cluinn mise luaidh ort Oscair?
nach cluynn mi-se lu-ay′ ort oscayr

Shall I not hear mention of thee?

Bidh coineach air do chlachaibh liadh;
bi′ cōynech ayr do chlach-ayv li-a′

Moss will cover thy grey stones,

'S gaoth a measg mo chiabh fo bhron;
s ga′o a mesg mo chi-av fo vron

The wind be amid my locks in sorrow;

Cuirer cath gu'n us' air sliabh;
cuyrer ca′ gun us ayr sli-av

The battle shall be fought without thee,

'S cha lean u eillid chiar nan torr.
s cha′ len u ēyllid chi-ar nan torr

And thou shalt not pursue the deer on the hill.

Noir thilleas na gaisgich o'n stri,
noyr hillas na gaysgich on stri

When the warriors return from battle,

'G innsidh sgeul ma thir nan gall,
ginnsi′ sgeyl ma hir nan gall

Telling tales of the land of strangers;

Chunnachas, their iad, uaigh aig sruth;
chunnac-as hèyr i-ad u-ay′ ayg sru′

We have seen, they will say, a grave at a stream

A thaom a nuas bho thaobh nan carn,
a haom a nu-as vo haov nan carn

That poured down from the cliffs:

Comhnuidh gu'n leus do thriath,
cov-nuy′ gun leys do ri-a′

It is the torchless dwelling of a chief

A thuit le Oscair nan carabad.
a huyt le oscayr nan carabad

Who fell by Osear of cars.

Theagamh gu'n cluinneam a ghuth,
heg-av gun cluynnem a yu′

Perhaps I may hear the voice,

'S gu'n eirich solas air dubhar mo ehleibh.
s gun ēyr-ich solas ayr duvar mo chleyv

And that light will rise on the darkness of my bosom.

Chaidheadh mid an oiche fo bhron,
chay′e′ mid an oyche fo vron

The night would have been passed in sorrow,

'S cha'n eireadh le solas a ghrian,
s chan eyra′ le solas a yri-an

Nor would the sun have risen in joy;

Sheasadh na triatha mar seorra,
hesa′ na triay mar scorra

The chiefs would have stood like cliffs

Air Moilena nan torr fo mhuig.
ayr moylena nan torr fo vūyg

On Moilena of dusky woods,

Gu'n f'harraid, gu'n luaidh air comhrag.
gun arrayd gun lu-ay′ ayr covrayg

Unasking for, unmindful of war.

Sgaoil an righ gu caoin am bron,
sgoyl an ri′ gu cōyn am bron

The king mildly banished our grief,

'S thog e le treoir a ghuth;
s hog e le tre-oyr a yu′

And raised his voice with firmness:

Mhosgail na treuna na choir,
vosgel na treyna na choyr

The heroes started and drew near,

Mar gu'm b-ann a uamhainn bruadair.
mar gum bann a u-a-vaynn bru-a-dayr

As from a horrid dream.

Cia fada thuiteas na deoir, cia fada huytes na d-oyr	How long will ye shed tears,
Balbh, bronach, air Moilena? balv bron-ach ayr moylena	Dumb, sad, on Moilena?
Cha till dhuin na trenna ni's mo, cha till ynyn na treyna nis-mo	The heroes will return to us no more,
Neart Oscair a choidh cha'n eirich. nert oscayr a choy' chan eyr-ich	The strength of Oscar no more arise.
Tuitidh gaisgich nan laithibh fein, tuyti' gayshgich nan la'-iv feyn	Warriors will fall in their own day,
'S cha'n f haicer sa bheinn an trial. s chan aycer sa veynn an tri-al	And will no more be seen on our mountains.
Cait a bheil air 'n athraichean treuna, cayt a veyl ayr na'-raych-en treyna	Where are our mighty fathers,
Siol na'm beum o'n am a dh-iadh? si-ol nam beym on am a yi-a'	The sons of deadly sword-cuts in bye-gone times?
Thuit iad mar reultan air cul thorr, huyt i-ad mar reyltan ayr cul horr	They fell like stars behind wooded heights,
A bha nan soluis mhor da'n tir fo mhuig. a va nan soluys vor dan tir fo vuyg	Who were great lights to their country when in gloom (adversity.)
Cha chluinn sinn ach fuaim an cliu, cha chluynn sinn ach fuym an cli-u	We hear but the sound of their fame,
'S bu chliuteach iad nan am fein, s bu chli-u-tech i-ad nan am feyn	Though so renowned in their own time,
Am blianaibh nan gniomh an cein. am bli-an-ayv nan gni-ov an ceyn	In the years of great deeds (now) remote.
'S uabhasach is baoth na dh-f halbh; s u-a-vasach is bao' na yalv	Dreadful and evil were the times that are gone;
Theid sinne mar iadsan o'n raon, heyd sinne mar i-adsan on raon	We, like them, shall pass away from the heath,
Do leabanan caola na'm marbh. do leb-anan caola nam marv	To the narrow beds of the dead.
Bith mid na'r latha fo chliu, bi' mid nar la'-á fo chli-u	Let us be renowned in our day,
'S fagadh mid air 'n ainm na'r deigh; s faga mid ayr nayn-im nar dey'	And leave our names after us,
Mar dhealradh grein an speur gu'n smuir, mar yel-ra' greyn an speyr gun smuyr	Like the reflected rays of the sun in the sky,
Noir cheiller fo dhubhradh i fein, noyr cheyller fo yuv-ra' i feyn	When she is herself hid in darkness.
Fear astair fo bhron a trial, fer astayr fo vron a tri-al	The stranger, travelling in grief,
Cuinichidh an gniamhadh dealrach. cuynichi' an gni-ava' del-rach	Will remember our bright achievements.
Ullin, ma bhard fein fo aois, ull-ayn ma vard feyn fo oysh	Ullain, my own aged bard,
Gabh long is thoir dhachaidh an righ; ga long is hoyr yach-ay' an ri'	Take one of the king's ships,
Thoir Oscar gu Selma nan raon. hoyr osc-ar gu selma nan raon	And carry Oscar to heathy Selma.

Sileadh deoir 'o oighean na frith,—	Let tears fall from the maidens of the forest,
sile′ de-oyr o oy′-en na fri′	
O oigheanan aillidh na Morbheann.	The beautiful maidens of Morven.
o oynnen āylli′ na mor-venn	
Buaille sinne a'n comhraig na h-Eirinn,	We must strike in the battles of Erin,
būylli sinne an cov-rayg na hey-rinn	
Mu shiol nan treun a thuit le Cairber.	For the race of the mighty who fell by Cairber.
mu hi-ol nan treyn a huyt le cayrber	
Tha laithean mo bhlianaibh fo nial;	The days of my years are under a cloud;
ha lay′-en mo vli-an-ayv fo ni-al	
Tha mo ruigh aosda fas fann,	My aged arm is becoming weak,—
ha mo ruy′ a-os-da fas fann	
'S m athrichean a sealtain 'o nial,	My fathers are looking from their clouds
s ma′-rich-en a se-altayn o ni-al	
Air faoin astar an liadh-mhic;	On the feeble course of their grey-haired son;
ayr faoyn astar an li-a′-vic	
Ach cha treig e'n arach gu'n bhuaidh,	But I will not resign without victory,
ach cha treyg en arach gun vuy′	
Gu'n dealradh f hagail ma chliu,—	Without leaving a blaze of fame,—
gun delra′ agayl ma chli-u	
Gu'n ainm fhagail mar sholus nan speur,	Without leaving my name like the light of heaven,
gun ayn-em agayl mar holus nan speyr	
Do bhardaibh nan teud cuin."	To the bards of tuneful strings."
do vard-ayv nan teyd ci-uyn	

Down to the period at which the whole "pomp and circumstance" of warfare was changed by the discovery and universal use of gunpowder, the chief bard acted as aid-de-camp of the ceann-cath, and the clan bard as the adjutant of the chief. The former was often dispatched to an overmatched or receding division, for the purpose of rekindling their fire and energy with his war-song or prosnachadh, as reinforcements are now sent. We have an instance of this in the poem of Fingal, where the bard is sent to encourage the overmatched division of Gual. This prosnachadh or war-song has been carried down by oral recitation more fully than in the version of it found in Mr Macpherson's repositories, and is now submitted to the reader.

A shiol mharcaichean nan steud	Descendant of the riders of steeds
a hi-ol varcaych-an nan steyd	
Is airde leum 'sas fiate srann,	Of highest bounds and wildest snorts,
is ayr-dé leym sas fi-a-té srann	
A righ nan claidheamh geur 's nan sleagh;	King of sharp swords and spears;
a ri′ nan clay′v geyr 's nan sle-a′	
A lamh threun an cruaidh-chas,	Strong arm in extremity,
a lav hreyn an cru-ay′-chas	
A chridhe aird nach eur bas,	High heart that fears not death,
a chri′-é ayrd nach eyr bas	
A cheannaird shonn is euchdar toirt;	Chief of heroes of deeds illustrious;
a chenu-ayrd hōnn is eyc-ar toyrt	
Cuir sgrios air marachean nan stuadh,	Destroy the mariners of the waves,
cuyr sgris ayr mara-chen nan stu-a′	

Air naimhdean fuileach o'n tir thuadh, ayr nayv-den fuyl-ech on tir hu-a'	The bloody foe from the north,
Air cabhlach is sluagh Innistor. ayr cav-lach is slu-a' innistor	The navy and the people of Innistore.
Biodh do shuil mar choar a'd' cheann, bi-o' do huyl mar choar a'd chenn	Be thine eye fire in thy head,
Mar chith 'o'n dealan do lann, mar chi' o'n del-an do lānn	Thy sword the lightning's flash,
'S mar bheithir', ro' tharn, gu lot. 's mar vey'-ir ro harn gu lot	And the bolt, before the thunder, to wound.
Ardaich gu buaidh do sgiath, ard-aych gu buy' do sgi-a'	Exalt thy victorious shield,
Is fuileach tuar 's as *crobhui** neul, is fuyl-ech tu-ar sǎs crovuy neyl	Blood-edged *crovi**-coloured,
Mar real a bhais do naimh fo sprochd. mar re-al a vays do nayv fo sproc	Like the star of death, to doubting foemen.
A shiol mharcaichean nan steud, a hi-ol varcaychen nan steyd	Race of the riders of steeds
Is airde leum 's as fiate srann, is ayrde leym sas fi-a-té srann	Of the highest bounds and wildest snorts,
Sgrios naimhdean sios gu bas. sgris na-iv-den si-os gu bas	Cut down the foe to death.

Macmhuirech's prosnacha at the battle of Harlaw, is the most remarkable now extant. It is accessible to the reader,—a considerable part of it having been published by the Hills, the Stewarts, and others. It consisted of a verse of eight lines for every letter of the Gaelic alphabet, the initial letter of the first and of every other word in every line of each verse, having the same initial letter. This seems to have been the last prosnacha actually repeated in battle; the introduction of powder having caused the substitution of the *piob-reac* for the vocal war-song. The *piob-reac*, (peeb-rec) a name compounded from *piob*, pipe, and *reac*, law,—that is, the war-pipe law,—seems to have been introduced immediately after the battle of Harlaw, in Macmhuirech's own day, and apparently to the infinite disgust of the bard, whose verses descriptive of the bagpipe and its lineage are more graphic and humourous than gentlemanly and elegant. Indeed, generally speaking, the Gaelic bards, like their contemporaries of the Lowlands and of England, though very happy in their broadly humourous pieces, were wretched satirists. Domhnul Mac-raonuil, Rob Donn, and Aillean Dall, almost comprise the sum total of elegant and gentlemanly Gaelic satirists: these were true satirists, keen and cutting, but as clear, and polished, and sharp as steel blades. With these exceptions, I scarcely can at this moment remember a Gaelic satire that does not degenerate more or less into scurrility. Even Iain Lom and Donnachadh Ban were scurrilous in their satires. Indeed, scurrility seems to have been the hangman's whip of the bards, as "the fear o' hell" was that of the clergy of the dark ages; and the forms for banning the excommunicated used by the priest, seems really to have furnished the model for the execrable compositions meant for satires by the bards.

* This word seems to be obsolete.

Although the war-pipe was apparently detested by the older bards, whose prosnachadh it superseded in battle, no other instrument can actually speak so thoroughly understood and felt a language to the hearts of those who have a key to its articulations. Those who have not, may flatter themselves that superior refinement and civilization satisfactorily account for the distaste with which they turn away from the war-pipe music, with something like disgust, struggling to find the means of expressing itself on their inane plebeian faces; but I have never yet seen a gentleman of sensibility and intelligence, however much a stranger to such music, who did not regard it as both eloquent and picturesque, and strikingly accordant with the warlike character of the people of Scotland. I have in one of my papers in the West of Scotland Magazine, described an instance of exalted devotion on the part of the piper of Colla-ciotach, or left-handed Coll, father of the heroic Sir Alexander Macdonald, the lieutenant of Montrose. The piper landed with a party on Islay in advance of the expedition from Ireland, with instructions to take the castle of Dun-a-verty by surprise, should he find the Campbells off their guard, and that this might be attempted with the prospect of success. The Campbells, however, were apprised of the expedition, and on the alert, and drew the unfortunate piper and his party into an ambush, and made them prisoners. Here the inhuman character of the war began, the whole party, excepting the piper, being hung up off hand. The piper asked leave to play a lament over the fate of his companions, and the chieftain who commanded the Campbells being himself enthusiastically fond of pipe music, and anxious to hear so celebrated a musician, granted the boon; but, in the meantime, he caused some cattle to be put in the way of the approaching Birlins, while he posted a strong party in ambush to fall upon them should they land another party to take the castle, as the piob-reac instructs. The piper, watchful of these movements, adapted his piob-reac to the situation with the most consummate art. The warning notes are poured forth in separate strains, having all the appearance of unmeaning, unconnected vagaries; but they breathe a melancholy spirit, and the warning and lamenting notes could not fail to be understood by those who knew the style of the musician so intimately. The bards have put all these piob-reacs into imitative syllables and words for illustration, and I submit those assigned to this celebrated warning, as I am anything but pleased with the version I have got of the piob-reac itself. The chieftain understood the meaning of the sixth verse or part of the piob-reac, and, on finding himself overreached by the piper, he plunged his dirk into him; and tradition states that the devoted minstrel smiled proudly in death, on seeing, by the deviating course of the Birlins, that his warning was understood, and saved his friends. The warning notes, *seachain an dun*, avoid the castle; and the lamenting notes, *tha sinne an laimh*, we are prisoners, are exceedingly touching; but, indeed, when properly played, this noble piece of music is literally an epic in epitome, and perfectly unique as a piob-reac. I grieve exceedingly at being obliged to publish so contemptible a version of it. Pipe music is known to have been heard at the distance of six, and under favourable circumstances, ten miles.

A CHOLLA MA RUIN, SEACHAIN AN DUN.

A Cholla, cuir umad; bi ullamh, bi falbh;	Coll, array; be ready, depart;
Bi ullamh, bi falbh; bi ullamh, bi falbh;	Be ready, depart; be ready, depart;
A Cholla, cuir umad; bi ullamh, bi falbh;	Coll, array; be ready, depart;
Tha sinne an laimh, tha sinne an laimh.	We are in their hands, we are in their hands.
Fag an ni, fag an ni, fag an ni,	Leave the cattle, leave the cattle, leave the cattle,
Fag an ni, fag an ni, fag an ni,	Leave the cattle, leave the cattle, leave the cattle,
Fag an ni, fag an ni, fag an ni;	Leave the cattle, leave the cattle, leave the cattle;
Tha sinne an laimh, tha sinne an laimh.	We are in their hands, we are in their hands.
Ramh is taoman, ramh is taoman,	An oar, a baler, (baling dish) an oar, a baler,
Ramh is taoman, ramh is taoman,	An oar, a baler, an oar, a baler,
Ramh is taoman, ramh is taoman;	An oar, a baler, an oar, a baler;
Tha sinne an laimh, tha sinne an laimh.	We are in their hands, we are in their hands.
(Words symbolical of embarking quickly.)	
Lamh dhearg, lamh dhearg, lamh dhearg,	The red hand, the red hand, the red hand,
Lamh dhearg, lamh dhearg, lamh dhearg,	The red hand, the red hand, the red hand,
Lamh dhearg, lamh dhearg, lamh dhearg;	The red hand, the red hand, the red hand;
Tha sinne an laimh, tha sinne an laimh.	We are in their hands, we are in their hands.
(Warning to call the Macdonalds to his standard before attacking the castle.)	
Cholla, mo ghaoil, seachain an caol,	Coll of my love, avoid the strait,
Seachain an caol, seachain an caol;	Avoid the strait, avoid the strait;
Cholla, mo ghaoil, thoir ort a Mhaol,—	Coll of my love, go to Mull,—
Buidhinn an ath, buidhinn an ath.	Gain the landing-place, gain the landing-place.
(Warning to keep aloof from the strait, and hasten to secure a landing on Mull.)	
Cholla, mo ruin, seachain an dun,	Coll of my love, avoid the castle,
Seachain an dun, seachain an dun,	Avoid the castle, avoid the castle,
Cholla, mo ruin, seachain an dun;	Coll of my love, avoid the castle;
Tha sinne an laimh, tha sinne an laimh.	We are in their hands, we are in their hands.
(Warning not to attempt to save the prisoners in the castle.)	

The Highlander who understands pipe-music will find in the piob-reac of Daorach Robbi the most keen and cutting satire ever levelled at the low vice of drunkenness. The ludicrous imitation of the coarse and clumsy movements, the maudlin and staring pauses, the helpless imbecility of the drunkard, as he is

pilloried in the satire, with the ever-recurring, sneering notes, *seal a nis air*, ("look at him now!") are enough to annihilate any person possessing the least sensibility, who, while hearing them, is conscious of having been in so degrading a condition even for once in his life. Gillie-Callum, the composition of which is by some witty bard ascribed to Noah, who first danced the hilarious dance himself over two cross vines while "glorious," on discovering the virtue of their fruit, presents a striking contrast to Daorach Robbi. The total abstainer could hardly find a better text for his lecture than Daorach Robbi; while the temperance lecturer would not be far wrong in adopting Gillie-Callum. Both tunes strikingly illustrate the descriptive character of the music of the Gael. He who, when in his cups, staggers, stops, stares at vacancy, and sprawls in the mud, like Robbi, is worse than a fool, unless he totally abstain; while he whose worst exhibition when in his cups is to dance Gillie-Callum, like father Noah, would not be wise were he to totally abstain. At least, so thought the bard, William Ross, who wrote the following verses, which I submit as a fair average specimen of the legion of Highland drinking carols. Whisky is personified in Gaelic poetry under the name of

MAC-AN-TOSAICH,—THE SON OF THE VAN.

Co a shamhladh fear do bheusan, co a havla′ fer do veysan	Who would compare a man of thy smeddum (spirit)
Ri fion, tanadh, geur na Fraing? ri fi-on tana′ geyr na frayng	To wines thin and sharp of France?
Na dhi-moladh Mac-an-Toisaich, na yi-mola′ mac-an-toysaych	Or dispraise Macintosh,
Ach leibid nach oladh dram? ach lebid nach ola′ dram	Save a sneak that will not take a dram?
Fonn:—	*Chorus:—*
Glac an t-shearrag, lion a ghloinne, glac an terag li-on a yloynè	Seize the bottle, fill the glass,
Bh-uain am balach, gruamach, gann; vu-ayn am balach gru-am-ach gann	Hence, the boor churlish and scant;
Gille gasda, mac-na-bracha, gilli gasda mac-na-bra-cha	Noble youth, son of malt,
'S ioma gaisgeach ort an geal. 's i-oma gaysg-ech ort an gell	Many warriors pay court to thee.
Iogain crabhaidh bidh dhat dhiteadh, i-og-ayn cravay′ bi′ yat yite′	Lecturing hypocrites may abuse thee
Le cul-chaint tha daicheal feall; le cul-chaynt ha day-chel fēll	Behind thy back, in plausibly deceitful words;
Ged a chaineas iad le'm beoil u, ged a chaynes i-ad lem be-oyl u	But although they slander,
Olaidh iad u mar an t-alt.—Glac, &c. olay′ i-ad u mar an tālt	They drink thee like brook water.—Seize, &c.
A chleir fein ge seunt' an cota, a chleyr fēyn ge sēynt an cota	The clergy themselves, although their garb is saintly,
Tha na's leoir dhiu ort an geall, ha nas le-oyr yi-u ort an gell	Are, many of them, among thy devotees,

'S tha cuid ac' a ghabhas froileadh 's ha cuyd aca yavas froylè	And some of them enjoy a *bouse*
Cho math ri saighdear sa chamb.–Glac, &c. cho ma' ri say'-der sa cham	As well as any soldier in the camp.—Seize, &c.
C'oim mar a nitear dhuin banais, c'oym mar a nitear yuyn ban-ays	How could we wake a wedding,
Cumhnanta na ceangal teann? cuvnanta na cengal tenn	Or a binding contract?
Mar bi dram againn do'n chleireach, mar bi dram agayn don chley-rech	Unless we have a dram for the clerk,
Cha bhi moran spreig na pheann.–Glac, &c. cha vi moran spreyg na fenn	There will be little vigour in his pen.—Seize, &c.
Bu mhian leam fein, fhir mo chridhe, bu vi-an le-am feyn ir mo chri'-è	It is my own desire, son of my heart,
A bhi na d' chomunn nach gann; a vi na d' chomunn nach gann	To be in thy generous company;
'S tric a bha sinne nar dithis, 'stric a va sinne nar di'-is	Often have we two been together,
Gun phiob gun fhideil, a danns.–Glac, &c. gun fi-ob gun i'-eyl a danns	Without a pipe or fiddle, dancing.—Seize, &c.

The next specimen of the piob-reac which would have been submitted, had I been able to get a proper version of it, is that mentioned in the foot-note, Cill-a-Chriosd, (the Cell of Christ,) which originated thus:—The Mackenzies having adopted feudalism, adopted, of course, along with it the vital principle of the system, namely, that "might is right." Their chief, accordingly, determined to extend his possessions at the expense of his neighbours, the Macdonells of Glengarry. Having obtained a charter from the crown, which was ever ready to substitute feudal for patriarchal clans, he assembled his clan and feudal allies at different remote points, where they were concealed during the day, with the view of advancing under the cloud of the following night, for concentration on the borders of the doomed clan, who were to be taken by surprise. One of these parties was concealed in a church near Beauly. The illustrious loyalist, Allastair Dubh (duv) of Glengarry, being apprised of these secret movements, quietly collected his clan and friends, and determined to anticipate the enemy. He dispatched the celebrated Aillen Mac Raoil (ayllen mac raoyl) against the party hiding in Cill-a-Chriosd, (kill-a-chri-osd) while he himself, with his no less celebrated friend, Aillen Dubh na Fiadh, (ayllen duv na fi-a') proceded against the castle, where Mackenzie, in the blind confidence of security, had assembled, and was feasting, his chieftains, preparatory to a deadly attack on, as he supposed, his unprepared neighbours. Glengarry and his friends, when the feasting and mirth were at the highest, contrived to possess themselves of the stairs and all the passages to and from the hall, which was filled with hilarious bands of the clan Mackenzie, totally unconscious of their position. The late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder tells the result in an admirable paper in Tait's Magazine; but he does not seem to have obtained a proper

version of the tradition. Indeed, the writer of Highland tradition cannot be too cautious or particular in his inquiries, before committing himself to a tradition, for there are frequently different versions of the same; and although every one of them substantially agree, yet they may, and often do, differ in details creditable or discreditable to individuals. For instance, there was nothing more natural than that the indignant foes of Aillean Mac Raoil, as well as the religious fanatic, horrified at the destruction of Cill-a-Chriosd, should so tell the story as to lead to the belief that the church was burnt, in revenge, over the heads of a worshipping congregation, instead of over those of enemies, lurking there for the purpose of stealing more securely, and with more deadly success, on an unsuspecting clan. I had myself been misled by this version of the tradition; but with this explanation, the versions of the tradition published in the New Monthly and in Tait's Magazines are unexceptionable. Indeed, judging from tradition, there never were a people who, with all their injuries under the feudal usurpation, were less given to revenge than the old Highland clans. Two or three constitute all the instances recorded by tradition of Highland revenge,—the testimony of Sir Walter Scott and other feudalists notwithstanding.

The piob-reac commemorative of any striking event, was descriptive. Hence this tune contradicts the version of the tradition which makes Aillean Mac Raoil set fire to the church over the heads of a worshipping congregation; for although we cannot help fancying, when the tune is properly played, that we hear the flames rustling and bellowing through the blazing timbers of the resounding church, mingled with the angry remonstrances and half-smothered shouts of the warriors, while the wail of the sympathizing and generous minstrel himself permiates and inspires the whole piece, we do not find in it any representation of the more feeble plaints and moans of women. The absence of these, which, in all probability, would have formed the burden of the tune, had there been women among the victims, confirms the version of the tradition which states that there were none present excepting warriors who had been placed in ambush there.

I have been able to procure something resembling "A Cholla ma ruin" from a Highland friend, which I have submitted to the reader for want of a better. Perhaps it will enable him to conceive (with the aid of the illustrative words) what this piob-reac was when properly played. The above description of Cill-a-Chriosd has been written from my recollection of my father's description of it to an English gentleman, who had strong prejudices against bagpipe music; but who, on getting a key to its descriptive character, and hearing this noble tune played by John Macdonell, Glengarry's piper, became a perfect enthusiast for the music. I have not had an opportunity for some years of hearing the music of the war-pipe under circumstances which entitle me to speak with confidence on this subject, as the meetings of Highlanders are now held under patronage, and I cannot be a party to such repudiation of the feelings which characterized our ancestors as that implies. They clung endearingly and tenaciously to the patriarchal chleachda, which fostered and secured the manly

independence of spirit that could recognise no superiors excepting in the officials elected by themselves. But I greatly suspect, since the piper has become a domestic musician, that he finds it his interest to cultivate the tastes of strangers; and hence that this warlike music has been so toned down as to be a totally different thing from what it has been. Amazing loudness, which alone could enable it to give *reachd* or law to the movements of conflicting armies in the field of battle, was its peculiar characteristic; but the wonderful thing was, the scientific knowledge of sound by which these noble musicians so regulated the accompanying modulations of the three drones, as to render the piercing sound of the chanter, in a properly tuned pipe, under the fingers of a "Padruig," as sweet as that sweetest and best of all musical instruments—the violin. I have said that I may possibly be mistaken as to the total degeneracy of bagpipe music; but be that as it may, I went to a gentleman's piper recently, to get the piob-reachd of Cill-a-Chriosd for this work, and received a specimen, which is a much better imitation of the inexpressive notes, eternally repeated, that would be made by three unfortunate bumbees or blue-bottles imprisoned in a tin snuff-box, and struggling to get out by too narrow a slit in its cover, than a torrent of flame rushing and bellowing through the crashing timbers of resounding aisles, mingled with the angry remonstrances and maddened war-cries of burning and smothering warriors, strong and unyielding even in that extremity. I cannot caricature the warlike music of my country by publishing this specimen. If bagpipe music is reduced to this, let it die, and leave us to cherish its memory as an unmatched warlike national music.

Although the illustration of the variety and beauty of the numerous styles and measures of Gaelic poetry was not embraced by the plan of this treatise, I wrote some twelve pages between quotations and remarks on this very curious and interesting subject, which I find myself compelled to omit, owing to the limits originally assigned to the work. I regret this less, as I think that the songs to be submitted along with the melodies, will enable the English reader to form a pretty fair idea of the diversity of measures and styles cultivated by the bards. They did not cultivate metre, or lines ending in corresponding syllables; but they have much poetry which has such terminations, more, however, from accident than design. The art, apparently artless, with which they interspersed words of corresponding yet varied vowel and liquid sounds through their verses, is truly wonderful. Some of these variations are not less curious than pleasing, having a concord of vowels, without alliteration, running through the whole, and occurring in different parts of lines forming corresponding rhymes. I must forbear quotations; but cannot help submitting the following few verses from a warrior of some distinction in the wars of Montrose and Dundee, on a subject on which volumes have been written,—the praise of the different clans. Each of these pieces was usually called

ORAN NA'M FINEACHAN.—A SONG OF THE CLANS.

Si so'n aimsir an dearbhar si so'n aym-sir an der-vār	Now is the time to prove
An targanach dhuin, an tāraganach yuyn	The stability of the government,

'S bras meamneach fir Alba 's bras memenach fir alaba	The men of Alba having risen
Fo'n armaibh, 's nan luth ; fon arm-ayv 's nan lū'	Under arms, and in their vigour and might ;
Noir dh-eires gach treun laoch noyr yeyres gach treyn laoch	Now, when every strong hero
Na eide glan ur, na eyd-i glan ūr	Is in his clean, new costume,
Le run feirge is gairge le run feyrigé is gairgé	Indignantly and fiercely zealous
A thearmuin a chruin. a her-muyn a chruyn	For the restoration of the crown.
Theid maithabh na Galltachd heyd may'-av na gāll-tac	The good men of the Lowlands
Gle shanntach an gleus ; glé hānn-tach an gleys	Enter eagerly into action ;
Gur lionar steud sheang-mhear gur li-on-ar steyd heng-ver	Many is the steed slender and merry
A dhannsas le speis. a yann-sas le speys	That will prance under them.
Biodh Sassanaich cailte, bi' sassan-aych caylté	The English will be losers,
Is thoil iad an tein, is hoyl i-ad an teyn	And deserve to be put to an extremity,
'S bidh na Frangaich le'n cambaibh 's bi' na frang-aych len camb-ayv	And the French in their encampments
Gle theann air an deigh. gle henn ayr an dey'	Will be closely after them.

Before quoting the other two or three verses, which is all I can make room for of this song, I cannot help remarking, that the feeling toward the English expressed in the above verses, came down, at least among the adherents of the Stuart family, to my own time,—the commencement, I mean, of the war resulting from the French Revolution. This was shown by the 79th regiment, at a critical moment, on its first meeting with the French, under its illustrious founder and chief, Aillean of Earracht. This splendid officer heard a murmur passing through the ranks of the regiment as the French advanced,—"The French are the friends of our clan. They covered our retreat at Culloden. Let us fight the Red Coats." The colonel did not say a word; but he made a slight movement, which brought the Lochaber men within range of a distant volley from the French, when he exclaimed, in his own thundering voice,—"There they are, my lads; and if you don't kill them, by G—, they'll kill you." "Diol!" (ran with equal speed through the ranks,) "they have attacked our clan!" The Camerons, on finding themselves thus used, gave a speedy account of their French friends; and, from that day, there has not been in the army a more distinguished regiment for loyalty or bravery. The above feeling was reversed during the Peninsular war, as a consequence of the many glorious battles in

which the Englishman and the Highlander fought "shoulder to shoulder," not less than by the many generous and kindly acts that passed between them on the march and in the bivouac, in privation and festivity, during many a trying campaign, in which patriotism and glory were the compensation for toil and starvation. But in every, not merely Highland, but Scottish, Welsh, and Irish heart, worthy of their ancestors, there is a reaction against the English since the Peace. The vulgar and the ignorant, who are the cause of the reaction, of course cannot, or will not, see it, until too late. Nevertheless, no intelligent or gentlemanly Englishman can be ignorant of, or wonder at it. It is chiefly to be ascribed to the many English newspapers, conducted by editors who postpone gentlemanly feeling and an honest regard to the treaties by which the peoples of these kingdoms have been united on equal terms, to the ignoble purpose of *catering* for the tastes of the millions. These, to the discredit of journalism, avail themselves of every opportunity of levelling offensive, nay, insulting paragraphs at their fellow subjects of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland; and, in contradistinction, they extol to the skies the mythic Anglo-Saxons, as demigods, whose destiny,—as they loudly proclaim,—is to conquer and extirpate all other races of mankind! That the rude and ignorant should be the puppets of these ill-bred sycophants was to be expected; but that Governors of Colonies, Generals commanding armies, Admirals commanding navies, and not only Members of Parliament, but also the Members of Her Majesty's Government, should countenance these low writers, by adopting such a style to designate the Army and Navy, her Majesty's Government, and her Majesty's peoples, as ignores the Union, and is at once an illegal usurpation of supremacy by England over countries that she never conquered, and who formed an alliance with her on equal terms, is dishonourable and discreditable. This illegal, unpatriotic, and most ungentlemanly conduct, is most assuredly alienating every Welsh, Irish, and Scottish heart that cherishes for the nationalities for which our fathers fought, bled, and died, the high and holy feelings which their history is so well calculated to inspire. The time, therefore, will assuredly come, when the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scotch, will remember ancient and kindred ties, and feel bound in honour to break up the Union, for the purpose of getting quit of the degraded position in which they are thus placed in the empire. If they do not revive and cement ancient ties, and assert their right to have the empire called "The British Empire," the Government called "The British Government," and the Army and Navy called "The British Army and Navy," they will sink into nominal serfage, and lose every high and noble feeling to which man owes independance and freedom: for no people can be worthy of, or maintain their freedom, who are capable of allowing themselves to be swindled out of the nationality which is its sole guarantee.

Eiridh Clan-Dhomhnuil eyri' clan-yov-nuyl	Clan-Donuill will rise
Mar leoghainn am fearg, mar le-o-inn am ferag	Like lions enraged,

Na 'm beo-bhethir; mor leathunn na'm be-o-ve-ir mor le'-ann	Or live thunder-bolts; tall and stout
Connspanach garg. conn-span-ach garag	Are the heroes fierce.
Luchd a sheasaibh na corach, luc a hes-ayv na corach	They are the men to stand by the right,
Ga'n ordugh lamh-dhearg. gan ord-u' lav-yerag	Whose cognizance is the red hand.
Mo-dhoigh! bhiodh iad gorach mo-yoy' vi' i-ad gor-ach	Mo yoy! they would be mad
A thoisicheadh oirbh. a hoys-ich-a' oyrv	Who should begin the battle by attacking you.
Gur lionar lamh theoma gur li-o-nar lav he-o-ma	Many are the warriors
Thaig Eoghan Lochial. hayg e'-o-an loch-i-al	Of Owen of Lochiel.
Fir cholganta, bhorganta, fir cholag-anta vorg-anta	Rough and broad
Is oirdheirce gniomh. is oyr-yeyre-è gni-av	Are the heroes of deeds illustrious.
Iad mar thuil-bheum, air chorr-ghleus, i-ad mar huyl-veym ayr chorr-yleys	Like the spring-tide, or a mountain-spate,
Air chonfhadh ro dhion. ayr chona-ha' ro yi-on	They advance to battle.
Se mo dhuilsa 'n am rusgaidh, se mo yuyl-sa nam rusg-ay'	It is my opinion that, at stripping-time,
Nach diult sibh dol sios. nach di-ult siv dol si-os	They will not hesitate to descend.

The Highlanders of Druidal times placed something like a religious value on the orations delivered over their graves by the bards. Hence, as they always fought stripped to the kilt, they used to paint their crests on their bosoms, so as they might be recognised and distinguished in the conflict, as well as among the slain, should that be their fate. They so fought on the Grampians against the Romans, and at Killiecrankie against the Lowlanders and the English. Hence the bardic expression, "nam rusgaidh," stripping-time, which is synonymous with the command to charge. The Romans, on whose ignorance or dishonesty as regarded their enemies, modern philology is beginning to throw a light that will stagger some of their school-boyish admirers, represent the army of the Grampians, notwithstanding their own admission that they had swords, spears, poniards, standards, and chariots, as painted savages; but the English, who seem to have been equally ignorant or prejudiced, and who affected to regard the kilt as a mere rag tied round the loins, represent them only as naked savages. Both statements are of equal value for their historical honesty or truth. They have served their day. The practice of the pugilists to strip before setting-to, and of seamen to have devices painted on their arms by their comrades or sweethearts, before braving the dangers of "the battle and the

breeze," are, in all probability, only traditional relics of the old chivalrous Caledonian custom. I have known a young Highland gentleman of aristocratic birth and ideas, who, before going into battle along with our Yankee cousins against the Mexicans, got the crown and British ensign painted on his arm by a friend, that he might not be mistaken for a republican even after death; so much was he disgusted with the coarse manners resulting from the levelling principles of republicanism.

Gur guineach na Duimhnich, gur guyn-ech na duy-nich	Fierce are the Campbells,
'Nam rusgadh nam lann, nam rus-ga' nam lann	When swords are drawn from their sheaths,
Bidh naimhdean ga'n ruagadh bi' nayv-din gan ru-a-ga'	Enemies will be scattered
Le'n cruadal nach fann; len cru-a-dal nach fann	By their hardihood and might;
Dream uasal ro uaibhreach, drem u-a-sal ro u-ayv-rech	The tribe high-blooded and illustrious,
Dh-fhag dual ann san Fhraing; yag du-al ann san rayng	Has left a branch in France;
'S ann O Dhiarmaid a shiolaich sann o yi-ar-mayd a hi-ol-aych	From Diarmaid are descended
'M por miaghael nach gann. 'm por mi-a'-yel nach gann	The clan noble and numerous.

Ayrshire was the original district in Scotland of the Campbells, or, as they were called, Clan Duibhnidh. The burial-place of the patriarch of the clan is near the village of Barr, on the banks of the Dian-char; *dian*, from rapid, and *car*, from sudden windings, now called Stinchar. The name of the burial-place was Cill Dhuibhnidh, (kīll yuyv-ni) the grave of Duibhnidh, corrupted into Kirk-damdi. The etymon of Duibhnidh, Latinized *damni* by the Romans, resolves itself into the roots, *dubh*, (duv) black, and *nibhidh*, (ni-vi) venomous; that is, the black and fierce, pronounced *duv-nivi*. Burns, in "The Vision," refers to the traditional power of the Campbells in Ayrshire.

Having been born at Creaguaine, the very centre of the scenery made classical by the "Aged Bard," Domhnul Mac-Innlaidh, and Iain Lom, I may be excused in giving precedence to my native bards in the following quotations, which may be said to form separate links in a connected chain of Gaelic poems, from the time of Ossian to the present day. I regret the necessity of so limiting my quotations as to do a manifest injustice to these three Brae-lochaber bards.

MIAN A BHAIRDE THUAIR AOIS.—THE DESIRE OF THE BARD WHO RECEIVED AGE.

Gu socair sin san fheur mo thaobh, gu soc-ayr sin san eyr mo haov	Lay me gently on my side in the grass,
Air bruach nan dithean 's nan gaodh-tlath, air bru-ach nan di-en 's nan gao'tla'	On a bank of flowers and soft winds,

Mo chas ga slioba sa bhraon mhaoth,
mo chos ga slib-a sa vraon vao′
A lubas mal is caoin tre'n bhlar.
a lubas mal is caoyn tre'n vlar.

My feet laved by the mild streamlet
That winds slowly and genially through the meadow.

Aig iadhadh mu bhruaichaibh mo ghlinn,
ayg i-a′-a′ mu vru-ach-ayv mo ylinn
Biodh luba gheugan 's orra blath;
bi-o′ luba yeyg-an 's orra bla′
'S clann bheag nan preas a tabhairt seinn,
's clann veg nan pres a tav-ayrt seynn
Air creagan aosd' le 'n orain ghraidh.
ayr creg-an aosd le 'n o-rayn yray′

Around the lofty borders of my glen,
Be the bending of boughs in full leaf,
And the little children of the coppice,
Making the aged rocks re-sing their lays of love.

Bidh ard oscion dosan na 'm beann,
bi ard os-ci-on dosan na m benn
Le cumhadh do ghaoil na d' mhin bheul,
le cuva′ do yaoyl na d' vin-veyl
Eala thrial o thir nan stuadh,
ella h-ri-al o hir nan stu-a′
Is seinn dhomh ceol an aird nan speur.
is seynn yov ce-ol an ayrd nan speyr

High above the wood-crowned mountain,
With thy song of love in thy tender voice,
Be thou swan, from the land of waves,
Singing music to me high among the fleecy clouds.

Tog na 's airde t-oran ciuin,
tog na s ayrdé t-or-an ci-uyn
'S cuir sgeula do bhroin an ceil,
s cuyr sgey-là do vroyn an ceyl
'S glacaidh mactallaidh* gach ciuil,
's glac-ay′ mac-tall-ay′ gac ci-uyl
Gach sgeul tursach o d' bhinn-bheul.
gach sgeyl tur-sach o d' vinn-veyl

Higher raise thy lovely song,
And disclose thy cause of grief,
The son* who fascinates all music,
Will learn every tale of sorrow from thy sweet voice.

Tog do sgiath is trial their cuan,
tog do sgi-a′ is tri-al hayr cu-an
Glac do luathas bho neart na gaoidh.
glac do lu-a′-as vo nert na gaoy′
'S taitneach, ce bronach am chluais,
's tayt-nech ce bronach am chlu-ays
O d' chridhe leointe t-oran gaoil.
o d' chri′-é le-oynté t-oran gaoyl

Spread thy wings, fly over the sea,
Catch speed from the strength of the wind.
Pleasant, though mournful, to my ear
Is the song of love from thy wounded heart.

Cairibh mi dluth do'n Eas-mhor,
cayr-iv mi dlu′ do'n es vor
Bhristeas ann an tarn o'n chreig,
vris-tes ann an tarn on chreyg
Biodh cruit agus slige ri 'm thaobh,
bi-o chruyt agus sleg-é ri m haov
'S an sgiath dhion mo shinnsir sa chath.
's an sgi-a′ yi-on mo hinn-sir sa cha′

Lay me by the side of Eas-mor,
That bursts in thunder over the rock,
Let the lyre and shell be by my side,
And the shield that covered my sires in battle.

* "Mac-tallaidh," echo; literally, the fascinator.

Thig le cairdes thair a chuan, hig le cayr-des thayr a chu-an	Come in kindness over the sea,
Osag mhin a ghluaises, mall, os-ag vin a ylu-ays-es mall	Mild breeze that travels slow;
Tog mo cheo air sgiath do luathais, tog mo ché-o ayr sgi′-a′ do lu-ays	Lift my mist on the wing of thy speed,
'S dian t-'iul gu eillean nam flath, 's di-an ti-ul gu eyllen nam fla′	And make thy way to the Isle of Heroes,*
Far bhiel na suin bu chruaidh o shean, bar veyl na suyn bu chru-ay o hen	Where dwell the warriors who stood hardily of old,
Air cul nan lann a dhionadh sluaigh,— ayr cul nan lann a yi-on-a′ slu-ay′	Behind their weapons to defend the peoples,—
Oissian, Oscar, Goll, is Fion.— oyss-en oscar goll is fi-on	Fion, Ossian, Oscar, and Goll.—
Thig am feasgar 's cha bhi 'm bard air bhradh. hig am fesg-ar 's cha vi m bard ayr vra′	When evening comes, the bard will be amissing.

The above is simply the opening and closing verses of this admirable poem. The next specimen is from the poem of "The Hunter and the Owl," the scene of which is also in Brae-lochaber. I regret the injustice of giving mere extracts from these poems, but console myself in the hope that the educated reader will make an allowance for the injury done to the fame of these bards, both by that and the severe translation, and that I am giving them a chance of becoming known to a class of new readers, who may ultimately appreciate their poetry, and do them justice.

AN SEALGAR 'S A CHOMHACHAG.—THE HUNTER AND THE OWL.

A chomhachag bhochd na Sroine, a cho-ach-ag voc na sroyné	Poor owl of Srone,
Gur a bronach leom do leabadh, gur a bron-ach le-om do lepa′	Thine is a pitiful bed;
Ma tha u ann bho linn Donnaghaill, ma ha u ann bho linn donn-yayll	If thou hast lived (here) since the days of Donnagall,
Chan ioghnadh leam ge trom u t-aigneadh, &c. &c. cha n i-o′n-a′ le-am ge trom u tayg-ne′	I wonder not that thy mind is heavy. &c. &c.

I cannot follow the long traditional and very interesting discourse between the hunter and the aged and intelligent owl, but must confine myself to a few such verses as may enable the reader to form some estimate of the rude and savage character of the Highland deer-stalkers and warriors of the fifteenth century.

* Tradition assigns this bard to the age immediately preceding the introduction of Christianity to Lochaber.

'S mi 'm shuidhe air sith-bhrugh na'm beann, 's mim huy'-é ayr si'-vru' nam benn	I am sitting on the fairy-hill of the mountains,
Aig amharc air ceann Locha-treig, ayg av-arc ayr cenn locha-treyg	Gazing at the head of Lochtreig,
Creag-uaine am biodh an t-shealg, creg-u-aynè am bi-o' 'n tel-ag	Craig-uaine, sacred to the chase,—
Griauan ard am bidh na feigh. gri-an-an ard am bi' na fey'	The lofty sunny residence of the deer.
Chi mi braigh Bhidean nan dos, chi mi bray' vid-en nan dos	I see the crest of wooded Bidean,
An taobhsa bhos do Sgurra-lidh, an taov-sa vos do sgura-li'	This side of Scurra-li,
Sgurra-chointich nan damh seang.— sgurra-choyn-tich nan dav seng	Sgurra-chointich of slender stags.—
'S ionmhuin leam an diugh na chi! 's i-on-vuyn le-am an di-u' na chi	Dear to me are all I this day see!
Chi mi Strath-farsuin a chruidh, chi mi stra'-far-suyn a chruy'	I see Strath-farsun of milk-kine,
Far an labhur guth nan sonn, far an la-vur gu' nan sonn	Where loudest is the bay of the gallant hound,
Is coire creagach a Mhaim. is coyré creg-ach a vaym	And the rocky corrie of Mam,
'Sa 'n tric a leag mo lamh damh donn. sa'n tric a leg mo lav dav donn	Where my arm often struck down the brown stag.
Soirridh gu Bein-alta bh-uam, soyrr-i' gu beyn-alta vu-am	Bear my salute to Benalta,
O'n si fhuair urram na'm beann, o'n si hu-ayr urram nam benn	The praised above all mountains,
Gu slios Locherroch an fheidh.— gu slis loch-erroch an ey'	And to Locherroch of many stags.—
Gu'm ionmhuin leam fein bhi ann. gum i-on-vuyn le-am feyn vi ann	Dearly I loved to be there.
'S tiamhaidh trom mo chridhe fein; 's ti-av-ay' trōm mo chri'-é feyn	Pensive and heavy is mine own heart;
Chuir an aois mo cheum fo lot, chuyr an aoys mo cheym fo lot	Age has put my step under a wound,
Cha dirich mi tulach an fheidh, cha dir-ich mi tul-ach an ey'	No more will I ascend the mountains of the deer,
'S gu la bhrath cha leig mi coin. 's gu la vra' cha leyg mi coyn	Never again slip my dogs.
Mise is t-usa ghaodhair bhain, misé is tus-a yao'ayr vayn	Me and thee, my white hound,
'S tursach dhuin an diugh na threig; 's tursach yuyn an di-u' na h-reyg	Sorrowful is all we have this day forsaken;

Chail sinn an tathunn 's an dan, chayl sinn an ta'-unn san dan	We have lost the baying voice and the lay,
Ged bha am a b-ard air gleus. ged va am a b-ard ayr gleys	Though the day has been when lofty was our condition.
Thug a choille dhiotsa'n earb', hug a choylle yi-ot-san erab	The wood from thee has taken the roe,
'S an airde dhiom 'sa na feidh ;— 's an ayr-de yi-om sa na fey'	The heights from me have taken the stag ;—
Cha'n eil naire dhuin a laoich, cha'n eyl nayre yuyn a laoych	But that is no reproach, my hero,
O'n laidh an aois oirn le chul. on lay' an aoys oyrn le chuyl	Since age has settled on us alike.

As we have in "The Ancient Bard's Desire," "The Hunter and the Owl," Iain Lom, &c., different and distinct specimens of Lochaber poetry, until within these three hundred years, I may almost say from Ossian's time, perhaps, to illustrate what has been stated as to the preservation of the language in unchanged purity for ages, it may interest the reader if I here submit verses written by myself on the subject of a traditional interview between a hunter from the Isle of Skye and a Lochaber fairy. This ballad was written immediately after hearing "Cailleach Beinne-bric ho ro," played on the piano in Mrs Macdonell of Kippoch's peculiarly touching and fairy-like style; and I thought that I had written the words to suit her set of the air precisely, but on hearing it played, from Mrs Macdonell's copy, by Miss Macgregor, Lismore Manse, I found that I had adapted the words of the chorus, unconsciously, to the version sung by my mother, which is different. On *crooning* that version to Miss Macgregor, (for I no longer sing,) she found that it corresponded with the version of the chorus sung by Captain Ross, an uncle of her mothers,—another true-hearted descendant of the chivalrous Sir Ewen of Lochiel. Miss Macgregor having kindly jotted down this set of the chorus for me, I substituted it for the chorus of Mrs Macdonell's version. I had no opportunity of consulting her before doing so; but I hope she will not disapprove of the change, since it harmonizes pretty well with her own version. Every other note of her version has been faithfully preserved in the following set, kindly arranged for me by Miss Macgregor.

A MHAIGHDEANN SHITH 'S AN SEALGAIR.—THE FAIRY-MAIDEN AND THE HUNTER.

An Sealgair. an sella-ger	The Hunter.
A mhaighdeann shith is milse teud, a vay'den hi is milse teyd	Maiden fairy of the sweetest chords,
Air tolman min a frith nan treud, ayr toloman min a fri' nan treyd	(When) on a hillock smooth, in the forest of the herd,
Leis a mian a bhiolair uaine,— leys a mi-an a vil-ayr u-ayne	Whose delight is the cresses green,—
Solar buain na fuaran fas ; solar bu-ayn na fu-ar-an fas	The bounty lasting of springs in the desert ;

Thainig mi a tir nan stuaidh,
hayn-ig mi a tir nan stu-ay′

Is gairge sgread air sgearraen cruaidh,
is gayrege sgred ayr sgerren cru-ay′

A dh-asla sgeul air am nan cian
a yasla sgeyl ayr am nan ci-an

'O d' bheulan seante 's miaghail dain.
od veylan se-ante 's mi-a-yayl dayn

Fonn :—

Seinn da mi oran cianael,
seynn da mi oran ci-an-el

Shith-bhrugh aillidh nan teud sianael;
hi′ vru′ ayli′ nan teyd si-an-el

Seinn da mi oran cianael,
seynn da mi oran ci-an-el

Shith-bhrugh aillidh nan tor* ard.
hi′ vru′ ayli′ nan tor ard

I have come from the land of the waves,

That fiercest shriek on sea-rocks hard,

To entreat tales of times of old

From thy charmed mouth of precious lays.

Chorus :—

Sing to me the song pensive

Of the fairy-knowe beautiful, of charmed strings;

Sing to me the song pensive,

Of the fairy-knowe beautiful of wooded mountains high.

A Mhaighdeann Shith.
a vayden hi′

The Fairy Maiden.

Noir thionaeles a mhaighdeann shith
noyr heneles a vay′den hi′

Treud a gaoil air raon san fhrith,
treyd a gaoyl ayr raon san ri′

Gu mire-chleas an comhstri mhin,
gu mire-chles an cov-stri vin

Se 'm bas a bhinn bheir airm nan dail.
sem bas a vinn veyr ayrm nan dayl

Tilg air lar gorm lann na'm beum,
tilig ayr lar gorm lann nam beym

A bheudag† ghlas is sgaiteach teum,
a veyd-ag ylas is sgayt-ech teym

'S do shaighead bhorb is tric, a leum,
s do hay-ed vorb is tric a leym

An cridhe feil, ceann-treud mo ghraidh.
an cri′-e feyl cenn-treyd mo yray′

Fonn :—

Cha sheinner leom oran cianael,
cha heynner le-om oran ci-an-el

Shith-bhrugh aillidh nan teud sianael;
hi′-vru′ ayli nan teyd si-on-el

Cha sheinner leom oran cianael,
cha heynner le-om oran ci-an-el

Gus an tilg u t-airm air lar.
gus an tilig u tayrm ayr lar

When gathers the maiden fairy

The herd she loves, on a level space in the forest

To compete in merry feats and kindly games,

Death is his doom who approaches armed.

Fling on earth thy blue blade keen,

Thy dirk† grey of deadly bites,

Thy arrow fierce, that often leapt

Into the mild heart of the head of the herd I love.

Chorus :—

I sing not the song plaintive

Of the fairy knowe beautiful, of charmed chords;

I sing not the song plaintive,

Until you fling your arms on the ground.

* "Tor," a wooded hill.

† "Dirk;" literally, the little deadly one, as above spelt.

An Sealgair.

Na tairg a mhaighdeann riomhach tair,
na tayr-ig a vayden ri-vach tayr
Do f hriamh de thealach Chuinn nan air,
do ri-av de hel-ach chuynn nan ayr
Cha dual gu'n gabh e fiamh na fath,
cha du-al gun gav e fi-av na fa'
'S fo bhagradh choidh cha treig e lann;
s fo vag-ra' choy cha treyg e lann
Ach bu trice a gheil bho'n chein,
ach bu trice a yeyl von cheyn
Do chumhachd graidh an t-armunn trein,
do chn-ac gray an tarmunn treyn
A bhuail an ioma gabhadh steinn,
a vu-ayl an i-oma gava' steynn
Na'm balach breun 's an ceillean fann,
nam balach breyn san ceyllen fann
Seinn da mi, *et cetera.*

The Hunter.

Offer not, maiden queenly, an indignity
To a root of the family of Conn of battle-fields.
It is not natural that he should take (either) fear or an advantage,
And never, under a threat, will he forsake his blade;
But more often has yielded, from remote ages,
To the power of love, the hero strong,
Who has struck hard (blows) in many extremities,
Than the boor coarse, or the poltroon feeble.
Sing to me, &c.

A Maighdeann Shith.

Oh 's taitneach leom do cholg 's do shnuadh,
oh s tayt-nech le-om do cholg s do nu-a'
A shealgaer bhuirb bho thir nan stuadh!
a hellager vuyrb vo hir nan stu-a'
Ach fear fo airm san diomhair reidh,
ach fer fo ayrm san di-vayr rey'
Tha siant am f heith cha'n f haidh mo ghradh.
ha si-ant am ey' chan ay' mo yra'
Till gu'n dail do'n eillean Sgiathach,*
till gun dayl don eyllen sgi'-ach
Far am bith na roin 'g easgach,
far am bi' na royn ag i-as-gach
'S ceigagan na cota stiallach,
s ceyg-ag-an na cota sti-al-ach
Tional maorach liadh air traigh.
tenal maor-ach li-a' ayr tray'
Cha sheinner leom, *et cetera.*

The Maiden Fairy.

Oh! delightful to me is thy bearing and aspect,
Hunter fierce from the land of waves!
But to a man under arms in the secret haunts
Consecrated to my deer, I give not my love.
Return without delay to the Isle of Skye,*
Where seals (will be) fishing,
And dumpy ones (women) with stripped petticoats,
Gathering grey shellfish on the beach.
I sing not, &c.

An Sealgair.

Si an acain 's ionmhain ghuidh mi riamh,
si an ac-ayn s i-on-vayn yuy' mi ri-av
U thighinn a ghaoil le d' bhaidean f hiadh,
u hi'nn a yaoyl le d vayden i-a'

The Hunter.

It is the dearest wish I ever prayed,
That you should come, love, with your parcel of deer

* The Isle of Skye; literally, the isle of wings, as above spelt.

Do Shleibhte tlath, na fasach fial,
do leyv-te tla′ na fa-sach fi-al

Na glacan, mianar biadhar trath;
na glac-an mi-an-ar bi-a-yar tra′

Sa bheil ioma coire buadhar,
sa veyl i-oma coyre bu-a-yar

'S torrach cluain 's as airde fuarain,
s torrach clu-ayn sas ayrde fu-a-rayn

Sgeideachte le biolair uaine,
sgeyd-ech-te le bil-ayr u-ayne

Is blaiste sugh sas uire sgiamh.
is blayste su′ sas uyre sgi-av

Seinn da mi, *et cetera.*

To Sleat mild, of forests hospitable,

Of hollows desirable, grassy, early;

Where there are many corries fertile,

Of beautiful meadows, and lofty springs

Arrayed with cresses green,

Of tasteful juice and the freshest colour.

Sing to me, &c.

A Mhaighdeann Shith.

'S mor a b-annsa Buachail-eite,
s mor a bann-sa bu-a-chayl-eyte

'N Coire-ba, sa'm Binnein eatrome,
n coyre-ba sam binn-eyn e-trom

Cruach-nam-beunn is airde nan Creisein,
cru-ach-nam-beynn is ayrd nan creyseyn

'S Beinn-na-doirrean,* mian nam bard;
s beynn-na-doyrren mi-an nam bard

'S cha bu diubhaidh Beinn-a-chrulaist,
s cha bu di-uvay beynn-a-chru-layst

Na Beinn-bhreac nan aighean ludhmhor,
na beyn-vrec nan ay′-en lu′-vor

Strath-Oissian nan luban curaidh,
sra′-oys-oyn nan luban cur-ay′

'S Creaguaine nan uigean tlath.
s creg-u-ayne nan uygen tla′

Cha sheinnear, *et cetera.*

The Fairy Maiden.

Much more I love Buachail-eite,

The Corrie-ba and Binnein airy,

Cruch-nam-ben and the heights of Creisen,

And Bendoran,* the delight of the bards;

Nor less valued is Ben-a-chrulaist,

Or Benvreac of hinds nimble,

Strath-Ossian of the *holms* sweet,

And Creaguaine of mild (sheltered) recesses.

I sing not, &c.

An Sealgair.

Oh, thig do dh-uamh Strathard nan seud,
oh hig do yu-av stra′ard nan seyd

Far am binne ceol nan teud,
far am binne ce-ol nan teyd

A dh-eisteachd sgeul air deuchain graidh,
a yeystec sgeyl ayr dey-chayn gray′

A thiondas cridhe caoin gu baigh,
a hi-on-das cri′-e caoyn gu bay′

A leaghaes is a laises suil,
a le-as is a layses suyl

A bheir air cuisle eridh dluth,
a veyr ayr cuysle eyri′ dlu′

The Hunter.

Oh, come to Strathard's cave of gems,

Where sweetest is the music of the chords,

To listen to a tale of ill-fated love,

That will turn the tender heart to pity,

Melt and kindle the eye,

Make the pulse beat quick,

* Bendoran; literally, the mountain of storms.

Air maighdean f hiata cinntinn tlath,
ayr may'dayn i-a-ta cintinn tla'
Is geiltein foil do bhoidean blath.
is geylt-eyn foyl do voyden bla'
Seinn da mi, *et cetera.*

The maiden shy become sympathetic,
And yield kindly to vows warm.
Sing to me, &c.

A Mhaighdeann Shith.

B-annsa leom sith-bhrugh Lochtreig,
b-annsa le-om si'-vru' loch-treyg
Far a bheil na suinn a threig,
far a veyl na suyn a h-reyg
Euchd nam blar is tart nam buaidh,
eyc nam blar is tart nam bu-ay
Fo gheisean* gaoil a maoin san luaidh;
fo yeys-en gaoyl a maoyn san lu-ay
Iad gu'n uidh air frith na raoin,
i-ad gun uy' ayr fri' na raoyn
Gach suidh air uchd a leannean chaoin,
gach suy ayr uc a lennan chaoyn
A claisteinn comhstri dhan is theud,
a chlaysteynn cov-stri yan is heyd
Fo sgail-bhrat laist le mile seud.
fo sgayl-vrat layst le mile seyd
Cha sheinnear, *et cetera.*

The Maiden Fairy.

More I love the fairy-knowe of Lochtreig,
Where dwell the heroes who forsook
The pomp of battle-fields and the thirst of victories,
Under the enchanting* love of their treasured, their cherished;
Unmindful of forest or moor,
Each worthy reclines on the bosom genial of her he loves,
Listening to the competition of song, with the music of chords,
Under a canopy lighted with a thousand gems.
I sing not, &c.

* The idea of heroes being put under enchantment by malignant or amorous supernatural beings, seems familiar to the lore of all countries, since the days of Homer and the Syrens; but it is not in the brugh of Lochtreig, but in that of Tom-na-hiuirich that the Feinn were put under enchantment. Alexander Gillies, the great Glengarry tale-reciter, used to recite a touching romance of the Feinn; who, one day, when hunting on Meal-fuar-mhonaidh, had been enticed on an adventure of exploration into the Sith-bhrugh of Tom-na-hiuirich, near Inverness, by a sorceress of Lochlin, and were there placed under enchantment. Here they were doomed to lie stretched around the cave, side by side, in a profound sleep, arrayed in their full costume and arms, with the hand of each warrior on the hilt of his sword, ready for action, the moment the charm should be terminated; which, however, it never would, until three blasts should be blown on a war-trumpet, suspended behind the gate of the cave. The legend gave an exceedingly graphic description of a chivalrous tailor who took upon himself, on a Halloween-night, when all fairy-knowes are open, to attempt the adventure of setting the Feinn free. He entered the brugh of Tom-na-hiuirich, in which darkness was made visible by a lurid glare of supernatural light, which exposed to the the eyes of the startled tailor a row of warriors of a supernatural size, stretched prone on their shields, but in their complete war panoply, around the cave. Though staggered by their enormous size, and the fierce scowl which contracted their brows and compressed their lips, (and he had some misgiving as to the fate of mankind should such savage-looking giants be set loose upon them,) he screwed up his courage, and determined at least to sound one blast of the trumpet, and have a parley with them. He blew a blast, and so loud and terrific was the sound, that Tom-na-hiuirich shook to its base, and the distant mountains reverberated. The great warriors opened their eyes, and stared at the tailor with an incomprehensible look; but they did not move. He was greatly frightened, and had sad misgivings; but rallying his staggered senses by degrees, he blew a second blast. The great warriors rose slowly to their left knees, and leant forward in an incumbent position on their elbows, their hands grasping the hilts of their half-unsheathed swords, and cast eager but indefinable glances at the tailor, who felt himself impelled by a sudden panic, dashed the trumpet to the ground, and sprang out of the cave. Here he stood for a moment in compassion and doubt, hearing a moan spreading through the cave, while the following words were uttered in a voice in which scorn struggled with sorrow, "A leabeadean 's mise dh-f hag na thuir;"—poltroon, worse you left than found (us.)

An Sealgair.

B-annsa seasabh leat a ruin,
b-annsa sesav let a ruyn
Gu allail ard air braigh an duin,
gu allayl ard ayr bray′ an duyn
Noir dh-eires muir na morachd f'hein
noyr yeyres muyr na mor-ac feyn
Thoirt dubhlan do na duilean trein;
hoyrt duvlan do na duylen treyn
Noir laises dealan slios a chuain,
noyr layses delan slis a chu-ayn
Sa mhosglas tarn le beucan buain,
sa vosglas tarn le beyc-an bu-ayn
Sa ruaigeas tuinn na cabhlaich aigh,
sa ru-ayges tuynn na cav-laych ay′
Air sgearraen cruaidh gun tuar gun bhaigh.
ayr sgerren cru-ay′ gun tu-ar gun vay′

Seinn da mi, *et cetera.*

The Hunter.

Rather would I take my stand with thee, love,
Proudly and loftily on the dun,
When rises the ocean in majesty (all) his own,
To give defiance to the elements strong;
When lightning kindles the bosom of the deep,
And thunder opens with continuous bellowing,
And the waves drive routed and magnificent navies,
On sea-rocks hard, sightless and pitiless.

Sing to me, &c.

A Mhaighdeann Shith.

B-annsa a bhith an sgiort na stairm,
b-annsa a vi′ an sgirt na stayrm
Air uchd Sgureilt is uamhain gairm,
ayr uc sgureylt is u-av-ayn gayrm
Noir chluinnear, sior san dubhradh, tarn
noyr chluynner si-or san duvra′ tarn
Nach caomhain le bheathir creag na carn,
nach covayn le ve′-ir creg na carn
Noir theid an dealan dearg na thein,
noyr heyd an delan derag na heyn
Sa labhras reachdar beinn ri beinn,
sa lavras rec-ar beynn ri beynn
Toirt caismeachd ghairbh do thaibhsean fuar,
toirt cays-mec yayrv do hayv-sen fu-ar
Is gairge siann sas oiltel tuar.
is gayrge si-ann sas oyltel tu-ar

Cha sheinnear, *et cetera.*

The Maiden Fairy.

More I love to be in the skirt of the storm,
On the breast of Scureilt of the terrible war-cry,
When is heard, straight in the profound darkness, thunder
That with his bolts spares not rock nor avalanche;
When goes the lightning red into extremes,
When mountain speaks haughtily to mountain,
Giving a warning surly to ghosts pale,
Of horrid shrieks and the most hideous aspects.

I sing not, &c.

An Sealgair.

Oh, thig a thuni leom a ghaoil,
oh hig a huni le-om a yaoyl
Do'm bhuthean seal aig taobh a chaoil,
do m vu′-an sel ayg taov a chaoyl
Bho faicer dluth is fada bh-uain,
vo fayc-er dlu′ is fada vu-ayn
Sealla bheann, is ghleann, is chuain.
sella veynn is ylenn is chu-ayn

The Hunter.

Oh come and dwell with me, love,
In my booth of osiers beside the strait,
Where is seen, near and afar,
A sight of mountains, glens, and seas.

'S noir theid a ghrian na pailluinn shiar, s noyr heyd a yri-an na paylluynn hi-ar	And when goes the sun into his pavilion in the west,
Sa che fo sgail an f heasgair chiair, sa chĕ fo sgayl an esgayr chi-ayr	And the world under the mantle of evening swarthy,
Cluinnear linn ceol binn nan teud, cluynner linn ce-ol binn nan teyd	Will be heard by us music from the sweetest chords,
Is eachdridh shair am blair nam beud. is ec-ri′ hayr am blayr nam beyd	And the history of heroes in the battles of wounds.
Seinn da mi, *et cetera.*	Sing to me, &c.

A Mhaighdeann Shith.	The Fairy Maiden.
'S tuille 's fada 'n diugh air ceillidh, s tuylle s fada 'n di-u′ ayr ceyli′	Too long, to-day, have we tarried
A Mam-mor na fasach feille, a mam-mor na fasach feylli′	In Mam-mor of forests genial ;
Siubhladh mid gu h-eatrom eibhein, si-uv-la′ mid gu he-trom eyveyn	Travel we lightly and joyously,
Gu Lochtreig nan reidhlean tlath. gu loch-treyg nan reylen tla′	To Lochtreig of pleasant meadows.
Siubhladh mid fiamhaidh, fairrel, si-uv-la′ mid fi-avi′ fayrrel	Travel we warily, shyly,
Fiamhaidh, fairrel, fiamhaidh, fairrel, fi-avi′ fayrrel fi-avi′ fayrrel	Warily, shyly, warily, shyly ;
Shiubhladh mid fiamhaidh, fairrel, si-uv-la′ mid fi-avi′ fayrrel	Travel we warily, shyly,
Gu Lochtreig nan reidhlein tlath, gu loch-treyg nan rey′-leyn tla′	To Lochtreig of pleasant meadows,
Far an seinnear orain chianael, far an seynner o-rayn chi-an-el	Where sung is the song plaintive
Shith-bhrugh aillidh nan teud seunael ; hi-vru ayli′ nan teyd seynnel	Of the fairy-knowe beautiful, of charmed chords ;
Far an seinnear orain chianael, far an seynner o-rayn chi-anel	Where sung is the song plaintive
Shith-bhrugh aillidh nan tor ard. hi-vru′ ayle nan tor ard	Of the fairy-knowe beautiful, of wooded mountains high.

Before entering on the song part of the work, I beg to submit a specimen of Duncan Ban's descriptive poem of Corriecheathaich, to enable the reader to appreciate the correctness of Lord Macaulay's statement, that a love of landscape is a taste of modern times. Had he read Gaelic poetry, he might have been saved from the utterance of this and many opinions that do him little credit, either as a man or a historian. I regret giving only a few lines of this poem.

COIRE-A-CHEATHAICH.—LITERALLY, THE CORRIE OF THE MIST.

Sa mhadain chiun-gheal an am dhomh dusgadh, sa vad-ayn chi-un-yel an am yov dusg-a′	In the morning mild and bright, when

Aig bun na stuice be 'n sugra leom,
ayg bun na stuyc-è be'n su-gra le-om

A chearc le sgiucan a gabhail tuchain,
a cherc le sgi-uc-an a ga-vayl tu-chayn

'S an coileach curtail a durdail trom;
'san coylech curt-ayl a durd-ayl trom

An dreathan surdail 's a ribhid chiuil aige,
an dre'-an surd-ayl sa ri-vid chi-uyl ayg-é

A cuir nan smuid dheth gu luthar binn;
a cuyr nan smuyd ye' gu lu'-ar binn

An truid 's am bru-dhearg le moran unaich,
an truyd sam bru-yerag le moran un-aych

Ri ceileir sundach bu shiubhlach rann.
ri ceyleyr sundach bu hi-ul-ach rann

Rising at the foot of a rock, it was my delight
To hear the heath-hen plaintively murmuring her carrol,
And the black-cock courteously crooning his response deep;
The wren merrily tuning her chanter musical,
And piping ("with might and main") nimbly and sweetly;
The linnet and the red-breast ostentatiously,
Breathing joyous lays in flowing numbers.

Tha maladh ghruamach do bhiolair uaine
ha mal-a' yru-a-mach do vil-ayr u-aynè

Mu na h-uile fuaran a tha san fhonn,
mu na h-uyle fu-a-ran a ha san onn

Is doire shealbhag am bun nan garbhchlach,
is doyr hela-vag am bun nan garv chlach

Is grinneal gainbhich gu minibh-gheal pronn,
is grinnel gaynv-ich gu min-iv-yel pronn

Nan glugabh plumbach air ghoil gun aon-teas,
nan glug-av plum-bach ayr yoyl gun aon-tes

Ach coileach buirn tighin a grund eas-lom;
ach coylech buyrn ti'-in a grund es-lom

Gach sruthan uasal le chuailean* dughorm,
gach sru'-an u-a-sal le chu-ayl-en du yorm

A ruith tre luib na thair stuic nan steall.
a ruy' tre luyb na hayr stuyc nan ste-all

There is a shaggy brow of green cresses
Around every spring in the forest,
A grove of sorrel around the rough stones,
And in every channel a thick covering of powered sand,
With basin-like hollows, in which, boiling without heat,
Bubbles up a cock of water from its polished fountain;
Every gentle streamlet, with its dark-blue cuy-len,*
Meandering through meadows, or leaping over rocks in mimic waterfalls.

* There are some Gaelic words that cannot be translated into English without a violation of the characteristic delicacy and refinement of feeling which they imply. It would occupy too much space to illustrate here a question of philology which involves a peculiarity in the character of a people. I may observe, however, that it would shock the delicacy of an ancient Highlander to designate the natural covering of a woman's head and a cow's tail by the same name. Nay, more: he could not call the hair of a grey-headed harridan and of a modest and beautiful woman, by the same name. His general name for the human hair is "folt," and for the hair of animals, "fionna;" but he calls the flowing ringlets of the young and beautiful, "cuailean," and the hair of the aged and plain, "folt." I am, therefore, at a loss how to render either "cuailean" or "cuaineal," which occur in these verses, into English, without doing violence to the good taste of the bard and the genius of the language. I must, therefore, beg to be excused for retaining a few of these peculiar words, and leaving the text to explain their meaning.

Tha 'n bradan tara-gheal sa choire gharbhlaich,
ha'n bradan tara-yel sa choyre yarv-laych

The white-bosomed salmon is seen in the corrie rugged,

A tighin bho'n fhairge bu ghailbheach tonn.
a ti'-in von ayrg-é bu yaylv-ech tonn

Fresh from the sea of stupendous waves.

Le luinneas meamneach a ceapa mhenibh-chuilleag,
le luynnes mema-nech a cepa veniv chuyll-ag

Sportful in his proud career, he springs at the midges,

Gu neo-chearbach le chamghob crom.
gu ne-o-cherb-ach le chama-yob crom

Snatching them unerringly with his crooked beak.

Air bhoinne borb is e leam gu foirmel,
ayr voynué borb is e lem gu foyrm-el

Through the fierce rapids he bounds exultingly,

Na eideadh cholgail bu ghorm-ghlas ligh,
na eyd-e' cholg-ayl bu yorm-ylas li'

In his armour of blue-grey mail,

Le shoilsein airgid gu h-iteach menibh-bhreac,
le hoyl-sen ayrg-id gu hit-ech meniv vrec

Traced with silver; he is finny, minutely speckled,

Gu lannach dearg-bhallach earrgheal sliom.
gu lannach derag-vallach erra-yeal slīm

Scaly, crimson-spotted, breast white, symmetrical.

Gheibhte daonan mu d'ghlacaibh faoine
yeyv-te daonan mu d'ylac-ayv faoyné

Found always in the sequestred hollows

Na h-aighean maoladh, na laoigh 's na maing;—
na hay'-en maol-a' na laoy' 's na mayng

Are the bold hinds, with their calves and yearlings;—

Se bu mhian linn a madainn ghrianaich,
se bu vi-an linn a ma-dāynn yri-an-ich

It is our delight in the sunny morning,

Bhi dol ga'n ialadh miasg shliabh is ghleann;
vi dol gan i-al-a' mesg li-av is ylenn

To stalk for them the wolds and glens;

Ged thigeadh siantan oirn an dile,
ged hig-e' si-an-tan oyrn an dile

Though the embattled elements should come on us in a deluge,

Bhiodh seol gar didean sa chrioch nach gann,—
vi-o' se-ol gar did-en sa chrich nach gānn

There are means of shelter in the bounds ample,—

An uibheig iosail am bun na frithidh,
an uy-veyg i-sayl am bun na fri-i'

Little caves at the foot of the forest,

Le leobain diomhair gu sineadh teann.
le leb-ayn di-ov-ayr gu sin-e' tenn

With secret beds in which to stretch ourselves in close confinement.

Biodh eoin an t-shleibhe nan ealtain
vi-o′ e-oyn an tleyv-è nan elt-ayn
ghle-ghloin,
yle-yloyn

The birds of the wolds forming a pure eltayn,

A cluich air geugaibh 's a seinn sa choil;
a cluych ayr yeyg-ayv sa seynn sa choyl

Sport and sing among the boughs of the wood;

An uiseag cheutach 'sa luinneag fhein aic',
an uys-ag che-tach sa luynn-eg heyn ayc.

The tuneful lark sings with a carol all her own,

An fheadag speiseil gu reidh a seinn;
an ed-ag speys-eyl gu rey′ a seynn

The plover, with her clear notes, responds afar;

A chuach 's an smeorach a'm bar nan
a chu-ach san sme-or-ach am bar nan
ogan;
ogan

The cushet and the thrush, high on the trees,

A gabhail orain gu ceolar binn;
a gav-ayl or-ayn gu ce-ol-ar binn

Sing their lays harmonious and sweet;

Noir ghoireas baileach an cuanal tairis,
noyr yoyr-es bayl-ech an cu-an-al tayris

When the loving cuaineal sing thoroughly,

Ni creagan sanas is gleannaibh failt!
ni cregan sanas is glenn-ayv faylt

The rocks whisper and the glens smile!

THE MUSIC OF THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

The difference between the Highland and Lowland versions of many of our sweetest melodies, and between the songs sung to them in either dialect, afford fair data for forming an opinion as to the state of society and refinement of the one people on a comparison with the other;—and as one of the objects of this treatise is to submit the necessary materials on the part of the Caledonian or Highlander,—those of the Scot or Lowlander are already, and have long been before the world,—I challenge a comparison, and leave the public to decide the question. The Gaelic song, in a literal translation, cannot justly be compared to the Lowland song in its native language; and in comparing my translations to the Lowland song, due allowance must be made for the severe translation; but the melodies may be compared. The Lowland melody bears intrinsic evidence of the genius of her rich, smooth, genial, native district, being characterized by a yielding warmth and a pliant softness, which contrast with the wayward pathos and unbending spirit of Highland melody. The Lowland nymph finds leisure now and again to breathe a heavy sigh over the bier of a husband, or to faint away with a long-drawn sob of joy on a lover's bosom; while her Highland sister, whether she pours out her soul in a heart-rending wail of grief, or quivers in every nerve and pulse with joyful ecstacy, sweeps along on her airy course, with the lofty bearing and undoubting steps of her native mountain race. No doubt, she pants once or twice, now and again, in every natural pause in the line or verse, from excess of feeling and excitement, and the emphatic single and double notes, which represent these pants, disturb the somnolency of tone desiderated in plaintive Lowland melodies. But these are characteristic and peculiar marks of Highland melodies, and have been ignored, accordingly, by the Lowland minstrel and bard, in such Highland melodies as have been effectually changed into Lowland melodies; the single note being lengthened into a drawl, and the double note into an interminable slide. This seems to have been the initiating step in the system of harmony which, under

the scientific knowledge of time and tune attained by the great Masters of modern times, had revolutionized the whole materials out of which has been re-composed the music now fashionable in Europe.* Though anything but versant in the science of music, I am not, I think, altogether incapable of appreciating the wonderful variety of adverse sounds, the playful eccentricities and ethereal vagaries methodized and combined into musical pieces by the great masters; and, when listening to them in the modern drawing-room, although amused rather than delighted, I cannot help admiring the wonderful effects of a musical education on persons peculiarly organized, and of highly artificial tastes. I may remark, however, that M. Jullien did not attempt to perform any of these pieces on any single musical instrument, but considered it necessary to have the combined force of a thousand different instruments to represent them; and the managers of concerts in the York and other Cathedrals, also formed choirs of several thousand voices to produce the like effect. This, however, only shows that M. Jullien and these managers were destitute of musical genius, when compared to the bald-headed or wigged gentlemen and loud or shrill-voiced ladies, who set themselves down with such complacency to conjure thunder-storms, earthquakes, and other convulsions of Nature, out of the piano!

But this subject is too grave for sarcasm. I am satisfied that the music of the great Masters has now become the capital or stock-in-trade of the most injurious quackery,—I should say ludicrious quackery,—and has thoroughly corrupted the musical taste and education of the fashionable, or, rather, would-be fashionable part of society. It has unquestionably been lessening the attachment of sense and sound, until music has become so whimsical, or *mountebankish*, so estranged from all natural and hereditary feeling, as to forget that poetry is her twin-sister, and of equally divine birth with herself. Hence, she is, as now cultivated in our schools, and practised in our drawing-rooms, become incapable of affording pleasure to any person of fine feelings and natural tastes. I can scarcely forgive Harmony, although she is the offspring of Genius, for having thus so perverted and denationalized Melody, as to render her no longer capable of thrilling the hearts and elevating the lives of the people; and when she puts forth her hand to manipulate on my own dear, wild, wayward, touching, native airs,—altering, substituting, shortening, lengthening, or sliding notes into one another, or rending them into quavers or demi-quavers of all sounds and dimensions, I abhor her very shadow! Indeed, although many gentlemen possess, or affect a taste for modern music, and may well be excused for bending with pleasure over the fair creatures who ply the piano with a self-satisfied air, on the assurance of their lisping foreign teachers, that they have attained perfection in musical science,—of which they, of course, constitute themselves and

* The Prince of Canino wrote to a friend in Italy, in the days of James I., a letter descriptive of Scottish or Lowland melody, and expressing his intention of introducing that style of music, on his return home, as an improvement on that of his native land. Tassoni also describes Scottish music as of a touching and melancholy or lamenting character, and states that he had himself adapted and composed many pieces in that style. It does not, therefore, seem presumptuous to say that Scottish Melody had been borrowed by Harmony to improve the music of Italy, and that modern music is the result of this ill-assorted marriage between the natural and the artificial.

their pupils the sole judges,—laughing or sneering at the ignorance of all who differ from them: yet the fact is, that the sound of the piano has a regularly Bull's-run effect on most gentlemen. I have myself no doubt, that horror of this musical infliction, rather than of the curtain lecture, is at the root of the distaste for a married life, so apparent at present in gentlemen who have not attained either a self-sufficient initiation into the science of modern music, or that position in society where the artificial totally supercedes the natural. Young ladies may take my word for it, that the music which does not touch the heart, will never win a heart worth loving.

The Highlanders are much indebted to the Rev. Mr Macdonald, and to Messrs Gow, Marshall, and others, for having rescued so much of the music of their ancestors from comparative obscurity; but they baptized it anew, after their patrons and patronesses, and have thus made on strangers the impression that they were the composers of the music which they only copied and published. I do not think that they intended to do this; but it was in very bad taste to give new names to these old tunes and airs, and thus to deprive them of the signet of antiquity which descended with them from remote ages. At the same time, they thus left to their musical successors a lesson of snobbery and servility, which they, in their turn, have not been slow in stamping on the very forehead of the national music,—a lesson only equalled by the fulsome and nauseous dedications of the feudal bards of the Lowlands of Scotland and England.

The first verse of the following song, Nighean Donn na Buaile, was quoted by Logan as one of the specimens by which he illustrated the great variety of measures of Gaelic poetry. As this song is a fair average specimen of the Gaelic love song, which was characterized more by a dignified tenderness and a fixed constancy than by a wayward fervor, I will make it my first specimen of its class. The melody is, in the Highlands, called "Feil Chill Andraes," (feyl chill andras) St Andrew's Fair, and has been naturalized in the Lowlands under the more homely name of "Johnny's Grey Breeks," which, though certainly very beautiful, is no improvement on the original. I have no wish to detract from Scottish or Lowland melodies, but must say that the great body of those of them which have an unquestionably Caledonian or Highland origin, have been anything but improved by their transformation.

NIGHEAN DONN NA BUAILE.*

A nighean donn na buaile, a ni′-en donn na bu-ayle	Brown-haired maiden of the fold,
Ga bheil an gluasad farasda, ga veyl an glu-as-ad farasda	Whose movements are so graceful,

* For the melody of "Nighean Donn na Buaile," and many others, I am indebted to Mrs Macdonell, Keppoch, whose exquisite taste for Gaelic music worthily represents the genius of the House of Keppoch, which has been so long the residence of music, poetry, and heroism. To Mrs Macdonell and her daughter Miss Jessie, I am under deep obligations, not only for the number of melodies with which they have favoured me, but for the unwearied kindness with which they consulted my wishes, and cheerfully met the increasing demands their possession of the same sets of the melodies with which I was acquainted in my youth, made me venture to make on their indulgence; and I beg their acceptance of my sincere and grateful thanks.

Thug mi gaol ro-bhuan dhut hug mi gaol ro-vu-ayn yut	I have given thee a love
Nach dian le cruidh-chas meathachadh. nach di-an le cruy′-chas me′-a-cha′	Too constant to be subdued by adversity.
Mheall u mi le d' shugradh, vell u mi le d' hu-gra′	Thy gay converse has enticed me,
Le d' bhriodal is le d' chiune; le d' vri-dal is le d' chi-u-ne	Thy sportful minstrelsy, thy mildness;
Lub u mi mar iuran,— lub u mi mar i-u-ran	Thou hast bent me like a sapling,—
Cha duchas a bhi fallain dhomh. cha du-chas a vi fallayn yov	Health without thee cannot be mine.
Do chul don, maiseach ordail, do chul don maysh-ach ordayl	Thy hair brown, beautifully arranged
Gu bachlach, boidheach, camagach; gu bach-lach boy-ech cama-gach	In bonny bending curls;
T-aghaidh flathail, comhnard, ta′-ay′ fla′-ayl cov-nard	Thy face noble, symmetrical,
Mar itean loin do mhalaichean; mar iten loyn do val-aych-en	Thy eye-brows as the feathers of a blackbird;
Do shuillean gorma miogach, do huyll-en gorma mi-gach	Thy eyes blue, fascinating,
Roisg fhada cumail dionn orr; roysg ada cumayl dionn orr	Covered with long lashes;
Do bheulan meachair maoth-dhearg; do veylan me-chayr mao′-yerag	The lips mellow, red;
Do ghruaidh mar chaoran mheaganan. do yru-ay′ mar chaoran veng-an-an	Thy cheek like the rowan berry.
Mar reul a measg an t-shluaighe u, mar re-ul a me-asg an tlu-ay u	Thou art like a planet among the people,
Nam gluasad a chum tionalaidh; nam glu-a-sad a chum tinal-ay′	When going to a gathering;
Tha t-ailleachd a toirt buaidh, ha tayll-echd a toyrt bu-ay′	Thy beauty triumphs over all others,
Air cach uille an snuadh 's an ceanaltas; ayr cach uylle an snu-a′ san cenaltas	Thy complexion, the pleasantry;
Do chiochan, mingeal, arda, do chi-o-chan min-yel ard-a	Thy bosom soft, white, high,
Fo sgaile sroil a dealradh; fo sgayle sroyl a del-ra′	Under a veil of gauze shining;
'S mar eala snamh air saile, smar ella snav ayr sayle	And as a swan swimming on the sea,
Tha ceumaibh graidh na h-ainnire. ha ceym-ayv gray′ na haynnire	Are the lovely steps of the maiden.
O' d' bheul gur binn hig orain, o' d' veyl gur binn hig or-ayn	From thy lips sweet come the song,
Manran, ceol, is ceilerean. man-ran ce-ol is ceyleren	The carol, melody, and sportful minstrelsy.

Gur binne leom do chomhradh gur binne le-em do chov-ra′	Sweeter to me is thy conversation
Na'n smeoil a 'm bar na meanganan. nan sme-oyl am bar na menganan	Than the thrush on the topmost branches.
O'n chuir mi 'n tus ort eolas, on chuyr mi 'n tus ort e-o-las	Since I first made thy acquaintance,
Gu'n d'thug mi gaol cho mor ort, gun dug mi gaol cho mor ort	So great has been my love to thee,
Mar fhaidh mi u ri phosadh, mar fay′ mi u ri fosa′	That unless I receive thee in marriage,
Gu'n cuir do bhron fo'n talamh mi. gun cuyr do vron fon talav mi	Sorrow for thee will put me under the sward.

Mari Nighean Alisdair Ruaidh, (Mary the Daughter of Red Alexander,) from whose works Logan selected many of the verses of his able introduction to Mackenzie's Collection, among many others which may justly be called the most exquisite remains of our sixteenth century poems, without excepting those of the Piobaire Dall himself, left several laments. One of these, called "Cumha Mhic Leoid," is very touching. I will submit a few verses of it, to show the variety of measures at her command. She was born in the Island of Harris, about the beginning of the sixteenth century.

CUMHA MHIC LEOID.

'S trom a mulad a shugh s trom a mulad a huy	Heavy is the grief that absorbed
'M aiteas, 'm aille, 's mo lugh; maytes maylè 's mo lu′	My happiness, my beauty, my strength;
'S tric snithe bho'm shuil 's tric sni′-é vom huyl	Often tears from my eyes
A tuitam gu dlu; a tuytam gu dlu	Fall in quick succession;
Chail mi altruman m' iuil, chayl mi altruman mi-uyl	I have lost the nursling of my lore,
Fear deacidh mo chiuil; fer dec-ay′ mo chi-uyl	The inspirer of my lays;
Gu mire na muirn cha teid mi. gu mirè na muyrn cha teyd mi	To banquet or merry-making I will not go.
Si'n fhras nach ciuin, sin ras nach ci-uyn	'Twas a hail-storm, not mild,
A chreach air muir, a chrech ayr muyr	That desolated our homes,
A shrac air siuil, a h-rac ayr si-uyl	That rent our sails,
Sa bhrist air stiuir, sa vrist ayr sti-uyr	And broke our helm,
Is cairt air iuil, is cayrt ayr i-uyl	Our card of knowledge, (compass)

'S air taice cuil, sayr taycé cuyl	The stay at our bark,
Bha again san Dun eibhinn, va agen san dun ey-vinn	We had at the Dun of joy.
Mo mhisneach 's mo threoir, mo visnech 's mo h-re-oyr	My courage, my strength,
Fo thasgadh a bhord, fo hasg-a' a vord	(Is) wrapped in boards,
Sar mhac mhic Leoid sar vac vic le-oyd	The surpassing son of Leod
Na'm bratach sroil, nam bratach sroyl	Of silken banners,
Bha fial le or, va fi-al le or	That was liberal with gold,
'S bu bhinne sgeoil 's bu vinné sge-oyl	Whose lays were more sweet
Na clarsach is ceol Erin. na clar-sach is ce-ol ey-rin	Than the harps and music of Erin.

The Highland chiefs, on the succession of the king of Scotland to the throne of England, seem to have forgot that it was not the object of feudal charters in Scotland, to deprive the people of their immemorial right of property in the soil, but to assimilate the patriarchal system to that subordination of ranks which made the feudal system, introduced into England by the Normans, so much more efficient for warfare. The intention of the Scottish kings evidently was, by making chiefships hereditary and dependant on the crown, instead of elective and dependant on the people, to assimilate the chiefs to the crown vassals, and make them thus amenable to the despotism at which they aimed. That the charters had no other object than this, to subserve the regal despotism, is proved by the fact, that, while the crown continued despotic, the feudal superior was not allowed to oppress, increase the rents, or alter the fixed tenures of the clans; and that the charters were, in innumerable instances, recalled or transferred at the pleasure of the king. A change seems now to have come over king and chiefs alike, however, and it was evidently determined to give the same effect to charters granted over the unconquered lands of the clans of Scotland, which they had received over the conquered lands of the people of England. The bards were the first victims of the change. I have not space to detail the evictions, but may remark that Clanranald's bard was ejected from Balivaird, which was possessed for ages by his ancestors under the cleachda, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, as is shown in a most interesting statement made on oath by his son, and which has been published by the Highland Society, to account for the destruction of the manuscript of the Clanranald family. When the other children of song were thus stripped and ejected, and wandered through the country, living on the hospitality of the people, Mari received a pension from her chief, Sir Norman Macleod, and lived in comparative wealth. Her house was always open to, and formed the head-

quarters of the bards. This being distasteful to other chiefs, who, like less dignified wrong-doers, conceived a deadly hostility to their victims, Sir Norman was prevailed on to place Mari in the more inaccessible island of Scarba; exacting from her, at the same time, a promise that she would compose no more *orain*, or songs. Mari found it impossible to keep this promise; but, by way of a compromise with her honour, I presume, she called all her subsequent compositions, not *orain* or songs, but *cronain* or croons. The good-natured chief charged her with a breach of her promise, but she logically maintained, no doubt much to his amusement, that she only wrote "croons," not songs, and did not break her promise. The following croon seems to have led to her recal and reconciliation with her chief, who, I have no doubt, longed as much to see her home as she did to see him.

THA MI 'M SHUIDHE AIR AN TULAICH.—I AM SITTING ON THE HEIGHT.

Tha mi 'm shuidhe air tulaich, ha mi'm huy' ayr tulaych	I am sitting on an eminence,
Fo mhulad 's fo imecheist, fo vulad' sfo ime-cheyst	In sorrow and perplexity,
A coimhead air Isla, a coyv-ed ayr I-la	Gazing at Islay,
(San do'm iognadh gu dearbh e.) san do'm i-ona' gu derav' e	(To my own astonishment certainly.)
Bha mi uaire nach do shaoil mi, va mi u-ayr nach do haoyl mi	The time has been when I did not expect
Gu 'n caochladh air m' aimsir gu 'n caochla' ayr m'aymesir	My condition would be so changed
'S gu 'n thighinn an taobh so, 'sgun tig-inna n taov so	As to make me come in this direction,
A dh-amharc Iura a Sgarba. a yav-arc i-ura a scaraba	To look at Jura from Scarba.

Fonn.—I h-urabh O, i horinn O,
i hu-rav o i horinn o

I h-urabh O, i horinn O;
i hu-rav o i horinn o

I hu-nirabh O, i-hogaidh ho ro,
i hu-rav o i-hogay' ho ro

Hi ri-rithibh O, iag O.
hi ri-ri'-iv o i-ag o

The object of the Gaelic chorus (which in this instance may be considered as a *corranach*, and is untranslateable) was to make the audience realize the emotions the song was meant to excite, by making them take part in the singing. The songs intended for public singing were therefore generally adapted to airs carried down by tradition, and which were already known to, and favourites with the people. In the absence of the chorus, which was only the case in triads, or songs of three lines, the verse was first sung by the professional vocalist, or the best amateur singer present, and then by the audience, who usually stood in a circle, their hands joined by means of bonnets and scarfs, which they kept waving in accordance with the time and spirit of the melody. This custom came down to my younger days; and I have seen numerous companies joining in singing songs in the above style, with a sympathy which leaves no doubt on my mind that the

Druid system of cultivating the hearts of the people by means of poetry and music, was infinitely superior, in so far as the masses were concerned, to a lettered education.

With these remarks, I submit to the reader one or two more verses of this poem. The last line, or two lines of every verse of this and similar songs, were repeated to aid the memory,—for when songs of a narrative or historical character were intended for being sung, their length suggested such repetitions as rendered it almost impossible for the singer to forget the succeeding lines. The airs of the historical poems were, properly speaking, not melodies, but a musical and pleasing style of reciting poetry. The historical poems of Ossian, and the other ancient bards, were thus recited.

Gu 'n thighinn an taobh so, gu 'n dig-inn an taov so	That I should come in this direction,
A dh-amharc Iura a Scarba! a yavarc i-ura a scaraba	To look at Jura from Scarba!
Thoir mo shoraidh do'n duthaich, hoyr mo horay′ do'n du-′aych	Bear my salutation to the country,
Tha fo dhubhar nan garbh-bheunn, ha fo yuvar nan garv-veynn	That (nestles) under the shadow of the rough mountains,
Gu Shir Tormaid ur ailleal, gu sir toro-mayd ur ayllel	To Sir Norman, lofty and illustrious,
Fhuair ceannais air armailt; h-u-ayr cennas ayr arm-aylt	Who has obtained the leading of an army;
'S gu'n caint ann 's gach fearann. s gu'n caynt anns gach ferrann,	And they say in every land
Gu'm b-airidh fear t-ainm air. gu'm bayr-i′ fer taynim ayr	It is deserved by a man of his name.
Hi iurabh, etc.	It is, etc.

Gu'n caint ann 's gach fearann, gu'n caynt anns gach ferrann	They say in every land
Gu 'm b-airidh fear t-ainm air: gu 'm b-ayri′ fer t-aynim ayr	It is deserved by a man of his name:
Fear do cheille do ghliocais, fer to cheyllé do yli-ocaysh	His understanding, his wisdom,
Do mhisnich do mheamneadh, do visnich do vemene′	His courage, his magnanimity,
Do chruadail do ghaisge, do chru-atayl do yoysgé	His hardihood, his heroism,
Do dhreachadh 's do dhealbha, do yrech-a′ s do yel-ava	His bearing, his figure,
Is t-olachd is t-uaisle, is tolac is t-u-aysle	And his blood and pedigree
Cha bu shuarach ri leanamhuin. cha bu hu-a-rach ri lena-vuyn	Are not unworthy of being recorded.
Hi iurabh, etc.	Are not, etc.

I cannot part with Mari without quoting a verse or two of the "croon," or chaunt:—

AN CRONAN.—THE CROON.

Gu dun turaideach ard, gu dun turaydach ard	To the castle turreted, lofty,
Am bidh tunaidh nam bard, am bi′ tunay′ nam bard	The home of the bards,
'S na fillidh 's binn dain, s na filli′ s binn dayn	And minstrels of sweet lays,
'S na'n cupaichean lan, s nan cupaychen lann	(Who) with flowing cups,
Aig ol slainte mo ghraidh, Tormaid. ayg ol slaynté mo yray′ tormayd	Toast healths to my beloved Norman.
Aig ol, etc.	Toast, etc.
B'e sin aros nach crion, b'e sin aros nach cri-on	That is the mansion not paltry,
Am biadh garaich na 'm piob, am bi′ garaych na 'm pi-ob	Where is heard the streaming notes of the pipe
'S nan clarsach a stridh, s nan clarsach a stri′	And of the harp, in competition;
Is dearsa na 'm pios, is dersa na 'm pi-os	And is seen the gleaming of cups,
Air in strachdadh, le fion, ayr in straca′ le fi-on	Charged to the brim with wine,
Ni soils' ann an ghniomh or-cheard. ni soylsh ann an gni-ov or-cherd	Radiant in the work of the goldsmiths.
Ni, etc.	Radiant, etc.
B'e do dhuchas 's do dhual, be do yuchas s do yu-al	It is thy native and hereditary right
Bhi gu fantalach buain, vi gu fantalach bu-ayn	To be patient, stedfast,
Ann an carraid 's an cruadhas; ann an carrayt s an cru-a′as	In extreme conflicts;
Garg a prosnachadh sluaigh; garag a pros-nacha′ slu-ay′	Fierce when exciting the people;
Baighael am buaidh; bay′el am buay′	Compassionate in victory;
Mosglach an uair foirneart. mosglach an u-ayr foyrnert	Vigilant in the time of oppression.
Mosglach, etc.	Vigilant, etc.
Leansa, 's na treig, lensa s na treyg	Follow, and forsake not
Cleachda is beus, clechda′ is beys	The customs and virtues

T-aiteam gu leir; taytem gu leyr	Of thy race, unfailingly;
Macanta seamh, macanta seyv	Modest and mild,
Pailt ri luchd theud, paylt ri luc heyd	Liberal to the tuneful profession,
Ghaigeal an gleus, gaysgel an gleys	Heroic in deeds,
Neartmhor an deigh torachd. nertvor an dey torac	Strong in the pursuit of spoilers.
Neartmhor, etc.	Strong, etc.

I cannot afford room for the whole of the song called "Fuaim an t-Shaimh," (the Voice of Silence,) by Mari, which I regret, as an extract breaks the connexion between the solemn and touching reflections forming the introductory verses and the descriptive panegyric, which is so combined and perfect as to make their separation very injurious; but they are so long as to compel me to insert only a small portion of the middle and the concluding verses.

FUAIM AN T-SHAIMH.—THE VOICE OF SILENCE.

Beir an t-shoraigh so bh-uam beyr an to-ray′ so vu-am	Bear this salute from me
Gu talla nan cuach, gu talla nan cu-ach	To the hall of (social) cups,
Far'm bi tathaich nan truadh daimhail.— far'm bi ta′-aych nan tru-a′ dayv-ayl Far, etc.	Where the needy find a friendly welcome.— Where, etc.
Thun an taighe nach gann, hun an tay′-e nach gann	To the house where there is no scarcity,
Fo'n leathad ad thall, fo'n le′-ad ad hall	Under the opposite declivity,
Far bheil aighear is ceann mo mhanrain. far veyl ay′-er is cenn mo van-rayn Far, etc.	Where dwells my delight, the inspirer of my minstrelsy.— Where, etc.
Tormaid, mo ruin, tor-mayd mo ruyn	Norman, beloved,
Ollaghaireach u, olla-yayr-ech u	Learned art thou,
Foirmeil o thus t-abhaist.—Foirmeil, etc. foyr-meyl o hus tav-ayst	And energetic in thy every action.— And, etc.
Cha'n 'eil cleachdadh bheil brigh cha'n eyl clec-a′ veyl bri′	There is nothing excellent
Gaisge na gniamh gaysg-e na gni-av	That is not inherent in his mind
Nach eil aigneadh mo ghaoil lan deth.— nach eyl ayg-ne′ mo yaoyl lan de′ Nach, etc.	Or realized in his actions.— Or, etc.

Ann an treine san lugh, ann an treyne san lu′	Daring, strength,
Ann an ceutaidh 's an cliu, ann an cey-tay′ 's an cli-u	Elegance, pure fame,
Ann am feile 's an gnuis naire.—Ann, etc. ann am feyle san gnuys nayré	Hospitality unpretending.—Hospitality, etc.
Ann an gaisge 's an cial, ann an gays-ge san ci-al	Warriorism, wisdom,
Ann am pailte neo-chrion, ann am payl-te ne-o-chri-on	Social liberality,
Ann a maise 'sa migh ailleachd.—Ann, etc. ann a mayse sa mi-a′ ayll-ec	Grace, beauty.—Grace, etc.
Ann an cruadal 's an toil, ann an cru-a-dal san toyl	Hardihood, activity,
Ann am buaidh thoirt air sgoil, ann am bu-ay′ hoyrt ayr sgoyl	The conquest of knowledge,
Ann an uaisle gu'n chion caileachd.—Ann, etc. ann an u-aysle gun chi-on cayl-ec	High breeding, without effeminacy.—High, etc.
Fhuair u fortan O Dhia hu-ayr u fortan o yi-a	God has made thee fortunate in a wife,
Ben bu shocraiche cial, ben bu hoc-raych-e ci-al	Calmly prudent,
Si gu foisteanach fial narach.—Si, etc. si gu foyst-en-ach fi-al narach	Vigilently prescient, kind, modest.—Vigilently, etc.
'S bheil cannaich is fiu, 's veyl cannaych is fi-u	In whom there are attractions and worth,
Gu'n sgaile na gnuis, gun sgayle na gnuys	Without a frown on her face,
Suairce, ioriosail, ciuin, cairdeil.—Suairce, etc. su-ayrce ir-is-al ci-uyn cayr-deyl	Affable, lady-like, mild, friendly.—Affable, etc.
I gun dolaidh fo'n ghrein, i gun dol-ay′ fon yreyn	Without one defect under the sun,
Gu toileachadh treud ; gu toyl-ech-adh treyd	Inconsistent with the happiness of the people ;
Sa h-olachd a reir ban-righ.—Sa, etc. sa hol-ac a reyr ban-ri′	With blood (pedigree) equal to that of the queen.—With, etc.
'S tric a riaraich u cuilm, stric a ri-ar-aych u cuylem	Often didst thou preside over the banquet,
Gun trioblaid, gun tuilg, gun tri-o-blayd gun tuylig	Without fussiness, without confusion,
A nighean tainist Dun-tuilm, slan leat.—A nighean, etc. a ni′-en taynist dun-tuylem slan le-at	Daughter of the tainister of Duntuilm, fare-thee-well.—Daughter, etc.

My quotations from Mari Nighean Alisdair Ruaidh have already trenched on the space intended for other bards, her equals for elegance and tenderness, and her superior for strength and sublimity; but I must submit two or three verses of "An Talla 'm bu gna le Macleoid," as a specimen of the numerous class of triads that seem to have been such favourites with the bards.

GUR MULADACH THA MI.—SORROWFUL AM I.

Leat bu mheanach coin luthmhor let bu vi-anach coyn lu'vor	Thy delight was swift dogs
Dhol a shiubhal nan stuc-bheinn, yol a hi-u-val nan stuc-veynn	Among the rough and peaked mountains,
'Sa gunna nach diulta ri ord.— sa gunna nach di-ulta ri ord	And the gun that denies not the hammer, (never misses fire.)
Leat, etc.	Thy, etc.
Si do lamh nach robh tuisleach si do lav nach rov tuyshlech	Thy hand is not erring
Dhol a chaitheamh a chuspair, yol a chay'-ev a chuspayr	In the competition (of archery,)
Le d' bhoghadh caol ruiteach deo neoil. le d' vo'-a' caol ruytech de-o ne-oyl	With thy bow slender, ruddy, beautiful.—Thy, etc.
Si, etc.	
Glac chrom air do shliosaid, glac chrom ayr do h-li-asayd	The bending quiver on thy hip,
Do shaighdean snaighte gu'n iaradh, do hay'-den snay'te gun i-ar-a'	Of arrows polished and straight,
'M bar dosrach le sgiathain an fheoin.*— 'm bar dosrach le sgi-a'-ayn an e-oyn	Their tops rough with the wing of the eagle.—The, etc.
Glac, etc.	
Bhiodh ceir ris na crannaibh, vi' ceyr ris na crann-ayv	The waxed shaft
Bu neo-eisleanach tarruinn, bu neo-eyslenech tarruynn	Is not dubious in its flight
Noir a leamadh an taifead o d' mheoir.— noyr a lem-a' an tayf-ed o d' ve-oyr	When the bow-string springs from thy fingers.—The, etc.
Bhiodh, etc.	
Noir a leigte bho d' laimh i, noyr a leygte vo d' layv i	When released from thy hand,
Cha bhiodh oirleach gu'n bhathadh cha vi' oyr-lech guu va'-a'	Not an inch remains uninserted
Eader corran a gaine sa 'n smeoirn.— eder corran a gayné san sme-oyrn	Between the barbed point and the cleft.—When, etc.
Nair, etc.	
Nam dhuit tighinn gu d' bhaille, nam yuyt ti'-inn gu d' vaylle	On coming to thy residence,

* The eagle is, par excellence, called "eoin," or "fiar-ian,"—the bird, or true bird,—in Gaelic poetry. Its other name is descriptive, "eolaire;" being compounded of the roots "eol, "or "iul," knowledge, and "athar," pronounced a'-ar, sky.

'S du bu tighearnail gabhail, 's du bu ti'-ernayl gavayl	Chief-like is thy hospitality,
Noir bhiodh tionneal gach caraid mu noyr vi' ti-o-nel gach carayd mu d' bhord.—Nan, etc. d' vord	As gathers every friend around thy table.—On, etc.
Gu'm biodh farum air thaileasg, gum bi' farum ayr haylesg	There will be the rattling of back-gammon,
Agus fuim air a chlarsaich, agus fu-aym ayr a chlarsaych	And the sound of the harp,
Mur bu dhuchas do shar-mhac Mhic Leoid. mur bu yuchas do har-vac vic le-oyd Gu'm, etc.	As hereditary (custom was) of the surpassing son of Leod.—There, etc.
Se bu chleachda na dheigh sin se bu chlec-a na yey' sin	The custom was afterwards
Bhi seinn uir-sgeul na Feinne, vi sheynn uyr-sgeyl na feynnè	To sing the new tales of the Fingalians,
Is eachdraidh graigh cheir-ghil nan is ech-ray' gray' cheyr-yil nan crochd.—Se, etc. croc	And anecdotes of wild adventures after the race of white badges, (the deer.)—The, etc.

Iain Lom, or John the bare, a nickname fastened on the bard, who lived to a very old age, from his sarcastic humour and the severity of his political poems, was royal Celtic bard to Charles the First and Second. His biography has never been written, nor his poems collected or published, there being no encouragement for Gaelic writers, in consequence of the prejudices of strangers, and the scattered state of the Highlanders, which precludes the necessary sales to make Gaelic literature a paying literature. From the energetic and active character of the bard, the disturbed times in which he lived, his great influence with the clans, his zealous loyalty, and his singularly romantic and adventurous spirit, no bard better deserves, or has left more ample materials, in the poetry and traditional lore of his country, for an interesting biographical sketch than Iain Lom. My space does not admit of my even slightly glancing at the lives of the bards noticed in this small work; but I cannot help telling an anecdote of Iain Lom, in connexion with my Covenanting chief, Gillespig Gruamach, whose memory has hitherto, in my opinion, met with little justice from friend or foe. An idle report having been set on foot, to the effect that a reward had been offered for the apprehension and production of Iain Lom at Inverary Castle, the earl was called on one morning before breakfast by a Highlander, whose ostentatious and ample dress, spare and angular figure, sharp yet shy and suspicious looks, appeared both singular and striking. The bard, for the strange visitor was no other than Iain Lom himself, asked the chief whether he had not lately offered such a reward to any one who should produce Iain Lom before him at Inverary. The chief, laughing, replied he had; when the bard, stretching out his hand to receive the money, exclaimed, "Give it to me, then, for here I am, produced by himself." The earl was exceedingly amused; but instead of lodging

the bard in a dungeon, as a celebrated novelist (who has more credit for the truthful delineation of the characters who figure in his works than he deserves) makes him treat an officer who came to him with a flag of truce, he took the bard by the hand, and led him into the castle, where he detained and entertained him for a week, with great courtesy and hospitality.

The steward of the household, however, was not so easily to be reconciled to the enemy of the clan; and, the earl being absent one day while the bard remained at the castle, determined on playing him a trick. The bard, like most men of good taste, was a bit of an epicure, and from the *gusto* with which he enjoyed choice things, the steward became aware of his sensitiveness on the subject. Taking advantage of his master's absence, he served up to the bard, with much ostentation and ceremony, an apparently sumptuous dinner, all in covered dishes of "radiant plate." To detail the contents of the various dishes were ludicrous enough, but it exceeds my space. One of them, a dish of periwinkles or whelks, excited the bard's risibility; so he took it off the table bodily, —squatted down before the fire in the most ludicrous attitude he could assume,—placed it between his legs,—and snatching the golden skewer which fastened the plaid to his shoulder, set to, picking out the wormy fish, and ever and anon spouting an extemporaneous verse, satirically and humourously descriptive of his attitude and dinner, and representing it as the fare usually given to stranger guests at Inverary Castle. The steward, alarmed at the unenviable position into which he brought his master and household, found means to concilitate the bard, and the poetry has been suppressed; but the anecdote has got a lasting hold of tradition, and shows that the chief was not the grim bigot he is represented to have been.

The bards, in their quick-step songs, fulling, shearing, rowing, and, indeed, all songs whose object was to cheer or assimilate labour to an amusement, only desired to bring before their hearers objects familiar and agreeably associated in their minds with localities, heroes, and traditions, cherished by their clan or class. Impassioned thought and deep feeling were considered inappropriate. As my object is to give the reader an honest or fair average sample of Gaelic poetry, I cannot select verses to confirm special remarks like these, and must refer to the song when in print. When my remarks refer to songs not in print, I will submit all or some of the verses. In the following boat-song, Iain Lom refers to the chief, as it were, merely incidentally. The measure of praise is implied rather than expressed; and the localities most striking and traditionally celebrated for sports and events in the districts of the various branches of his great clan, and their traditionally dearest kinsmen or allies, fall into the verses so naturally as to appear wholly unintentional. The air is also equally appropriate and characteristic. It begins with an unaffected but bold note, swells gradually upwards in tones loud, sonorous, and haughty, ending literally in a gairm or shout of triumph. I must preserve the word *gairm* in my translations; for *shout*, the nearest corresponding English word, does it anything but justice.

MOCH 'S MI 'G EIRIDH SA MHADUINN.—AS I AROSE IN THE MORNING.

Moch 's mi 'g eiridh sa mhaduinn,
moch 's mi geyri' sa vadaynn
'S trom euslainteach m' aigne,
's trom eys-layn-tech maygne
'O nach t-eibh iad mi'n caidreamh nam braithrean.—O nach, etc
o nach teyv i-ad min caydrev nam bray'ren

On rising in the morning,
Heavy and sorrowful was my mind,
Since they did not call me to the fellowship of the brethren.—Since, etc.

Leom is aith-ghearr a cheillidh
le-om is ay'-yerr a cheyll-i'
Rinneas mar ris an t-Sheumas,*
rinnes mar ris an teymas
Ris 'n do dhealaich mi'n de moch la caisge.—Ris, etc.
ris 'n do yel-aych min de moch la caysgé

Too short has been the time
I remained on my visit to James,*
With whom I parted yesterday, on the morning of Easter-Sunday.—With, etc.

Dia na stiuir air an darach
di-a na sti-uyr ayr an darach
A dh-fhalbh air tus an t-shiuil mhara,
a yalv ayr tus an ti-uyl vara
Seal mu'n tug i cheud bhoinne de thraghadh.—Seal, etc.
sel mun tug i cheyd voynné de tra'-a'

May God guide the helm of the oak
That sailed on the sea,
Before it began to ebb.—Before, etc.

Ge b'e am cuir a choirc e,
ge be am cuyr a choyre e
'S mi nach tille o stoc uat,
's mi nach tille o stoc u-at
'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach do bhata. 'S ann, etc.
's ann a huy'-inn an toys-ech do vata

Although it had been seed-time,
I would not have returned from thee;
I should sit in the bow of thy boat.—I should sit, etc.

Nuair bhiodh cach cuir ri gniamhadh,
nu-ayr vi'-o cach cuyr ri gni-a-va'
Bhiodh mo chuidsa dheth diomhain,
vi-o' mo chuyd-sa ye' di-o-vayn
'G ol na'n gucagan fion air a faradh. 'G ol, etc.
gol nan guc-ag-an fi-on ayr a fara'

When the rest would be in action,
My employment would be a pastime,
Drinking bumpers of wine in the cabin.—Drinking, etc.

An Dubh-chnoideartach riabhach,
an duv-chnoydertach ri-a-vach
Luchdmhor ardghuailleach dhionar,
luc-vor ard-yu-ayllech yi-onar

The Duv-cnoydertach, swarthy,
Broad, high-shouldered, tight,

* The Highland chief was always addressed by his Christian name by his own clansmen.

'S ioma sleagh is lann iaruinn na h-earach. 's i-o-mo sle-a' is lann i-aruyn na her-ach 'S ioma, etc.	With many spears and iron blades in her bosom.— With, etc.
Cha b'e marcaich na'n steudain cha be marc-aych nan steydayn	It is not the rider of steeds
A bhuineadh geal reis ort, a vuy-ne' gel reys ort	That would gain the racing bet of thee,
Noir is ard do shiuil bhreid-gheal air saile.—Noir, etc. noyr is ard do hi-uyl vreyd-yel ayr sayle	When thou spreadest thy curch-white* sails over the sea.— When, etc.
Noir is ard do shiul bhronnach noyr is ard do hi-uyl vronnach	When high are the bellying sails
Air cuan meamnach nan dronng, ayr cu-an memenach nan dronnag	Over the ridges of the proud ocean,
'S tuinn uaibhreach a stealladh ma h-erach.—'S tiunn, etc. 's tuynn u-ayvrech a stella' ma herach	And numerous waves are spouting beneath the keel.— And, etc.
Gur mor mo chion fein ort gur mor mo chi-on feyn ort	Great is my love to thee,
Car an cuirin an ceil e, car an cuyrin an ceyl e	Though I will not make a display of it,
Mhic an fhir leis an eiridh na Braigh'ich. vic an ir leys an eyri' na bray'-ich Mhic, etc.	Son of the man with whom the Breabreans would rise (in arms.) Son, etc.
Ceist na'm ban 'o Lochtreig u ceyst nam ban o loch-treyg u	Beloved of the women of Lochtreig
'S 'o Strath-Oissian nan reidhlean, 's o stra'-oyssi-an nan rey'len	And Strath-Ossian of pleasant meadows,
Gheibhte broic agus feidh air am f-aruinn. yeyv-te broyc agus fey' ayr am fa-ruynn Gheibhte, etc.	Who have badgers and deer in their pantries.— Who, etc.
Dh-eireadh buidhean 'o Ruaidh leat, yeyre' buy'-en o ru-ay' let	A band would arise with thee from Roy,
A lubas iudhar mu'n guaillean, a lubas i-u'-ar mun gu-ayllen	With the bent yew on their shoulders,
'S 'o bhruighean fuar Charn-na-lairge.— 's o vruy'-en fu-ar charn-na-layrge 'S 'o, etc.	And from the cold hills of Carn-na-lairge.— And, etc.
Dream eile dhe d' chinnidh,— drem eyle ye d' chinne'	Another tribe of the clan,—
Clann Iain 'o 'n Innean, clann i-ayn on innen	The Clan-Iain from Innin (the anvil,)

* See note page 93.

'S iad a rachadh sa'n iomairt neo sgathach. si-ad a rach-a' san imayrt ne-o sga'-ach 'S iad, etc.	They are the men that would go into the conflict fearlessly.— Who, etc.
'S ioma oganach treubhach, si-oma ogan-ach treyv-ach	Many a youthful hero,
'S glac-chrom air cul sgeith air, 's glac-chrom ayr cul sgey' ayr	With the quiver behind his shield,
Thig a stigh ort o shleibh Meal-na-larig. hig a sti' ort o h-leyv mel-na-larig Thig, etc.	Will come to thee from the wings of Mel-na-larig.— Will, etc.
'S iad a fhreagradh an t-eibheidh si-ad a h-reg-ra' an teyvey'	That would answer thy call
Gu'n eagal, gu'n eislean, gun egal gun eys-len	Without fear, without ailment,
Noir a thogaer gu euchd do chroistaraidh. noyr a hogar gu eyc do chroys-taray' Noir, etc.	When thou risest the fiery cross for deeds illustrious.— When, etc.

In the following song by Iain Lom, on the death of the hero, Alisdair Dubh of Glengarry, he is bold, fervid, and pathetic. I cannot desecrate this song by attempting to render it into English, word for word and line for line, because, there being in English no words equivalent to the Gaelic words, such a translation would not really be a literal one in the proper sense of the word; at the same time, I am satisfied that word for word and line for line, notwithstanding the want of equivalent words, will enable the English scholar to form a more critical estimate of Gaelic poetry than imitations, but, as I have and will give a sufficient number of specimens of the former, perhaps I may be permitted to imagine myself for a moment Iain Lom, and to address myself to the English reader in the same style and spirit in which he addresses the Gaelic reader, without any strict adherence to the order of words and lines. Peculiar expressions, very striking and beautiful, will be lost in this mode of translation, but I trust the reader will feel sufficiently interested by this attempt to qualify himself to appreciate the original. I merely adopt this plan to give a more true idea of the *spirit* and *style* of the bard than I could possibly give by a rigid adherence to the order of the words and lines. I do Iain Lom only one injustice by this treatment, viz., to desecrate or omit the chorus, which I regard as among the finest specimens of the chorus to be found in Gaelic poetry; and I regard the choruses as the most wonderful of all the efforts of the Celtic Muse, from their great variety and the felicity with which words or simulating sounds are so blended and modulated into measured lines and cadences, so strikingly accordant with the subject and the melody, as to heighten and intensify the effect of both. The chorus here, as indeed in every song, may be regarded as a solemn amen to the feeling and the sentiment of every verse of the song, bursting spontaneously from the heart of hearts of the audience, who always joined in singing the chorus. I will quote the chorus in Gaelic, but will not attempt to render it into English.

'Nam eridh sa mhaduinn,
nam eri′ sa vad-uynn
Gur beg m-aites 's mo shugradh,
gur beg m-aytes 's mo hugra′
Bho'n dh-fhalbh Uachdaran fearael,
von yalv u-ach-aran ferel
Ghlinne-garraidh air ghiulan;
ylinne-garray′ ayr yi-ulan
'S ann am flaitheas na slainte,
sann am flay′-es na slaynte
Tha ceannart aillidh na duthchadh,
ha cennart aylli′ na du′-cha′
Sar Choirnealair soilleir,
sar choyrnel-ayr soylleyr
Nach robh foilleal do'n chrun u.
nach rov foyllel don chrun u

When in the morning I arose,
Pleasure was not my aim.
Is there no end to Albin's woes,
To deaths 'mong men of fame?
The manly leader of the race
Who own the Garrian-glen,
Is off to his last resting-place,
Borne high by sorrowing men,—
The chieftain lofty, true, and bold,
Who never his allegiance sold.

Fonn :—

'S cianael trom agus fada,
's ci-an-el trom agus fada
'S cianael fada mo bhron,
's ci-an-el fada mo vron
O'n la charadh gu h-iosal,
on la chara′ gu hi-o-sal
Do phersa phriesail fo'n fhoid,
do fersa fri-seyl fon oyd
Tha mo chridhsa ciuirte,
ha mo cri′-sa ci-uyrté
Cha dean mi sugradh ri'm bheo,
cha de-an mì su-gra′ rim ve-o
O'n dh-fhalbh ceannart nan uaislean
on yalv cennart nan u-ayslen
Oighre dualchais na Troim.
oyre du-al-chays na troym

'S mairg a tharladh roi d' dhaoine,
s mayrg a harla′ roy d ya-oyné
Noir thagte fraoch ri do bhartaich,
noyr hag-te fra-och ri do vra-taych
Dh-eireadh stuadh an clar t-aodainn,
yeyre′ stu-a′ an clar t-aod-ayn
Le neart feirge is gaisge;
le nert feyregé is gaysgé
Sud a phearsa neo sgathach,
sud a fersa neo sga′-ach
A ghnuis bu bhlaithidh gu'n taisé,
a ynuys bu vlay′-i′ gun tayse

Not safe were they who rashly met
Thy warriors stern and true,
When the proud heather-badge was set
In all their bonnets blue;
When thy brave banner waved on high,
And thou thyself wert seen,
With battle kindling in thine eye,
To draw thy broad-sword keen;—
Then, then 'twas time for Albin's foes

Gu 'm bi maoim air do naimhdean,
gum bi ma-oym ayr do nayv-den
Noir ni u 'n spainteach a ghlachadh.
noyr ni u n spayn-teeh a ylasc-a'
Ho, etc.

To fly their fierce, their deadly blows.

Fhuair u 'n cliu sin o' thoiseach,
hu-ayr u 'n cli-u sin a hoyseeh
'S cha 'n olc e ri innseadh,
s chan olc e ri innse'
Craobh a cosgairt sa bhlair u,
craov a cosgairt sa vlayr u
Nach gathadh sga roi luc phicean;
nach gava' sga roy luc fic-en
Na roi 'shaighdearean deargadh,
na roy hay'-deren de-arg-a'
Ged a b'armailtean righ iad,
ged a bar-maylten ri' i-ad
Le'n ceannardan fuileach,
len cennardan fuylech
'S le'n gunnaichean cinnteach.—Ho, etc.
s len gunna-chan cinnteeh

That praise, that early praise was thine,
And spread thy well-known fame afar,
Thou didst on all occasions shine,
The wisest leader in the war.
No serried red-coats daunted thee,
Although their well-aimed vollies rolled
Upon thy ranks, from musketry
That oft in deadly slaughter told:
Thy just distinctions ever were
The wise to lead, the bold to dare.

Gur ainmeul do shinnsridh,
gur aynmel do hinns-ri'
Ri innsidh 's ri shlainneadh,
ri inn-se' s ri h-loynna'
'S tu oighre an Iarl Isleaich,
s tu oy're an i-arl i-lich
Nach togadh cis an cuis fhoilleil,
nach toga' cis an cuys oylleyl
Marcaich ard nan steud lughmhar,
marc-aych ard nan steyd lu'-var
Ceannard shuinn nan lann soilleir,
cennard huynn nan lann soylleyr
Gaisgaich threinn an cruaidh-ghabhadh,
gays-gaych hreynn an cru-ay'-yava
Le'm b-annsa stail na airm-theine.
lem bannsa stayl na ayrm-heyné
Ho, etc.

Thy lineage is for blood and length
In Albin's annals unexcelled,
And formed of chieftains famed for strength,
Who in the deadly charge compelled
Steeds fierce and fleet, that harnessed shone
Like meteors coursing through the sky;
While in their sells, as on a throne,
They towered in their war panoply;
And none of them has been constrained
To deeds that have that lineage stained.

'S goirt an t-earcal a thachair,
s goyrt an tercal a hach-ayr
O'n chaidh an iomairt so tuadhal,
o'n chay' an i-o-mayrt so tu-a'-al

Since some in battle* have forgot
How their brave fathers plied their steel,
No refuge has our country got

* Shireff-muir.

O' latha blar sliabh an t-Shiarradh,
o la'-a blar sli-av an hirra'
Chail air cinneadh an uaislean,
chayl ayr cinne' an u-ayslen
Ged a sheasaibh Clanndomhnuill,
ged a hes-ayv clanu-dov-nuyll
Mar bu choir dhaoibh sa chruadal,
mar bu choyr yoyv sa chru-a-dal
Chail sinn roghuinn nan cairdean,
chayl sinn ro'-iaun nan cayr-den
An fheul ard 's i gun truailleadh.—Ho, etc.
an uyl ard s i gun tru-aylle'

From ruthless Fortune's crushing wheel,
Although Clanndonnill on that day,
As ever, clothed them with renown;
Our heroes have been *wede* away,
In fruitless battles one by one;
And now we've lost the worthiest lord
That in these battles drew his sword.

Nise dh-fhalbh an triuir bhraithrean,
nise yalv an tri-uyr vray-ren
A chleachd mar abhaist an uailse,
a chlechd mar av-ayst an u-aylse
Triadh Ghlinn-garraidh nam bradan,
tri-a' ylinn-garray' nam bradan
'S caibtein smachdail na buaidhean,
s cayb-teyn smachd-ayl na bu-ay-en
Domhnul morchuiseach Shleibhte,
dovnul mor-chuysech leyv-te'
Fear na ceile 's na suairce,
fer na ceyle s na su-ayrce
Cha bhith gu brath aig Clann-dhomhnuill,
cha vi' gu bra' ayg clann-yov-nuyll
Triuir chonn-spunn cho cruaidh riu.—Ho, etc.
tri-uyr chonn-spunn cho cruaidh riu

It was our country's destiny
To lose three pillars of the throne,—
Heroes who, in adversity,
For daring, proudly, greatly shone:
Sir Donald, our leader, when combined,
Clanronald, captain of our men,
Alisdair, generous, good, and kind,
Chief of the Garry's far-famed glen;
Clanndonnill's ranks no more will see
Leaders illustrious as the three.

Noir threig cach an cuid fearainn,
noyr h-reyg cach an cuyd fer-aynn
'S nach d-fhan iad san rioghachd,
s nach d-an i-ad san ri-oc
Sheas iadsan gu daingean,
hes i-ad-san gu dayn-gen
'S cha b-ann le sgainneal a shin iad,
s cha b-ann le sgaynnel a hin i-ad
Chuir iad fuaradh na froyse,
chuyr i-ad fu-a-ra' na froysé
Seach air dorsaibh gar dianadh;
sech ayr dor-sayv gar di-an-a'
Na flaith bu chiunne na maighdeann,
na flay bu chi-uyné na may-deun
'S bu ghairge nan lasair.—Ho, etc.
s bu yayrg-e nan las-ayr

When other chiefs fled from their lands,
Our heroes, stern and unsubdued,
Rallied their bold, their kindred bands,
And for their king and country stood;
Aye stood prepared in arms to die,
When War should his fierce tocsin sound,
Or to achieve a victory
That should their treacherous foes confound;
Such were our chiefs, than maidens mild,
But, roused to war, than beacons wild.

Archibald, better known by his poetic name of Ciaran Mabach, was brother to Sir James Macdonald, and stood high in his confidence. When Iain Lom obtained from him a party to execute the warrant from the Privy Council against the murderers of Keppoch, Archibald was appointed to the command. He left his residence in Uist on Wednesday, travelled on foot over the mountains, then covered with snow, at the head of his party; stormed and set fire to the blockhouse, and slew the murderers at Inverlair in Braelochaber on Sunday; and dispatched messengers from Invergarry to Edinburgh with the heads, the same day,—a feat not even surpassed by Montrose's march from Fort-Augustus by Glenbuick, Glenroy, Dalnabi, and Lianachan, to Inverlochy, in one day. The defenders of the blockhouse consisted only of the uncle and six nephews; yet they killed and wounded sixty of the besiegers before being conquered. Iain Lom, who was the guide of the party, says that there was not one of the seven who, "in an equal fight, was not a match for ten." Some incidents of the storming are very romantic, and one of them in particular highly characteristic of the stern sense of honour found united with the most deadly passions, in the warriors of the olden time; but it were an episode here, and would intrude on my space. Iain Lom, in his verses commemorative of the achievement, gives great praise to the Ciaran Mabach for the skill and hardihood with which he conducted the expedition. A verse or two of this song may perhaps be acceptable to the reader.

Slan fo d' thrial, a Chiarain Mhabaich, slan fo d' ri-all a chi-aren vab-aych	Hail to thy course, Ciaran Mabach,
Shiubhlas sliabh gu'n bhiadh gu'n chadal, hi-uvlas sli-av gun vi-a' gun cha-dal	Who travellest over the wolds, without food or sleep,
Fraoch fo d' shin, gu'n bhosd, gu'n bhagradh. fraoch fod hin gun vosd gun vagra'	Heather thy bed; nor vaunt nor threat (was thine:)
Chuir u ceo fo'n roisheal ladarn'. chuyr u ce-o fon roysel la-darn	Thou hast wasted the stronghold of the bad and daring.
Diciadain chai e na uidheam di-ci-a-den chay e na uy'em	On Wednesday was equipped
Le bhrataich ard do ghillean dubha. le vratych ard do yillen duva	Thy lofty banner of black-haired gillies.
Sgriob Ghilleaspuig ruaidh a Uist sgri-ob yillespeyg ru-ay' a uyst	The expedition of red Archibald from Uist,
Bhuail e meal an ceann na h-uidhe. vu-ayl e mel an cenn na huy'	Struck a blow at the end of its rout.
Cha d' iar e bata na long dharaich cha di-ar e vātá na lōng yar-aych	Neither a boat nor a ship of oak didst thou ask,
Ri am geamhraidh an tus na gaillean. ri am ge-av-ri' an tus na gayllen	In winter, when storms began.
An triubheas teann feadh bheann is bhealach, an tri-u-ves tenn fe-a' venn is velach	In tight trews through mountains and defiles,

'S tu b-eatrom bonn ge trom do mheallag. stu b-e-trom bonn ge trom do vellag	Light were thy footsteps though great thy might.
A Sheumais nan tur 's na'm baideal, a heymaysh nan tur 's nam baydel	James of towers and battlements,
Gheibh luchd muirne cuirm a t-aitreabh; yeyv luc muyrné cuyrm a taytrev	Thy tuneful race will in the hall find a festive welcome;
Ged do rinn u 'n duiseal cadail, ged do rinn u 'n duy-sel cadayl	Though thou didst doze for a time,
'S eibhinn leom do dhusgadh maiduinn. 's eyvinn le-om do yusga' mayduynn	Joyful to me was thy morning vigil.

John the bare was certainly not less distinguished as a political poet among those who understood his language than Dryden. The following is a free imitation of one specimen of his poems on political subjects. The imitation is so free as not to pay the least attention to the order of words and lines; but it is true to his thoughts and feelings, and makes him express them in the same style and spirit in English as in the Gaelic. I cannot afford space for the original, but versions of it, less or more correct, will be found in every collection of Gaelic poetry.

'S MI SO AIR M' UILLIN.—ON CROWNING CHARLES THE SECOND.

Upon my elbow calmly leaning,
Within the lovely mountain glen,
My mind indulged itself in dreaming
Of the strange deeds and lives of men!

And wherefore should my voice be silent,
While my heart bounds with pride and joy,
Nor tell the Whigs, the base and violent,
Their greedy, rampant reign is bye?

Their reign who falsely tried and murdered
The true, the loyal, and the brave;
Who, with their sophistry, bewildered
The people whom they would enslave.

With staff in hand, the while I hasten
To welcome home my native king,
Why should I doubt that he will listen
To the leal counsel I may bring?—

Counsel from clans and chiefs true-hearted,
Who suffered in their country's cause,
Which, through the royal bard imparted,
Should warn him to respect the laws;

But not the men whose conduct baneful,
Has scattered ruin o'er the land,
And answered but with taunts disdainful,
Those whom they robbed of wealth and land.

Remember, Charles Stuart, ever,
The lesson taught thee by the past,
Forgetting truth and justice never,
If thou wouldst that thy reign may last.

Think, since the throne thou hast ascended,
Without the aid of spear or sword,
How thy own rights may be defended,
And, eke, thy people's rights restored.

No Machiavel has yet propounded
The means to make the throne secure,
Save when the people's rights are founded
On a just basis, broad and sure.

But leniency is not now wanted;
A wise severity were just:
Let those who are already sainted,
E'en go where they have placed their trust.

Why should we grudge these men to Heaven
That have their treasure hoarded there?
Since they have made their road so even,
Dismiss them while accounts are square!

Thou subjects hast of high condition,
Whose hearts are not more true than mine,
That will with many a sage petition,
Crave boons, and laud thy right divine:

But right divine did not defend thee,
When thou and Cromwell were at blows;
Then try what force wise rule may lend thee,
And make thy people friends—not foes.

No doubt, thy nobles would defend thee,
At cost of all their lands and lives,
But, ach! it would not do, to 'tend thee,
And leave their children and their wives!

But I must stop. The royal bard, as stated elsewhere, believed that the feudal nobility only wanted to limit the power of the king, that they might lord it over the people. Hence a severity which I think they do not as an order deserve, and which I will not repeat. Iain Lom kept a poetical journal of Dundee's route from Keppoch to Killiecrankie, of which the following is an imitation—a true imitation, in so far as the royal Celtic bard's thoughts, feelings, style, and spirit is concerned, but without any regard to the order of the words and lines even of the version I took down of it from an old Lochaber man, many years ago, and which is essentially different from and superior to the versions of it published by the common collectors. I have the less regret that I cannot submit this version, from having learned that my old friend and school-fellow, Mr James Munro, than whom no man living is better qualified, is engaged in preparing for publication the interesting poems of this eminent modern bard, with a memoir of the bard himself, which will, if possible be still more interesting even than his poems.

'S MITHICH DHUIN MARSA.—IT IS TIME TO MARCH.

'Tis time to march, 'tis time indeed,
For we have ate our beeves and marts!
Necessity will sometimes breed
Thoughts that touch the coldest hearts.

But would Fionn of glorious fame
For six weeks lie upon his oars,
While Lochlin's plundering war-chiefs came,
And poured their hordes upon his shores?

Would Ualan fierce, or royal Bruce,
  Find pastime among woods and wolds,
And yield the base usurper truce
  That seized, and still their country holds?
Would great Mac-Colla or Montrose
  Fish, hunt, and feast, and sleep, and rest,
While saints, mis-named, cant through the nose,
  And trample on the country's crest?

Fye, Clavers, wake! wake leaders all!
  Your country feels her deep disgrace,
Her clans have answered to her call,
  And armed, as well becomes her race,
To aid the right, subdue the wrong,
  And earn hereditary fame,
Regardless whether weak or strong,
  The foes who urge a wrongous claim.

* * * *

Now, now the army, true and bold,
  From their encampments march away!
Heavens! how glorious to behold
  A people in their war array!—
From mouth to mouth the high command,
  That makes the columns, halt or lead,
Is heard, as they march, band by band,
  And earth resounds beneath their tread!

Nor rugged hill, nor marshy plain,
  Nor mossy moor, nor rivers deep,
Can disarray the martial train
  That onward, onward, sternly sweep;
They flag not, halt not, till they gain
  The chosen camp at evening's close,
Where watchful picquets, with a chain
  Of sentries, guard their brief repose—

Sentries of keen and piercing eyes,
  Unmatched for vigilance and zeal,
That foemen never might surprise,
  Unwitting of the trenchant steel.
Nor long, nor deep, their hours of rest—
  Their pipes anticipate the dawn,
And, serried on the mountain crest,
  The clans, in marshalled lines, are drawn.

Lochlochy's camp we leave behind,
  Where high to Heaven we raised our hands,
And vowed our country's wounds to bind,
  And never to dissolve our bands,
Till vict'ry, on the battle field,
  O'er men of foreign laws and creed,
Should to the land assurance yield,
  The king will be restored with speed.

Then said the Graham of modest mien
  And daring heart,—"Sons of the Gael,
Unless disunions intervene
  Among your ranks, you must prevail.
Your arms are strong, your hearts are true,
  Your mode of warfare unsurpassed—
No living foeman can subdue
  Your party, should your union last.

"If, as a leader, me you trust,
  Your confidence must be entire;
My life, you know, from last to first—
  I never changed my cloak for hire:
My country and my King I love—
  Love as I love my God and creed,
And if you trust me, I will prove
  Worthy your trust in word and deed.

"March, then, my heroes, for the foe
  Has dared to cross the sacred line
To which your fathers, long ago,
  Made every foe his raids confine."
He gave the word, and 'gainst the hill
  Urged on his proud and mettled steed;
But, though in ranks, the clansmen still
  Defied its vaunted power and speed.

Before he reached Glenturret's crest,
Nor strength nor speed had he to spare;
But stood all foaming and distressed,
And gasping for the mountain air.
Then laughed the gay, the gallant Graham,
As lightly on his feet he sprung,
"Come, I'm a Gael in blood and name,
Let's try who is most swift and strong."

Glenturret we leave far behind,
Leac-Connel's plain, and Garvamore,
Nor halting-place we seek nor find,
Until we gain Drumuachar's core.
There for the night a camp we form,
And spread our sentinels around,
Though wind and rain—a perfect storm—
Made hills and vales and rocks resound.

Again we form, at break of day,
Again in well-knit sections move,
With dauntless tread, in proud array,
The men of Athole's zeal to prove,
Their zeal to prove? It soon was proved!
Each mother's son, like shadows, fled,
Leaving their women—fair and loved—
To tell why we must lack their aid!

Alas, that warriors, true and brave,
Who love their country and their king,
Should a base feudal leader have,
To lead them as if on a string!
But little do we reck or care
For Athole and its trimming lord;
Our cause is just, our claymores bare,—
Such paltry loss we can afford.

Onward, still onward, boldly sweep
The race unmatched yet with the sword,
The well-knit section form they keep
On hill or plain, through moss or ford.
Their weapons gleam, their tartans wave,
Their towering crests invade the skies;
The dews of toil their foreheads lave,
But courage flashes from their eyes.

While breasting steep Sliavāna's side,
A horseman comes with fiery speed,
And says the Whigs, in pomp and pride,
Have boldly crossed the pass of dread,
Led by the stern and stout Mackay—
A veteran trained to war abroad—
From whom the Orange gold might buy
His King, his Country, and his God.

The shout of joy our columns gave
When their stern battle met our view,
Might wake the Romans from their grave,
Whom here of old our fathers slew.
Stripped to our bonnets, brogues, and kilt,
We cast all useless weeds away,
Loosed our steel pistols in the belt,
And fiercely claimed the deadly fray.

Clavers arranged each daring clan
In its precise and proper place,
Took his proud station in the van,
And onward moved with dauntless pace.
When, front to front, we met the foe,
With missiles the slow work began,
And many a shot and shaft they throw
Away, that should have found its man!

Thus did we waste a precious hour—
That brave men's patience sorely tried,
Then forth we drew the stern claymore,
And rushed upon them, like the tide
Of wild Coire Vrecken, when the waves
Of the Atlantic's boundless main
Assail the rocks, till cliffs and caves,
And hills and glens, resound again!

Then, oh then was felt and seen
The potence of our dear claymores,
When heads, legs, arms, cut off as clean
As shorn grain, were strew'd in scores
Along the field. Ere minutes two
Could wing their flight, the trenchant brand
Laid every sprawling whigling low
Who dared the deadly charge to stand.

Nor had they better hap who fled
In terror, and in disarray;
For, in the gorge were hundreds sped,
Who shrieked in panic and dismay.

But, ah, the vict'ry dear was bought—
The chief that could our cause sustain,
When, in the hour of triumph, sought,
Was found among a heap of slain!

The chief whose prestige and whose power
Were only equalled by his mind,
And who, alas, in danger's hour,
Has no successor left behind!
His *eric* would not be complete,
Though all who thrive by Albin's woe
On a funereal pile were set,
Or hung suspended from a *tow*.

The Ciaran Mabach, for some cause which I have never heard explained, was put in ward in Edinburgh, where he met with extreme kindness and courtesy from the aristocracy, especially the ladies. Nevertheless, he pined for his native hills, and breathed his longing in verses, which I am unwilling to subject to a line for line translation. Indeed, I think that I shall have given as many translations of that kind as my object requires, and that a few, more free, more regardful of the style and spirit than of the words and literal sense of the original, may now be here and there introduced, with as much satisfaction to the reader as to myself. I regret the necessity of giving fewer verses of the original than are imitated.

Ge socair mo leabadh
ge soc-ayr mo leba'
B'annsa cadal air fraoch,
bannsa cadal ayr fraoch
Ann an lagan beag uaigneach,
ann an lagan beg u-ayg-nech
Is bad do'n luachair ri'm thaobh,
is bad don lu-a-chayr rim haov
'S noir a dh-eirinn sa mhaduinn,
's noyr a yey-rinn sa va-duynn
Bhi siubhal ghlacagan caol,
vi si-val ylac-ag-an caol
Na bi trial thun na h-Abaid,
na bì tri-al hun na ha-bayd
A dh-eisdeachd glagraich na saor.
a yeysd-ec glag-raych na saor

Though soft and easy is my bed,
Magnificent my room,
I'd rather sleep in Uigni's glade,
'Mong heather in full bloom;
Where I could rise at break of day,
With Oscar by my side,
To seek, 'mong glens and mountains grey,
The stag of dark-brown hide.

Cha'n 'eil agam cu gleusda,
cha'n ell agam cu gleysda
'S cha'n 'eil feum agam dha,
's cha'n ell feym agam ya

But my loved forest is afar;
Though here I may behold
A forest huge, where mast and spar
The shipwright's craft unfold;

Cha suidh mi air bachdan,
cha suy′ mi ayr bac-an
Ri faire fada o chach,
ri fayré fada o chach
Cha leig mi mo ghaothar,
cha leyg mi mo yaor
An aghaidh no Mam,
an a′-ay′ no mam
'S cha loisgear leam fudar,
's cha loysgar le-am fudar
An Gleann-Ruthain gu brath.
an glenn-ru-aynn gu bra′

But I encounter sights and smells,
That almost stop my breath :—
Would that I were on Ruthan's fells,
Upon my own sweet heath,

Graigh mo ghraidhsa a ghraigh ullach,
gray′ mo yray′-sa a yray′ u-allach
Thogadh suas ris na h-aird,
hoga′ su-as ris na hayrd
Dh-itheadh biolair an fhuarain,
yith-a′ bilayr an u-ar-ayn
'S le'm bu shuarach an cal,
's lem bu hu-arach an call
'S tric bha mise mu'n cuairt dhuibh,
stric va misé mun cu-ayrt yuyv
Dh-aineon fuarachd an la,
yayn-enn fu-arac an la
'S tric a dh-fhuilig mi cruadal,
stric a yuyl-ig mi cru-ad-al
A tialadh chruach air ur sgath.
a ti-a-la′ chru-ach ayr ur sga′

Where I could see the clean-limbed herd,
Of airy form and crest,
Stretching against thy side Melard,
By my fierce greyhounds press'd;
Press'd by my hounds that never fail,
When slipped at deer or roe,
Whether in corrie, wold, or vale,
To lay the quarry low.

Fear mo ghraidh a'm fear buidhe,
fer mo yra-i′ am fer buy′
Nach dean suidhe aig bord,
nach de-an suy′ eg bord
Nach iarradh ri cheannach,
nach i-a-ra′ ri chenn-ach
Pinnt leanna na beoir,
pinnt le-anna na be-oyr
Uisge-beatha math dubailt,
uysgey-be′-à ma′ du-baylt
Cha'n fhiu leat ri ol,
cha'n i-u let ri oll
B'fhearr leat sugh glan an fhuarain,
b'err let su′ glan an u-areu
An cluain na'm beann mor.
an clu-ayn nam benn mor

But here I have no mettled hound
Unmatched for strength and speed,
No wold with rocks and woodlands crown'd,
To test their blood and speed,
And laugh his showy pace to scorn,
Who leads in galliards gay,
And answer with a taunt his horn
Who rides the gallant gray.

Bean mo ghraidh a bhean uasal,
ben mo yray′ a ven u-a-sal
Dha nach d'fhuaradh riamh lochd,
ya nach du-a-ra′ ri-av loc
Nach iarradh mar chluasaig,
nach i-a-ra′ mar chlu-a-sayg
Ach lom-ghuallain nan cnoc,
ach lom-yu-alayn nan cnoc
'S nach fuiligeadh an t-sradag,
's nach fu-il-ge′ an trad-ag
A lasadh ri corp—
a las-a′ ri corp
Och a Mhoire mo chruaidh-chas,
och a voyre mo chru-ay′-chas
Nach dh-fhuair mi u nochd.
nach d-u-ayr mi u noc

The one would scarce excel in speed,
Nor would the other ride
Upon his proud and vaunted steed,
Against Glenmaran's side;
Where, on the eve of parting day,
Among the meadows green,
The milky kine list to the lay
Of maids in tartan sheen:

Bean a b-aig antach ceile,
ben a bayg antach ceylé
'Nam eiridh fo dhriuchd,
nam eyri′ fo yruyc
Cha'n fhaigheadh tu beud dha,
chan ay′-e′ tu beyd ya
'S cha bu leir leis ach u,
's cha bu leyr leys ach u
Sibh an glacaibh a cheile,
siv an glac-ayv a cheylé
A fior eadeann nan stuc,
a fi-or ed-enn nan stuc
'S an am eiridh na greine,
san am eyri′ na greyne
Bu gheur leirsinn air sul.
bu yeyr leyrsinn ayr sul

Aye, list, and yield with dreamy joy
Their treasures to the hand
Of maidens fair and kind, though coy,
In streamlets white and bland;
While, clear and high, each artless voice
Wakes hills and rocks around,
And *leglens** to their hearts rejoice,
And chime with hollow sound.

Nuair a thigeadh a foghar,
nu-a-ir a hig-e′ a fo′-ar
Bu bhinn leom torrunn do chleibh,
bu vinn le-ome torrun do chleyv
Toirt dulan na comhstri,
toyrt dulan na cov-stri
Air a mhointich chaoin reidh,
ayr a voyntich chaoyn rey′

And while they sing, their hunters gay,
Peering through glen and grove,
With pleasure listen to the lay
That speaks of faithful love;
Then bounding forward, proud and tight,
Each youth lays down his spoil
Before his sweetheart fond and bright,
And feels her conscious smile.

* Milk-pail.

Na dol an coinneamh do leannan,
na dol an coynnev do lennan
Ge bheil sneachda mar cheir,
ge veyl snechda mar cheyr
Bi sin a bhana-cheilidh bhoidheach,
bi sin a vana-cheyli′ voy′ech
Is etrom moralach ceum.
is e-trom mor-alach ceym

Oh, how I love the free-born race,
Of beauteous gait and form,
When after them, in headlong chase,
My Oscar and my Storme
Strain every nerve, and make them strain
Each nerve and sinew too,
If, in their fearful strait, they'd gain
Benard, thy corries blue.

Sweet is the converse of the hart
With his unsullied mate,
Nor would he from her side depart,
To plunge where clubs debate;
To swill at porter or at ale,
Or whisky fierce and blue,
Where Lowland greed and craft prevail,
And Highland hearts are true.

No! he would rather slake his thirst
Ere Sol ascends the sky,
Where virgin streams in crystal burst
From corries wild and high;
Where the cold cress in clusters green
A frugal meal supplies,
And lichens decked in silver sheen
Afford a juicy prize.

With joy he roams the mountains blue,
And valleys fair and wide,
'Mong heather bathed in pearly dew,
With his fond faithful bride.
She sees but him, him only loves,
No other fills her eyes;
Him watches, moving as he moves,
And in his bosom lies.

They traverse each romantic glen,
Browse on each secret lee,
Make love in every cozy den,
And wander far and free:
While here I pine in hopeless ward,
Nor mark my herd of deer,
Fleeting across thy brow, Melard,
And on thy wolds career.

Oh little do I love to trace
Edina's streets and lanes,
Or breathe lip-love with courtly grace
In palaces or fanes;
Give me the forest wide and high,
The mountain and the vale,
Where dwell the herds of piercing eye,
Whose speed outstrips the gale.

Ah, me, 'tis hard to wither here,
And smoke and fumes inhale
From dusky lanes and vennels drear,
And gutters dark and stale;
And bid sweet Skye of bays and dells,
Wild glens, and mountains blue,
Where all I love in comfort dwells,
A long, a sad adieu.

The fulling, like the boat songs of the Gael, had an air of extemporaneousness and simplicity, combined with a prancing caracoling peculiarity in the style and measure of the verses, which made them very attractive and pleasing, although they disclaimed all pretensions to poetry. The mode of procedure was thus:—Some romantic recess by the side of a burn was selected, where a platform of plaited wattles was erected, on the centre of which the cloth to be fulled was placed. The neighbourhood being always put under requisition on these occasions, a band of maidens, consisting usually of all the more free-hearted, gay, and jolly young women of the locality, assembled, giving their services gratuitously. So many of them, bare armed and bare legged,

seated themselves around the cloth on the platform, and the others, forming a relay of generally an equal number, took their position in attendance, supplying water to *sock* the cloth, and changing places at intervals with their friends on the platform. The verse was sung in a hilarious off-hand style, by the best singer, the others striking in alternately with the chorus. The cloth in the meantime was rolled about, tossed backward and forward, and from side to side, in magical gyrations that would utterly confound the table-turning of our Yankee cousins, but all the while under regular mechanical principles of manipulation, strictly adhered to, however "fast and furious" the mirth sometimes grew, there being always method in the mad movements. The sight of so many merry girls, turning labour into mirth, was exceedingly *outre* and picturesque, and the opportunity of getting a sly peep at them was eagerly sought by such Highland Tam O'Shanters as "knew what was what;" but woe to the luckless wight who was detected by the fair amazons unlawfully in the espial of their mysterious orgies!

The following fulling song, by the royal celtic bard, Alexander Macdonald, is an allegory, in which he represents the Prince under the similitude of a young maiden, Morag, with flowing locks of yellow hair floating over her shoulders. The bard describes his attachment to her, and says that he had followed her faithfully in lands known and unknown to him; and, if she would come again, that he and all her former friends and admirers would embark unhesitatingly in any enterprise calculated to vindicate her rights. My inability to afford space for the whole of the verses, renders this brief explanation necessary. I am indebted to Mrs Hulton, Glasgow, for the version of this air, which is submitted to the reader.

A MHORAG CHIATACH.—MORAG BEAUTIFUL.

A Mhorag cheataich a chuil dhualaich, a vorag chet-aych a chuyl yu-al-aych	Graceful Morag of the curling ringlets,
Gur h-e do luaigh a th'air m'aire. gur he do lu-ay′ a hayr mayre	Thy love is the cause of my solicitude.
Fonn.—Beir mi ho Mhorag, beyr me ho vorag	*Chorus.*—Beyr mi ho vorag,
Ho ro na horo gheallaidh, ho ro na horo yell-ay′	Ho ro na horo yellay,
Beir mi ho Mhorag, beyr me ho vorag	Beyr mi ho vorag.
Mo dh-imich u nun thair chuain oirn, mo yimich u nun hayre chu-ayn oyrn	If thou art gone from us over the sea,
Gu 'm bu luadh a thig u dhachaidh. gu m bu lu-a′ a hig u yach-ay′	May thy return be speedy.
Beir, etc.	Beyr, etc.
'S cuimnich thoir leat bannal ghruagach, s cuyn-ich hoyr let bannal yru-a-gach	Remember to bring with thee a band of maidens,
Luaigheas an clo ruadh gu daingean. lu-ay′-es an clo ru-adh gu dayngen	Who will tightly fuller the red cloth.
Beir, etc.	Beyr, etc.

Gur h-i Morag ghrinn mo ghuamag,
gur hi morag yrinn mo yu-a-mag
Aig a bheil an cuailean barr-fhionn.
ayg a veyl an cu-ayllen barr-i-onn
Beir, etc.

Morag is the tidy one,
Whose hair is a pale-yellow.
Beyr, etc.

Do chul bachlagach na dhualabh,
de chul bach-lag-ach na yu-al-av
Dhalladh e 'n sluagh le lannir.
yalla' en slu-a' le laynnir
Beir, etc.

Thy hair is in curly clusters,
That dazzle with their brightness.
Beyr, etc.

'S ge nach iarr mi u ri phusadh,
sge nach i-arr mi u ri fu-sa'
Gu 'm be mo run a bhi mar riut.
gum be mo run a vi mar ri-ut
Beir, etc.

Although I will not ask thee in marriage,
It were my delight to be near thee.
Beyr, etc.

'S ma thig u rithist am lubaibh,
sma hig u ri'-ist am lub-ayv'
Se an t-eug a ruin ni air sgarradh
se an teyg a ruyn ni ayr sgarr-a'
Beir, etc.

And shouldst thou come again to my country,
Death alone will separate us, my love.
Beyr, etc.

Leannaidh mi cho dluth ri d' shailean,
lenn-ay' mi cho dlu' ri d haylen
'S ni bairneach ri sgeir-mara.
s ni vayrnech ri sgeyr-mara
Beir, etc.

I will adhere to thee as closely
As the limpet to the sea rock.
Beyr, etc.

Shiubhail mi cian leat air m-eolas,
hi-uy-ayl mi ci-an let ayr me-o-las
Agus astar mor air 'm aineal.
agus astar mor ayr m aynel
Beir, etc.

I travelled far with thee in the land I knew,
And a considerable distance in a land unknown to me.
Beyr, etc.

Gu 'n leanainn u feadh an t-shaoghail,
gn n lenn-aynn u fe' an t-ao'-ayl
Na'n d' thigidh tu ghaoil ga m' fharraid.
nan dige' tu yaoyl ga m arr-ayd
Beir, etc.

I would follow thee to the extremity of the world,
Should thou come, my love, to invite me.
Beyr, etc.

Mhorag nan iomadh ciatadh,
vorag nan i-oma' ci-a-ta'
'S glan a fiaradh thair do mhalaidh.
s glan a fi-a-ra' hayr do valay
Beir, etc.

Morag of many attractions,
Beautiful is the inclination of thy eye-brows.
Beyr, etc.

Do shuil shiulbhir, shochdrach, mhodhar,
do huyl huyl-vir hoc-rach vo′-ar
Mhireagach, chomhnard, 's i meallach.—
vir-eg-ach chov-nard 's·i mellach
Beir, etc.

Thy eye is cheerful, slow, kindly,
Merry, well-shaped, and large.—
Beyr, etc.

Deud cailce shnasda na ribhinn,
deyd cayl-ce hnasda na ri-vinn
Mar dhisinean air an gearradh.—
mar yisinen ayr an gerra′
Beir, etc.

The chalk-white teeth of the queenly maiden
Are like dice (skilfully) carved.—
Beyr, etc.

A mhaighdeann bhoidheach na'm bas caoine,
a vay′-denn voy′-ech nam bas caoyne
'S iad cho maoth ri cloimh na h-eala,—
's i-ad cho mao′ ri cloyv na hela
Beir, etc.

Beautiful maiden of the polished hands,
(That are) as smooth as the down of the swan,—
Beyr, etc.

'S iomadh oigear a tha'n toir ort
si-o-ma′ oyger a han toyr ort
Eadar Morthir agus Mannuinn.—
edar mor-hir agus mann-uynn
Beir, etc.

Many are the youths who are after thee
Between Morir and Mannuynn.—
Beyr, etc.

'S iomadh gaisgeach uasal daicheil,
's i-o-ma′ gaysgech u-asal day-cheyl
Nach obadh le'm ghradhsa tarruinn.—
nach oba′ lem yra′-sa tarruynn
Beir, etc.

Many are the warriors high-blooded and stately
That would not hesitate to draw (their swords) for my love.—
Beyr, etc.

A rachadh le sgiath 's le claidheamh,
a rach-a′ le sgi-a′ sle clay′-ev
Air bheag sgath gu bial nan cannan.—
ayr veg sga′ gu bi-al nan cannan
Beir, etc.

That would advance with sword and target,
Without fear, to the muzzle of the cannon.—
Beyr, etc.

Nach biodh mall a dol an ordugh
nach bi′ mall a dol an ordu′
A thoirt a mach do choir a dh-aindeoin.—
a hoyrt a mach do choyr a yayn-de-oyn
Beir, etc.

That would not be slow to fall in,
And vindicate thy right, defyingly.—
Beyr, etc.

'S iomadh armunn lasdail treubhach,
's i-o-ma′ armunn las-dayl treyvach
Ann an Duneidean, am barrail.—
ann an dun-eyden am barr-ayl
Beir, etc.

Many are the warriors, fiery and strong,
In Dunedin, who think,—
Beyr, etc.

Na'n d-thigeadh tu rithist le d' eiridh,
nan dig-a' tu ri'-ist le dey-ri'
Gu'n dubladh na treun mu d' bhratich.—
gun dubla' na treyn mu d' vra-tich
Beir, etc.

Shouldst thou come again with thy rising,
That double the number of heroes would surround thy standard.—
Beyr, etc.

Thigeadh da mhile a Sleibhte,
hig-e' da vile a sleyvte
'S reisiamaid a Gleanne-garraidh.—
's reys-i-mayd a gleanna-garr-ay'
Beir, etc.

Two thousand would come from Sleat,
And a regiment from Glengarry.—
Beyr, etc.

'S dheanadh gu'n taise leat eiridh,
's yena' gun tayse let eyri'
Do chaibtein fhein, Mac-mhic-Aillean.—
do chayb-teyn heyn mac-vic-ayll-en
Beir, etc.

With thee would rise, without timidity,
Thy own captain, Mac-vic-Aillein.—
Beyr, etc.

Thainig e an tus roi' chach leat,
haynig e an tus roy chach let
'S cha'n fhailnich e ma thig u thairis.—
's cha'n ayl-nich e ma hig u hay-ris
Beir, etc.

He was the first to join thee before,
And will not fail thee, shouldst thou come across.—
Beir, etc.

Le suinn Uidhist agus Mhuideart,
le suynn uy-ist agus vuy-dert
'S Arasaig dhu-ghorm a bharraich.—
's ara-sayg yu-yorm a varr-aych
Beir, etc.

With the warriors of Uist and Moidart,
And green Arisaig of leafy branches.—
Beyr, etc.

Chana, Eige, is Mhorthir—
channa eyge is vor-hir
Do ghaisgeaich chorr do shiol-Aillein.—
do yaysg-aych chorr do hi-ol-ayll-cyn
Beir, etc.

Of Cana, Eig, and Morir—
All the surpassing heroes of the race of Allan.—
Beyr, etc.

'Nam Shir Alisdair 's Mhontros,
nam hir alis-dayr 's vontros
Bu bhocain iad do na gallaibh.—
bu voc-ayn i-ad do na gall-ayv
Beir, etc.

In the time of Sir Alexander and Montrose,
They were the terror of the strangers.
Beyr, etc.

Dh-fhiach iad latha Inverlochaidh
yi-ach i-ad la'-a inver-lo-chay'
Gu'n robh iad eolach air lannaibh.—
gun rov i-ad e-o-lach ayr lannayv
Beir, etc.

They showed on the day of Inverlochy
That they knew how to wield their swords.—
Beyr, etc.

Am Peairt, Cill-Soidh, is Alt-Eireann,
am pe-ayrt cill-soy′ is alt-eyrinn
Dh-fhag iad reubalaich gu'n anam.—
yag i-ad reb-al-aych gun anam
Beir, etc.

In Perth, Kilsythe, and Auldearn,
They left the rebels soulless.—
Beyr, etc.

Eiridh leat a Ghlinne-chomhan,
eyri′ le-at a glinne-covan
Bratach choimheach nan geur-lannaibh.
bratach choyvech nan geyr-lannayv
Beir, etc.

With thee will rise the Glencoe men,
The fierce standard of sharp swords.—
Beyr, etc.

'S eiridh leat a nall Rudha
's eyri′ le-at a nall ru′-a
Antrim lu-chleasach nan seang-each.—
antrim lu-chlesach nan seng-ech
Beir, etc.

And will rise with thee in Rudha
Antrim of dexterous swordsmen and shapely steeds.—
Beyr, etc.

Druideadh na Gaidheil gu leir riut,
druyd-e′ na gay′-el gu leyr ri-ut
Ge b'e dh-eiridh leat na dh-fhannadh.—
ge b'e yeyr-i′ le-at na yanna′
Beir, etc.

The Gael will all close around thee,
Let who will come or remain away.—
Beyr, etc.

Shuidh deich mile air cle dhiu
huy deych mile ayr cle yi-u
An cogadh righ Seumas, nach maireann.
an coga′ ri′ seym-as nach mayrenn
Beir, etc.

Ten thousand of them sat on the wattle platform
In the days of king James, who is no more.—
Beyr, etc.

'S iomadh clo air an tug iad Caiten
's i-o-ma′ clo ayr an tug i-ad cayten
Eadar Cat-aobh agus Anuin.—
edar cat-aov agus anuyn
Beir, etc.

On many cloths did they bring a ruffled surface
Between Caithness and Anuyn.—
Beyr, etc.

Ge d' dhiult cacha dol a luagh leis,
ge d' yi-ult ca-cha dol a lu-a′ les
Cha robh gruaman air a bhannal.—
cha rov gru-a-man ayr a vannal
Beir, etc.

And although others refused to go with thee,
Nor gloom nor hesitation did they show.—
Beyr, etc.

Righ! bu mhaith a luagh a chlo iad,
ri′ bu vay′ a lu-a′ a chlo i-ad
'S ga dheannadh comhnard le'n lannan.
's ga yeyna′ cov-nard len lannan
Beir, etc.

Ri! but they were good at fullering cloth,
And shaping it with their blades.—
Beyr, etc.

H-uile clo a luaigh iad riamh dhut
huyle clo a lu-ay i-ad ri-av yut
Dh-fhag iad e na stiallan mearradh.—
yag i-ad e na sti-all-an merra′
Beir, etc.

Every cloth they ever fullered for thee
They left in (measured) webs.—
Beyr, etc.

Teann, tiugh, daingean, fite, luaighte,
tean ti-u′ dayng-en fi-te lu-ay′-te
Daite ruadh le suaicht' fala.—
dayte ru-a′ le su-aycht fala
Beir, etc.

Clean, thick, firmly woven, and fullered,
Dyed red, of the complexion of blood.—
Beyr, etc.

The following verses by the same bard were also sung by the fullers. The version of this air submitted to the reader, is from my daughter, Mrs Lang, Port-Glasgow.

HO AN CLO DUBH.

B'fhearr leam breacan uallach,
berr le-am brecan u-all-ach
Ma m' ghuaillean 's ga chuir fo'm achlais,
mam yu-ayllen sga chuyr fom achlais
Na ged gheibhein cota
na ged yeyv-eyn cota
De 'n chlo is fearr a thig a Sassunn.
den chlo is ferr a hig a sassunn

I prefer the plaid airy
Round my shoulders, or under my arm,
To a coat of the best cloth
That ever came from England.

Fonn.

He an clo-dubh, ho an clo-dubh,
he an clo-duv ho an clo-duv
He an clo-dubh; b'-fhearr leam breacan;
he an clo-duv berr le-am bre-ac-an
He an clo-dubh, ho an clo-dubh,
he an clo-duv ho an clo-duv
He an clo-dubh; b'-fhear leam breacan.
he an clo-duv berr le-am bre-ac-an

Chorus.

Hey the black cloth, ho the black cloth,
Hey the black cloth; give me the plaid;
Hey the black cloth, ho the black cloth,
Hey the black cloth; give me the plaid.

Mo laochan fein am feile,
mo lao-chan feyn am feylé
Nach feumadh ach crios ga ghlasadh,
nach feyma′ ach cris ga ylas-a′
Cuaicheanach, deis, eatrom,
cu-ay-chen-ach deys e-trom
'Nam eiridh gu dol air astar.—
nam eyri′ gu dol ayr astar
He, etc.

My little hero is the kilt,
That requires but a belt to fasten,
Plaited, ready, tight,
In the time of rising to travel.—
Hey, etc.

'S eibhinn 'san dol sios u,
's eyv-inn san dol si-os u
Noir sgriobair a truail an claidheamh,
noyr sgrib-ayr a tru-ayl an clay′-ev

Thou art my joy at the time of charging,
When from the sheath the blade is snatch'd,

A chasgairt nan naimhdean,
a chas-gayrt nan nayv-den
Fo shrannt phiob is stairn nam bratach.—
fo h-rannt fi-ob is stayrn nam bratach
He, etc.

To conquer the enemy,
Under the resounding war-pipes and rustling banners,
Hey, etc.

Bu mhath gu sealg an fheidh u,
bu va′ gu selg an ey′ u
'Nam eiridh do'n ghrein air creachan;
nam eyri′ don yreyn ayr crech-an
'S dh'fhalabhain leat gu lothar,
's yalv-ayn let gu lo′-ar
Di-domhnaich a dol do'n chlachan.—
di-dov-naych a dol don chlachan
He, etc.

Suitable art thou for deer-stalking,
When the sun rises over the mountain peaks;
And modest is thy appearance,
Travelling to church on Sunday.—
Hey, etc.

Laidhinn leat gu h-earbsail,
lay′-inn let gu h-erb-sayl
'S mar earba gu'n eiridh 'n grad leat,
's mar erb-a gun eyri′-n grad let
Na beallamh am armachd
na bell-av am arm-ac
Na dearganach 's musgaidh ghlagach.—
na deraganach 's musga′ ylagach
He, etc.

I would sleep in thee snugly,
And start with the quickness of the roe,
More ready in arms
Than a red-coat with his clumsy musket.—
Hey, etc.

Air t-uachdar gur sgiamhach
ayr tu-achd-ar gur sgiav-ach
A laidheas sgiath na'm ball breacadh,
a lay′-es sgi-a′ nam ball brec-a′
Claidheamh air crios sniamhain
clay′-ev ayr cris sni-a-vayn
A'm fiaradh oscion do phleatan.—
am fi-a-ra′ os-ci-on do flet-an
He, etc.

On thee gracefully
Lies the spotted target,
The sword, on a winding belt
Aslant across thy plaits.—
Hey, etc.

Laidhean air an fhraoch leat,
lay′-en ayr an raoch let
Gu gaolach mar aodach-leapa;
gu gaol-ach mar aod-ach-lepa
'Sa dh-aindeoin uisge, is urchaid,
sa yayn-de-oyn uysgé is ur-chayd
Na tuil-bheum gu'm biodh orm fasgadh.
na tuyl-veym gum bi-o′ orm fasg-a′
He, etc.

I would lie on the heather in thee,
My choice of bed-clothes;
In spite of rain, and storm,
And water-spouts, thou wouldst me shelter.—
Hey, etc.

'S baganta, grinn, boidheach,
s bag-an-ta grinn boy′-ech
Air bannais 's air mod am breacan.
ayr bann-ays 's ayr mod am brec-an

Sonsie, tight, and bonny,
At a wedding or court is the plaid.

Suas am feile cuaichean,
su-as am feylé cu-aychen
'S dealg-gualainn a cuir air fastaidh!—
's delg-gu-al-aynn a cuyr ayr fast-ay'
He, etc.

Up with the encircling feylé, (belted plaid)
With the shoulder skewer to fasten it (on high.)—
Hey, etc.

'S math a la 's a dh-oich u:
's ma' a la sa yoych u
Tha loinn ort am beinn 's an cladach;—
ha loynn ort am beynn 'san clad-ach
'S math am feachd 's an sith u.—
's ma' am fec san si' u
Cha righ am fear a chuir as u.—
cha ri' am fer a chuyr as u
He, etc.

Good is it day and night:
It is becoming on the mountain or the beach;
Good in peace or in war.—
He is no king who suppressed it.—
Hey, etc.

Shaoil leo gun do mhaolaich-so
haoyl le-o gun do vaol-aych-so
Faobhar nan Gaidheal tapaidh,
faov-ar nan gay'-el tap-ay'
Ach 's ann a chuir e'n gleus iad,
ach sann a chuyr e'n gleys i-ad
'S an geuraidh mar fhaobhar ealtain.—
san geyr-ay' mar aovar elt-ayn
He, etc.

He expected to have blunted
The zeal of the noble Gael,
But, instead of doing so, he put them on their mettle,
And made them keen as the razor's edge.—
Hey, etc.

Ged bheireadh sibh an cridh' asainn,
ged veyr-e' siv an cri' as-aynn
'S air broillechean sios a shracadh,
sayr broyll-ech-en si-os a h-rac-a'
Cha toir sibh asainn Tearlach
cha toyr siv as-aynn ter-lach
Fhad sa bhios an deo nar pearsa.—
ad sa vis an de-o nar persa
He, etc.

Although they should tear open our bosoms,
And drag our hearts out of us,
They will not extract Charles
While the vital spark remains.—
Hey, etc.

Ged chuir sibh oirne buarach,*
ged chuyr siv oyrne bu-ar-ach
Tiugh duaichnidh gur falbh a bhacadh,
ti-u' du-aych-ni' gur falv a vac-a'
Leannaidh sin cho luadh e
lenn-ay' sin cho lu-a' e
'S cho buain ri feidh air a ghlasraidh.—
's cho bu-ayn ri fey' ayr a ylas-ray'
He, etc.

Although they have put a shackle* on us,
Dark, ugly, to trammel our motions,
We will follow and stick to him as closely
And enduringly as the deer to his mountains.—
Hey, etc.

* A hair shackle put on the hind legs of restiff cows when being milked in the open fields.

Tha sinn san t-sheann nadar, ha sinn san tenn nadar	We are of the hereditary nature,
San t-fhas sinn ro am an *Acta*, san tas sinn ro am an aca	In which we grew before the Act was passed,
Nar pearsanan nar 'n inntinn, nar persanan narn inn-tinn	In our persons and minds,
'S nar rioghalachd cha teid taise.— 's nar ri'yal-ac cha teyd tayse	And in our loyalty there is no softness.
He, etc.	Hey, etc.
Si an fhuil bha'n cuisle air sinnsir, si an uyl va'n cuyslé ayr sinn-sir	The blood in the pulse of our ancestors,
'S an innsginn bha nan aigne, san inn-sgin va nan aygne	And the instinct of their minds,
A dh-fhagadh dhuinn mar dhileab,— a yag-a' yuynn mar yil-eb	Left us as a bequest,—
Bhi rioghail—O sin air paidir!— vi ri-yayl o sin ayr pay-dir	Loyalty—oh, that is our creed!—
He, etc.	Hey, etc.
Ge d' fhuair sibh lamh an uachdar, ged hu-ayr siv lav an u-ac-ar	Although they got the upper hand for once,
Aon uair oirn le seorsa tapaig, aon u-ayr oyrn le se-or-sa tap-ayg	By a mixture of treachery and chance,
Blar eile fhad sa 's beo e blar eyle ad sas be-o e	Never, while he lives, will the Butcher
Cha choisin feoladair do Shassunn.— cha choysin fe-ol-a-dayr do hass-unn	Over us gain another battle for England.
He, etc.	Hey, etc.

When substituting the feudal for the patriarchal system, the kings of Scotland and their feudal creatures, as the last resort, used the most subtle means for drawing such clans as proved obstinately determined on holding their lands by the free hereditary Cleachda, into a quarrel with some powerful feudal neighbour, who could, either by his own strength or by means of alliances with other feudal magnates, defeat them in battle, and thus reduce them into the condition described in feudal statutes as "broken clans." To be denounced as a broken clan was tantamount to being outlawed, and left to the mercy of all and sundry who were able and willing to take their lives and estates. The Clan-Gregor was drawn into a quarrel of this kind; but being a high-minded and a powerful clan, of royal lineage, and of the most illustrious character, unusual pains were taken to make the Country believe that they had provoked their doom, by acting with great treachery and cruelty toward their opponents. It was alleged, that during the battle of Glenfruin, from a diabolical spirit of revenge, they had set fire to a school-house or college over the heads of the children of the opposing clan; and, to confirm the statement, a procession was formed of women, to wait on the king at Stirling, and expose before him the bloody shirts of their slain husbands. The so called wives were loose women, hired for

payment in Glasgow, &c.; and the bloody shirts were shirts dipped in the blood of sheep or cattle. But the solemn farce afforded the just and tender-hearted king a glorious opportunity of displaying his great generosity and inflexible justice, and at the same time of putting a very large part of the lawless Highlands under the feudal yoke. The whole clan Gregor, of whom only a small minority were in the engagement, were accordingly outlawed and proscribed, and their very name,—one of the oldest and noblest in Scotland,—put down by law. They were hunted with blood-hounds, and all but exterminated, and their extensive clan districts divided among their powerful feudal neighbours. The crime which brought on them this cruel treatment was simply their conservatism. They obstinately refused to consent to such a change in the free land-tenures of their fathers as would put their lives and estates under the despotic will and pleasure of their kings.

This cruel persecution, and the unflinching endurance of the Macgregors in adversity, occupy a great space in the poetry and traditions of the Highlands. "Macgreagair o Ruadhro" seems to have been a favourite air with those who wrote songs on the subject, for there are several elegiacs composed to that air, all of them sweet and beautiful, and little calculated to countenance belief in the vengeful spirit ascribed to the Macgregors; but even the generous and kindly Sir Walter Scott, from his perverted feudal education and ignorance of Gaelic poetry, believed these slanders, and, in consequence was incapable of doing justice to the Macgregors. We have from twenty to thirty volumes containing specimens of Gaelic poetry from the days of Fingal to the present day, and no one will find in the whole mass a single verse breathing the ferocious spirit of vengeance inspired into the "Macgregor's Gathering" by the amiable Sir Walter Scott; so much more humane and magnanimous were the old Highlanders for the last two thousand years than the best representative-specimen of feudalism even in the nineteenth century. The words and melody of "Macgreagair o Rudhro" breathe a very different spirit, though not less heroic. The fact is, that there never were a people less addicted to revenge than the Highland clans. We have, in Gaelic, names descriptive and distinct for every passion, *excepting revenge.* But revenge was as alien to the genius of our clans and country as feudalism. We have therefore no words in Gaelic whereby to express either revenge or feudal titles. Even our prolific dictionary-makers have failed to find in Gaelic a word descriptive of or distinct for revenge. For it is shown in many of our hilarious drinking songs, that "*diol*" (which is their only word for revenge) means," to pay the *lawing:* "Ge be dh-olas 's tu *dhiolas*," (whoever drinks, you *pay*) "ge be brandai, beoir, na fion e, dian an stopsa dhomhsa liona; 's mis am fear nae sor' a *dhioladh* ge 'd chosta fhiach an dhomh suim," (let it be brandy, beer, or wine, fill me this stoup; I am the man that will not grudge to *pay*, though its price would cost a sum.) Now, let the reader consult the Rev. Drs Macleod and Dewar's Dictionary, and he will find that the only word available to these eminent Gaelic scholars to describe this (according to feudal writers) deadly and *inflexible* trait in the native Highland character, revenge, is *diol!*—a word so *flexible* as to be thus translated by the Reverend

Doctors:—"*Diol*, avenge, revenge; pay; render; fill; satisfy; reason. *Diol*, recompence, satisfaction, retribution; reward, hire; satiety; an object, an end proposed; fate, destiny; the act of weaning as of a child." I have shown in my Lecture on the Caledonians and Scots, that the very language of the Gael thus furnishes the means of refuting all the ignorant and ill-natured misstatements as to the social condition and character of the Highland clans; and, when to these is added the evidence of refined tastes and generous feelings and sentiments furnished by their poetry and music, it must, indeed, indicate utter degeneracy on the part of modern Highlanders, unless they vindicate that character against the cruel and unjust charge of lawless barbarity. Even assuming, in accordance with the vulgar (but most erroneous) impression, that the people of the British Empire are of *two* different races, surely each of these races, *if honest*, will feel it a duty to do justice to its fellow race.

Two lines of every verse in the following measure, and all similar songs, were sung as a chorus by the audience, which had a most pleasing and pathetic effect; hence their repetition in the succeeding verse of two lines of the former verse.

MAC-GREAGAIR O RUADHRO.

Tha mulad, tha mulad, ha mulad ha mulad	Oh sorrow, oh sorrow,
Tha mulad am lionadh; ha mulad am li-o-na′	Deep sorrow has seized me;
Lion mulad bochd truagh mi, li-on mulad boc tru-a′ mi	My soul is filled with a sorrow
'S cha dual dhomh dheth direadh; 's cha du-al yov ye′ dir-e′	From which I am not destined to find relief;
Lion mulad bochd truagh mi, li-on mulad boc tru-a′ mi	My soul is filled with a sorrow
Cha dual dhomh dheth direadh, cha du-al yov ye′ dir-e′	From which I am not destined to find relief,
Mu Mhac-Greagair o Ruadhro, mu vac-gre-gayr o ru-a-ro	About Macgregor of Ruadhro,
Ga'm bu dual bhi 'n Gleannlion; gam bu du-al vi'n glenn-li-on	Whose right is Glenlyon;
Mu Mhac-Greagair o Ruadhro, mu vac-gre-gayr o ru-a-ro	About Macgregor of Ruadhro,
Ga'm bu dual bhi 'n Gleannlion; gam bu du-al vi'n glenn-li-on	Whose right is Glenlyon;
Macgreogair na'n gaisgeach, mac-gre-gayr nan gays-gech	Macgregor of the warriors,
Na'm bratach, 's na'm piobain; nam brat-ach 's nam pi-ob-ayn	The banners, and war-pipes;

Macgreagair na'n gaisgeach, mac-gre-gayr nan gays-gech	Macgregor of the warriors,
Na'm bratach, 's na'm piobain, nam brat-ach 's nam pi-ob-ayn	The banners, and war-pipes,
Ga'm bu shuadhcheantas giubhas, gam bu hu-a-chen-tas gi-u-vas	Whose badge was the fir,
Ri brudhach ga dhireadh; ri bru'-ach ga yir-e'	When ascending the mountains;
Ga'm bu shuadhcheanteas giubhas, gam bu hu-a-chentas gi-u-vas	Whose badge was the fir,
Ri brudhach ga dhireadh; ri bru'-ach ga yir-e'	When ascending the mountains;
Saighdean caol air an deagh lochdradh, say-den caol ayr an de-a' loch-ra'	Who loved the slender arrows, well plained,
Is itean dosrach an fhirean; is it-en dos-rach an ir-en	Tipped with the feathers of the eagle;
Saighdean caol air an deagh lochradh, say-den caol ayr an de-a' loch-ra'	Who loved the slender arrows, well plained,
'S itean dosrach an fhirean; 's it-en dos-rach an ir-en	Tipped with the feathers of the eagle;
Saighdean caol air an deagh shnaigheadh say-den caol ayr an de-a' nay-e'	Slender arrows well polished (waxed)
'B-ann do dh-aigher mhic righ e. b'ann do yeyer vic ri' e	Was part of the delight of the descendant of kings.
* * * * * *	* * * * * *
Ged a bhuaileadh mi 'm balach ged a vuayl-e' mim bal-ach	Though a boor should strike me
Ga ghearran cha bhi mi; ga ye-arran cha vi mi	I will not complain;
'S luchd a ghabhail mo leith-sgeul† 's luc a ya-vayl mo le'-sgeyl	(For) those that would take my part†
Ann san t-cheapal nan sineadh; ann san tep-al nan sin-e'	Are stretched in the chapel;
Luchd a ghabhail mo leithsgeul luc a ya-vayl mo le'-sgeyl	Those that would take my part
Ann san t-cheapal nan sineadh; ann san tep-al nan sin-e'	Are stretched in the chapel;

* The above stars do not mean that the verses are lost. The ballad has three parts, but I can afford space only for a few of the first verses of each. They bear me out, however, in showing that, although on the subject of the persecution, they breathe anything but a ferocious and vengeful spirit.

† Leith-sgeul, literally, ex parti statement. That is, they would take her own word for the truth of her grievance, and address themselves, off-hand, to doing her justice. Query: Were the people so truthful as to leave no doubt on the minds of their friends as to the truth of their statements? Or were the clans so regardless of truth and justice as to be equally ready to take the part of their own members, right or wrong? The above mode of expression, which means espousing ones cause on their ex parti statement, implies either the one or the other, if the idiom of a language is capable of throwing light on the mode of thinking and character of a people.

Luchd a sheasaibh mo chorach, luc a hes-ayv mo chor-ach	Those that would stand by my rights,
'S mor mo leon iad bhi dhith orm ; 's mor mo le-on i-ad vi yi' orm	Great is my wound deprived of them ;
Luchd a sheasaibh mo chorach, luc a hes-ayv mo chor-ach	Those that would stand by my rights,
'S mor mo leon iad bhi dhith orm ; 's mor mo le-on i-ad vi yi' orm	Great is my wound deprived of them ;
Ged a nitear orm eacoir, ged a ni-ter orm e-coyr	Though evil be done to me,
Co ni m' eiric a dhioladh ? co ni meyric a yi-ol-a'	Who will exact my *eric** (compensation.)

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Dean do leabadh 's na creagan, den do leba' 's na creg-an	Make thy bed in the rocks,
'S na caidil ach eatrom ; 's na cayd-il ach e-trom	And sleep but lightly ;
Ged is ainmic an fheorag ged is ayn-mic an e-o-rag	Though the squirrel is rare
Gheabhar seol air a faotain ; yevar se-ol ayr a faotayn	There is a way to find her ;
Ged is ainmic an fheorag ged is ayn-mic an e-o-rag	Though the squirrel is rare
Gheabhar seol air a faotain ; yevar se-ol ayr a faotayn	There is a way to find her ;
'S ged is uaibhreach an seobhag, 's ged is u-ay-vrech an se-o-vag	Though proud is the hawk,
'S tric a ghlacar le foil e, &c. 's tric a ylac-ar le foyl e	He has been often taken treacherously, &c.

William Ross, whose romantic love, disappointment, and early death, attaches more interest to his poetry than it of itself is capable of inspiring, wrote one of his love songs to the air of "Lochaber no more," which has been changed in the Lowlands into various versions, none of them to be compared to the original melody, excepting the version called "Lord Ronald my Son." I have only the first two lines of the original words, which, however, are well known in Benderloch. The verses begin :—

Mu'n cuairt do Lochcrearain cha teid mi gu brath,	Around Lochcrerain I will go never,
Gu'n bhogadh gu'n saighead gu'n chlaidheamh da laimh.	Without a bow, an arrow, and a two-handed sword.

* I have stated elsewhere that there was no capital punishments among the patriarchal clans, excepting for crimes treacherous or infamous, which placed the criminal beyond the power of the Brehan court, and under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Druids. How could revenge be a characteristic of a people who were trained and brought up for thousands of years under a law and a religion utterly incompatible with such a spirit ?

The only verses of this song I can find room for is sung to the air of "Mu'n cuairt do Lochcrearain."

CHUMHADH A BHAIRD AN DEIGH A LEANNAN.—THE BARD'S LAMENT AFTER HIS LOVE.

Gur gille mo leannan nan eal' air an t-shnamh, gur gille mo len-an nan el ayr an t-nav	Whiter is my love than a swan when swimming,
Gur binne i nan smeorach 'm barraibh ro-chrann sa mhaigh, gur binn i nan sme-or-ach 'm barr-ayv ro-chrann sa vay'	Sweeter is her voice than a thrush on a graceful tree,
Tha i pailt ann an ceutaidh, an ceil, is an uaill; ha i paylt ann an cey-tay' an ceyl is an uayl	She is rich in beauty, in wisdom, in dignity;
'Se chuir fuadach air m' eibhneas, se chuyr fu-a-dach ayr meyvnes	It has banished my happiness
Bhi a t-eugmhais 'san uair. vi a teyg-vays san u-ayr	To be without her at this time.

Fonn :—	*Chorus :—*
Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn gu'n dail; seynn eyvinn seynn eyvinn seynn eyvinn gun dayl	Sing joyously, sing joyously, sing joyously without delay;
Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn gach la; seynn eyvinn seynn eyvinn seynn eyvinn gach la	Sing joyously, sing joyously, sing joyously every day;
Seinn eibhinn, binn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn a ghnath; seynn eyvinn binn eyvinn seynn eyvinn a yna'	Sing joyously, sweetly-joyously, sing joyously always;
Seinn eibhinn, binn eibhinn, a chuir m' eislein gu lar. seynn eyvinn binn eyvinn a chuyr meylenn gu lar	Sing joyously, sweetly-joyously, to banish my grief.
Se do mhanran bu mhian leam 's e gun fhiaras gu'n ghruaim; se do vanran bu vi-an le-am 'se gun i-a-ras gun yru-aym	Thy endearments, without fitful excitements or gloom, are my delight;
'S noir a sheinneas tu oran, 's tu binne cheolaireadh fuaim; 's noyr a heynnes tu oran 'stu binne che-o-layre' fu-aym	And when singing thine is the sweetest melody;

Dh-eireadh m' inntinn gu abhachd, aig yeyra' minntinn gu av-ac ayg aireamh gach buidh, ayrev gach bu-ay'	My mind rises with joy when numbering every virtue
A tha coilionte am leannan, baindith, a ha coyli-onté am lennan bayndi' farasda suairc. farasda su-ayrc	Combined in my love, who has easiness, delicacy, and modesty.
'S binn cuach agus smeorach an ogain 's binn cu-ach agus sme-o-rach an og-ayn nan gleann, nan glenn	Sweet is the cushet and the thrush on the saplings in the glens,
Noir bhios ceo tiamhaidh doiler air doire noyr vis ce-o ti-av-ay doyler ayr doyre na mang; na mang	When mist silent and shadowy winds around the grove of roes;
Ach 's binne mo leannan, coimhneal, achs binne mo lennan coynel farasda, ciuin, farasda ci-uyn	But sweeter is my love, kind, affable, mild,
A lasadh eibhneis le h-orain, le comhradh, a lasa' eyv-nis le hor-ayn le covra' 's le m' muirn. sle muyrn	Kindling joy with her songs, her converse, her cheerfulness.
Ge do bhithinn an eugail, 's an leigh a ge do vi'-inn an eygail 'san ley' a toirt duail toyrt du-ayl	Though prostrated in sickness, and the doctor should say
Nach bith comhair an dan dhomh ach nach bi' covayr an dan yov ach bas an gearr uinn, bas an gerr uyn	That relief was not possible, and death suddenly would be mine,
Chuireadh sealladh dhe m' ribhinn mo chuyre' sella' ye m' ri-vinn mo mhigean air chul, vi-gen ayr chul	A sight of my queenly maiden would banish my ailments,
Ghlachain binneas na smeoraich 's ylac-ayn binnes na sme-o-raych 's gheibhinn solas as ur. yeyv-inn solas as ur	I would catch the sweetness of the thrush, and receive new joy and health.

Mr A. Carmichael of the Inland Revenue sent me the following verse and melody, ascribed to "a leannan sith," or fairy sweetheart, whose human lover seems to have given her more of his work than of his company. There are many sweet fragments of the same class in my possession, for which I cannot make room; but I insert "Buain na Rainich," (cutting the ferns,) because it affords me an opportunity of acknowledging my obligations to this enthusiastic Highlander, who has sent me an immense number of songs and melodies, for

none of which, excepting the present fragment, can I find use at present; but that does not lessen my sense of his kindness and attention; and I beg his acceptance of my sincere thanks.

BUAIN NA RAINICH.—CUTTING THE FERNS.

Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin, ha mi sgi′ 'smi le-am hin	I am tired, all by myself,
H-uille latha a buain na rainaich; huylle la′-a a bu-ayn na rayn-aych	Every day cutting ferns;
Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin, ha mi sgi′ 'smi le-am hin	I am tired, all by myself,
H-uille latha m' onar; huylle la′-a monar	Every day so lonely;
Cul an tomain, braigh an tomain, cul an tom-ayn bray′ an tom-ayn	On the back of the knoll, the top of the knoll,
Cul an tomain bhoidhich; cul an tom-ayn voy-ich	On the back of the bonny knoll;
Cul an tomain, braigh an tomain, cul an tom-ayn bray′ an tom-ayn	On the back of the knoll, the top of the knoll,
H-uille latha m' onar. huylle la′-a monar	Every day so lonely.

The following song is by Donnach Ban nan Oran, the Glenorchy bard; but I have not succeeded in getting a good set of the air. It is addressed, in gratitude, to the foxes, because they killed the sheep.

ORAN LUAIDH, NA BALGAIREAN.—THE FOXES, (LITERALLY, PLUNDERERS.)

Mo bheannachd aig na balgairean mo vennac ayg na balg-ayr-en	My blessing on the foxes
A chionn bhi sealg nan caorach. a chi-onn vi sealag nan caorach	That hunt (and kill) the sheep.
Ho hu, ho ho, na balgairean, ho hu ho ho na balg-ayr-en	Ho hu, ho ho, the foxes,
O's ainmig iad ri fhaotain; os aynimig i-ad ri ao-tayn	O they are (too) rare to be found;
Ho hu, ho ho, na balagairean. ho hu ho ho na balg-ayr-en	Ho hu, ho ho, the foxes.
'S iad na caoraich cheann-riach 's i-ad na caor-aych chenn-ri-ach	It is the grey-faced sheep
Rinn aineart feadh an t-shaoghail.— rinn ayn-ert fe′ an tao′-ayl	That have oppressed the wold.—
Ho, etc.	Ho, etc.
Am fearann chuir iad fas oirn, am fer-ann chuyr i-ad fas oyrn	They have made a desert of the country,
'Sa mal chuir iad an daoraid.— sa mal chuyr i-ad an daor-ayd	And made the rents dearer.—
Ho, etc.	Ho, etc.

Cha 'n 'eil ait ga thuanachadh,
cha neyl ayt ga hu-an-ach-a'
Tha chuir sa bhuain air claonadh.—
ha chuyr sa vu-ayn ayr claon-a'
Ho, etc.

There is not such a thing as cultivation;
Sowing and reaping have ceased.—
Ho, etc.

'S eigin dhuinn bhi fagail
's eyg-in yuyn vi fa-gayl
Na tir aillidh an robh air daoine.—
na tir ayli' an rov ayr daoyne
Ho, etc.

We must of necessity leave
The beautiful country in which our people were reared.—
Ho, etc.

'S na sraithean is na h-airidhean,
na sray'-en is na hay'ri-en
Am faighte blath 's is faoileachd,—
am fayte bla' 's is faoyl-ec
Ho, etc.

The strath and shieling,
In which were found a warm hospitality,—
Ho, etc.

Cha 'n 'eil a nis ach laraichean
cha neyl a nis ach lar-aych-en
'N ait' nan taighean aoidheil.—
nayt nan tay'-en aoy'-eyl
Ho, etc.

Contain only crumbling ruins
Instead of social dwelling-houses.—
Ho, etc.

Cha 'n 'eil sunnd air aiteachadh
cha neyl sunnd ayr ayt-ech-a'
Aig traigh na air na raointean.—
ayg tray na ayr na raoyn-ten
Ho, etc.

There is no vigorous cultivation
On shore or wold.—
Ho, etc.

Tha h-uile seol a b' abhaist
ha huyle se-ol a bav-ayst
Ann sa Ghaidheallachd air caochladh.—
ann sa yay'-el-tac ayr caoch-la'
Ho, etc.

Every custom that was
In the Highlands is changed.—
Ho, etc.

Air cinntinn cho mi-nadurra
ayr cinn-tinn cho mi-na-durra
'S na h-aitean a bha aoidheal.—
's na hayt-enn a va aoy'-el
Ho, etc.

The people have become unnatural
In places that were so hospitable.—
Ho, etc.

Cha 'n 'eil capul tacarach,
cha neyl capul tacara'
Is serrach aig a taobh ann,—
is serrach ayg a taov ann
Ho, etc.

There is no fruitful brood-mare
Seen with a foal by her side,—
Ho, etc.

Cha 'n 'eil boin 's aighean aillidh,
cha neyl boyn 's ay′-en ayll-i′
'G arach an cuid laogh ann.—
gar-ach an cuyd lao′ ann
Ho, etc.

Nor cows nor beautiful queys,
Rearing their calves there.—
Ho, etc.

Cha 'n 'eil feum air gruagaichean,
cha neyl feym ayr gru-ag-aych-en
Tha h-uile buail air sgaoileadh.—
ha huyle bu-ayl ayr sgaoyle′
Ho, etc.

There is no demand for young women,
For every fold is dispersed.—
Ho, etc.

Cha'n fhaigh gille tuarasdal
cha'n ay′ gillé tu-ar-as-dal
Ach buachaille nan caorach.—
ach bu-a-chaylle nan caorach
Ho, etc.

No lad will get employment
Excepting to herd sheep.—
Ho, etc.

Dh-fhalbh na gabhair riomhach
yalv na gav-ayr ri-o-vach
'S bu pherseil is bu shaor iad.—
's bu fri-seyl is bu haor i-ad
Ho, etc.

The pretty goats are banished,
That were so valuable and cheap.—
Ho, etc.

Earba bheag nan duslain
eraba veg nan dus-layn
Cha duisgear i le blaoghan.—
cha duysg-er i le blao′-an
Ho, etc.

The little roe of dark coverts
Will not be waked by the fawn-cry.—
Ho, etc.

Cha 'n 'eil fiadh air fuaran,
cha neyl fi-a′ ayr fu-a-ran
O'n thagh na h-uislean caoirich.—
on ha′ na huys-len caoyrich
Ho, etc.

No deer are to be found among the springs,
Since gentlemen have given the preference to sheep.—
Ho, etc.

Tha gach frith' ear fuasgailte,
ha gach fri′ er fu-as-gaylt
Gu'n duais air son a shaothreach.—
gun du-ays ayr son a haoy′-rech
Ho, etc.

Every forester is dismissed,
Receiving no reward for his trouble.—
Ho, etc.

'S diombach air an duine mi
's di-om-bach ayr an duyne mi
Ni na sionnaich aoireadh,—
ni na si-onn-aych aoyr-e′
Ho, etc.

My displeasure to the man
That would cry down the foxes,—
Ho, etc.

Chuireas cu ga'n ruagadh, chuyr-es cu gan ru-a-ga'	Who would send a dog to chase them,
Na thilgeas luaidhe chaol orr'.— na hilg-es lu-ay' chaol orr	Or would fire at them with small shot.
Ho, etc.	Ho, etc.
Gu'm bu slan na cuileanan gum bu slan na cuyl-en-en	Health be to the cubs
Tha fuireach an san t-shaobhaidh.— ha fuyr-ech an san taov-ay'	That dwell in their rocky nursery.—
Ho, etc.	Ho, etc.
Na'm faigheadh iad mo dhurachd, nam fay'-e' i-ad mo yur-ac	If they receive my desire,
Cha churam dhoibh cion saoghail.— cha churam yoyv cin sao'-ayl	There is no danger but they will long live.—
Ho, etc.	Ho, etc.
Bhiodh piseach air an oigridh, vi-o' pis-ech ayr an oyg-ri'	They will have good luck,
Is bhiodh beo gus a marbh aois iad.— is vi-o' be-o gus a marv aoys i-ad	And live till age kills them.—
Ho, etc.	Ho, etc.

Having been unable to get a good set of the air of the above *duanag*, I give a verse or two of another *oran luaidh*, by the same gifted bard, a pretty good set of which I can submit.

CHUNNAIC MI'N DAMH DONN 'S 'N H-EILDEN.—I HAVE SEEN THE BROWN STAG AND THE HINDS.

Ged tha bacadh air na h-armaibh, ged ha baca' ayr na har-mayv	Though arms have been put down,
Ghleidh mi Spainteach thun na seilge; yley' mi spayn-tech hun na seylgé	I have retained a Spanish piece for stalking;
Ge do rinn i orm cho cearbach, ge do rinn i orm cho cerb-ach	But it has used me shabbily,
'S nach do mharbh i mac na h-eilde. 's nach do varv i mac na heyl-dé	In not killing the son of the hind.

Fonn.	*Chorus.*
Chunnaic mi 'n damh donn 's na h-eilden, chunn-ayc mi'n dav donn 'sna heyl-den	I saw the brown stag and the hinds
A direadh a bhealaich le cheile; a dir-e' a vel-aych le cheylé	Together ascending the defile;
Chunnaic mi 'n damh donn's na h-eilden. chunn-ayc mi'n dav donn 'sna heyl-den	I saw the brown stag and the hinds.

'Nuair a dh-eirich mi sa mhaduin,
nu-ayr a yeyr-ich mi sa vad-uyn
Chuir mi innte fudar Ghlascho,
chuyr mi inn-te fudar ylas-cho
Peiller tenn, is tri puist Shass'nach,
peyll-er tenn is tri puyst hass-nach
'S cuifein asgairt air a dheidh sin.—
's cuyf-en as-gayrt ayr a yey' sin
Chunnaic, etc.

When I got up in the morning,
I put in her a charge of Glasgow powder,
A tight bullet, three Sassanach slugs,
And a colfin of tow after them.—
I saw, etc.

Bha'n spor ur an deigh a breacadh,
van spor ur an dey' a brec-a'
Chuir mi uille ris an acuin,
chuyr mi uyllé ris an ac-uyn
'S eagal driuchd bha mudan craicin
's eg-al dri-uchd va mu-dan crayc-in
Cumail fasgaidh air mo cheile.—
cum-ayl fas-gay' ayr mo chey-lé
Chunnaic, etc.

The new flint was chipped,
There was oil applied to the lock,
And, to ward off dew, a skin mantle
Afforded shelter to my spouse.—
I saw, etc.

Laidh an eillid air an fhuaran;
lay' an eyll-id ayr an u-a-ran
Chosd mi rithe mo chuid luaidhe;
chosd mi ri'-i' mo chuyd lu-ay'-é
'S noir a shaoil mi i bhi buailte,
's noyr a haoyl mi i vi bu-aylté
Sin an uair a b-aird' a leum i.—
sin an u-ayr a bayrd a leym i
Chunnaic, etc.

The hind lay on the meadow;
I expended my shot on her;
But when I thought she was struck,
That was the time at which her bounds were highest.—
I saw, etc.

Bi sinn beo an dochas ro-mhath
bi sinn be-o an do-chas ro-va'
Gu'm bi chuis ni 's fhear a t-ath la;
gum bi chuys ni's er a ta' la
Gu'm bi gaoth is grian is talamh,
gum bi gao' is gri-an is talav
Mar is maith linn air na sleibhtein.—
mar is may' linn ayr na slyv-teyn
Chunnaic, etc.

But we must live in the good hope
That the case next day will be better;
That the *lay* of the ground, the wind and the sun,
Will be as we would have them on the wolds.—
I saw, etc.

Bithidh an luaidh ghlas na deannaibh,
bi'-i' an lu-ay' ylas na denn-ayv
Siubhal reith aig gaothair sheangadh,
si-u-val rey' ayg gao'-ayr heng-a'
Na daimh dhonn a sile faladh,
na dayv yonn a sil-é fa-la'
'S abhachd aig na fearaibh gleusda.—
's av-ac ayg na fer-ayv gleys-da
I saw, etc.

The grey lead will then speed (on its errand,)
The hounds have a free course,
The brown stags bleeding,
And the hunters merry.—
Chunnaic, etc.

GUR FAOIN MO LUAIDH AIR CHADAL.—VAIN IS MY THOUGHT OF SLEEP.

Gur faoin mo luaidh air cadal,
gur faoyn mo lu-ay′ ayr cadal
Vain is my hope of sleep,

'S mi sior acain na bheil bh-uam,—
's mi si-or ac-ayn na veyl vu-am
While continually yearning for that which is afar,—

Comunn is deo-choimhneas
co-munn is de-o-choyv-nes
The companionship and blist kindness

Na te dh-fhag mi'n raoir fo ghruaim :
na te yag min royr fo yru-aym
Of her whom I left yesterday in sorrow:

Tha mi ann an aisling leat,
ha mi ann an aysling let
I am in dreams with thee,

Gach uair a ni mi suain,
gach u-ayr a ni mi su-ayn
Whenever slumber takes me,

'S trom m' osnadh noir a dhuisgeas mi,
strom mos-na′ noyr a yuysg-es mi
And deep are my sighs when I wake

Air bhi dhomh d' iondrain uam.
ayr vi yov d' i-on-drayn u-am
On missing thy presence.

Ach coim' mo luaidh air osnadh,
ach coym mo lu-ay′ ayr os-na′
But why do I mention sighs,

O' na choisinn mi do dheoin,
o na choysinn mi do ye-oyn
Since I have gained thy consent,

'S an gaol a thug sin aontachail,
san gaol a hug sin aontach-ayl
And the love we have mutually conceived,

Nach caochail e ri'r beo?
nach caoch-ayl e ri'r be-o
Will not die while we live?

'S ioma latha aonarach
si-oma la′-a aonar-ach
Many a lonely day

A shaor u mi o' bhron,
a haor u mi o vron
Hast thou freed me from sorrow,

Lead mhanran baigheal maighdeannael,—
led vanrann bay′-el maydennel
With thy minstrelsy tender (and) maidenly,—

Mo roghainn thair gach ceol.
mo ro′-inn hayr gach ce-ol
My choice above all music.

Thug mise gaol da riridh dhut,
hug mi-se gaol da ri-ri′ yut
I have given thee my love truly,

Noir bha u d' nionaig og,
noyr va u d' ni-on-ayg og
When thou wert a young lassie,

'S air mo laimh cha dhibrinn e,
'sayr mo lav cha yib-rinn e
And, on my hand, I would not renounce it,

Air ionmhas na Roinn-Eorp';
ayr i-on-vas na royn-e-orp
For the treasures of Europe;

Ged a dhiante a chuntas dhomh,
ged a yi-an-te a chuntas yov
Although they should be counted down to me,

Gu dubailt air a bhord,
gu du-baylt ayr a vord
Doubled upon the table,

Cha threiginn gaol na ribhinne cha treyg-inn gaol na ri-vinne	I would not forsake the love of the queenly maiden
Tha'n Ile ghlas an fheoir. han i-le ylas an e-oyr	Of gray and grassy Islay.

I have not been able to procure a copy of the beautiful verses I have heard sung to the air of "Oich mar tha mi." The fragment here patched up is submitted merely for the melody. We have none to do for Gaelic what the immortal Burns did for the Lowland Scotch poetry, otherwise many a highly interesting volume might soon be made up.

OCH MAR THA MI FO PHRAMH 'S FO EISLEIN.

Oich, mar tha mi fo phramh 's fo eislein; oych mar ha mi fo frav 's fo eysleyn	Alas! I am ailing and sorrowful;
Fhuair mi sgeuladh a leir 's a leon mi,— hu-ayr mi sgeyla' a leyr 's a le-on mi	I have news that has me pained and wounded,—
Mo chreach 's mo dhiobhail nach ro' mi'n Ile, mo chrech 'smo yivayl nach ro mi'n i-lé	'Tis my ruin irremediable that I am not in Islay,
'S mo chruinneag dhileas a dol a phosadh. smo chruynneg yi-les a dol a fosa'	And my beloved maiden going to be married.
Mar aiteal ceitein an doire geugach, mar aytel ceyteyn an doyre gey-gach	As the breath of May in a leafy grove,
Tha eibhneas diomhair a t-aite comhnuidh: ha eyv-nes di-o-vayr a tayté cov-nuy'	Thy presence breathes a secret joy through thy dwelling:
An dreach, an aillidh, an cliu, 's an ceutabh: an drech an aylli' an cli-u 's an ccy-tav	Thou art symmetrical, beautiful, of fair repute, and fascinating:
Cha d'fhuair mi leirsin air te thug corr ort. cha du-ayr mi leyr-sin ayr te hug corr ort	My eyes have not seen one who surpassed thee.
Tha i aoigheal, cridheil, baigheil; ha i aoy'-el cri'-el bay'-el	Thou art comely, merry, compassionate;
'S h-inntinn saibheir le tur 's le foghlum; sa hinn-tinn sayveyr le tur 'sle fo'-lum	Thy mind rich with good sense and accomplishments;
A caint mar cheol tigh'n o inneal neamhaidh, a caynt mar che-ol ti'n o innel ne-vay'	Thy words like music from a heavenly instrument,
Ni'n cridhe a thalladh 's mulad fhogradh. ni'n cri'-e a halla' 's mulad ogra'	Warming the heart, and banishing grief.

'S truagh a' d' dheigh mi le bron 's le eislein ; stru-a' ad yey' mi le bron sle eys-leyn	Miserable am I after thee, with sorrow and pain ;
Mo shuilean deurach, 's mo chridhe leointe ; mo huyl-en dey-rach 'smo chri'-e le-oynté	Mine eyes tearful, my heart wounded ;
Cha'n fhiugh leam ionmhas, cha'n fhiugh leam eibhneas, chan i-u' lem i-on-vas chan i-u' lem eyv-nes	I value no wealth, no joy
A tha fo'n ghrein ach u fein a d' onar. a ha fon yreyn ach u feyn ad onar	Under the sun, but thyself alone.

The following verses were written by a namesake of my own, who was in the humble capacity of a church-officer with Lord Macauley's grandfather. Let it bear testimony of the rudeness and barbarity which gave his truthful and philosophic lordship such a detestation of the revengeful and filthy Highlanders!

GU'M BU SLAN A CHI MI.—HAPPY MAY I SEE THEE.

Gu ma slan a chi mi, gu ma slan a chi mi	Happy may I see thee,
Mo chailin dhilis dhonn,— mo chayllin yilis yonn	My faithful brown-haired maid,—
Ben a chuailein reidh, ben a chu-ayllin rey'	Maid of the flowing ringlets,
Air a deise a dh-eireas fonn ; ayr a deyse a yeyres fonn	Who is most easily excited to merriment ;
Se caint do bhoil is binn leam ; se caynt do voyl is binn lem	Thy words to me are the sweetest music ;
Nair bhios m' inntinn trom, nayr vis minn-tinn trom	When depressed in mind,
'S tu thogadh suas mo chridh', stu hoga' su-as mo chri'	Thou dost exalt my heart,
Noir a bhiodh tu bruidhinn rium. noyr a vi' tu bruy'-inn ri-um	When in converse with me.
Gur muladach a tha mi gur muladach a ha mi	Sorrowful am I
'S mi nochd air aird a chuain ; 's mi noc ayr ayrd a chu-ayn	This night on the height of the sea ;
'S neo-shunndach mo chadal 's ne-o-hundach mo chadal	Unsound is my sleep
Is do chaidribh fada uam ; is do chayd-riv fada u-am	Away from thy companionship ;
'S tric mi ort a smaointeach,— stric mi ort a smaoyntech	Often do I think of thee,—
As t-aogais tha mi truagh ;— as taogays ha mi tru-a'	Without thee I am miserable ;—

'S mar dean mi t-fhaotainn, 's mar di-an mi taotayn	Unless thou art mine,
Cha bhi mo sgaoghal buain. cha vi mo hao'-al bu-ayn	My life will not be long.
Do shuil mar an dearcag, do huyl mar an derc-ag	Thy blue eye is like a berry,
Fo'n rosg a dh-iadhas dlu, fon rosg a yi-a'-as dlu	'Neath lashes that wind closely,
Do ghruaidhean mar chaoran, do yru-ay'-en mar chaoran	Thy cheeks like the ripe fruit of the mountain ash,
Fo'n aodan bhoidheach chiuin. fon aodan voy'-ech chi-uyn	Under a face comely and mild.
Aidicheam le eibhneas ayd-ech-em le eyv-nes	Confess I do with joy
Gu'n d-thug mi fein dhuit run, gun dug mi feyn yuyt run	That I have given thee my love,
'S gur bliadhna leam gach la sgur bli-a'-na le-am gach la	And that every day is a year to me
O'n uair a dh-fhag mi u. on u-ayr a yag mi u	Since the hour we parted.
Tacan mu'n do sheol sinn, tac-an mun do he-ol sinn	Shortly before we sailed,
'S ann thoisich luchd mi-ghraidh, sann hoysich luc mi-yray'	Ill-disposed persons began
Ri innseadh do'm chruineighsa, ri inn-se' dom chruyn-eyg-sa	Telling to my maiden
Nach tillinsa gu brach ; nach tillinsa gu brach	That I would never return ;
Na cuireadh sid ort gruaman ; na cuyre' sid ort gru-a-man	But let not that sadden thee, my love ;
A luaidh ; ma bhios mi slan, a lu-ay' ma vis mi slan	If I remain alive,
Cha chum dad idir uat mi cha chum dad idir u-at mi	Nothing shall detain me from thee
Ach saighead chruaidh a bhais. ach say'-ed chru-ay' a vays	But the relentless arrow of death.

I have remarked elsewhere, that the general character of the songs sung to cheer labour, (and every kind of labour had its appropriate song) was the absence of every thing calculated to work on the feelings and passions. The chorus usually consisted of sounds accordant with the employment, and rendered significant and connected by a meaning line or catch-word; and the verses, though frequently arrayed in pleasing imagery, aimed only at calling up in the minds of the singers thoughts and scenes associated with the tender, attractive, or lofty and pleasing clan traditions. But although such was the general character of these "songs of labour," there were exceptions; and the boat song of Domhnull Ruadh Gaolach, as I have heard it sung by an old seaman when

I was a boy, was one of these. Unfortunately, however, although I remember the subject of the song,—(an expedition of loyal Highlanders on their way from the Isle of Skye to join the army of Montrose,)—I have forgot the verses, and have been unable after much exertion, to meet with a single individual that could even sing the melody, much less remember the words, in a manner at all to realise the impression the song made on my feelings in youth. When sung by the old seaman, the listener could not help fancying that he heard a voice slowly rising from behind a sea, until it attained the crest of a mountain billow, and burst on his ear in a regular bravura of seamanlike exultation; it then gradually receded and sunk, until he felt apprehensive that the singer was struggling among the capricious waves; then, after a seeming silence, and to his great relief, it began to grow perceptibly on his ear, until the exulting chorus burst upon him afresh, in a gush of melody that made his heart swell in sympathy with the triumphant pluck and stamina of the strong armed rowers. It was intended to be sung in the same style with Macgreagair o Ruadhro, the whole crew joining in singing the chorus.

DOMHNUL RUADH GAOLACH.

A Dhomhnuil ruaidh ghaolaich, a yovnuyl ru-ay yaol-aych	Donald red-haired and beloved,
Horin ova, ro huvo, horin ova ro huvo	Horin ova, ro huvo,
Sheases dur ri stiuir dharaich, heses dur ri sti-uyr yar-aych	Who standest firmly by an oak helm,
Horin eile, ova hi, horin eylé ova hi	Horin eylé, ova hi,
Hi ri oiri, nan hi ri u. hi ri oyri nan hi ri u	Hi ri oyri, nan hi ri u.
Sheasas dur ri stiuir dharaich, heses dur ri sti-uyr yar-aych	Who standest firmly by an oak helm,
Horin ova, ro huvo,	Horin ova, ro huvo,
'S uaibhreach astar do bhata, 's u-ayv-rech astar do vata	Wild is the course of thy boat,
Horin eile, ova hi,	Horin eylé, ova hi,
Hi ri oiri, nan hi ri u.	Hi ri oyri, nan hi ri u.
'S uaibhreach astar do bhata, 's u-ayv-rech astar do vata	Wild is the course of thy boat,
Horin ova, ro huvo,	Horin ova, ro huvo,
Ni mhuir ghairreach a sgarradh, ni vuyr yayrech a sgar-ra'	Cleaving the roaring sea,
Horin eile, ova hi,	Horin eylé, ova hi,
Hi ri oiri, nan hi ri u.	Hi ri oyri, nan hi ri u.

Ni mhuir ghairreach a sgarradh, ni vuyr yayrech a sgar-ra'	Cleaving the roaring sea,
Horin ova, ro huvo,	Horin ova, ru huvo,
Cum suil gheur air sgeir Bharu, cum suyl yeyr ayr sgeyr va-ru	Keep a sharp eye on the sea-rock Baru,
Horin eile, ova hi,	Horin eylé, ova hi,
Hi ri oiri, nan hi ri u.	Hi ri oyri, nan hi ri u.
Cum suil gheur air sgeir Bharu, cum suyl yeyr ayr sgeyr va-ru	Keep a sharp eye on the sea-rock Baru,
Horin ova, ro huvo,	Horin ova, ro huvo,
Seol air aird nan tonn lannair, se-ol ayr ayrd nan tonn laun-ayr	Sail on the crest of the phosphoric waves,
Horin, eile, ova hi,	Horin eylé, ova hi,
Hi ri oiri, nan hi ri u, &c.	Hi ri oyri, nan hi ri u, &c.

The following song by Alexander Macdonald, the royal Celtic bard of Prince Charles, is also an "oran iomraidh," or rowing song, the air of which is equally spirit-stirring; but I have not been able to get such a version of it as I should like. As this song is published and accessible, I quote only two or three verses of it here.

MOCH SA MHADAINN.

Moch sa mhadainn 's mi dusgadh, moch sa vadaynn 's mi dusga'	Early as I awaked in the morning,
'S mor mo shunnd 's mo cheol gaire, 's mor mo hunnds mo che-ol gayré	Elated I was and full of hilarity,
O'n na chualadh mi'n Prionnsa on na chu-a-la' min pri-onsa	On hearing that the Prince
Thighinn do dhuthaich Chlann-Ra'ill. hi'-inn do yu'-aych chlann ra'-ill	Had landed in the country of Clan-ronald.

Chorus.

Hug o ho layll o ho,
Hug o ho ro nayll liv;
Hug o ho layll o ho,
Seynn o ho ro nayll liv.

Noir a chairair an crun ort, noyr a chayrer an crun ort	When thou art crowned,
Bi muirn air do chairdean, bi muyrn ayr do chayr-den	Joyful will thy friends be,
'S Lochiel mar bu choir dha, 's loch-i-al mar bu choyr ya	With Lochiel, as is right,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gael.— cuyr an or-du' nan ga-el	Marshalling the Highlanders.—
Hug, etc.	Hug, etc.

Thig Clandomhnuill a chruadail,
hig clan-dov-nuyll a chru-a-dayl
Choisinn buaidh ann 's na blaraibh,
choy-sinn bu-ay′ ann sna. blar-ayv
A chumail cruaidh cho'-strigh
a chum-ayl cru-ay′ cho-stri′
Ri luchd chotaichean madair.—
ri luc cho-taychen madayr
Hug, etc.

Come will Clandonell the hardy,
Who gained victory in battles,
To meet in conflict
The race of the red coats.—
Hug, etc.

Sud a chuideachd bhios foirmeil,
sud a chuyd-ec′ vis foyr-meyl
Boineid ghorm is coc ard or,
boyned yorm is coc ard or
Le'm breacanan maiseach,
lem brec-anan maysech
'S le'n gartanan scarlaid.—
's len gartanan scarlayd
Hug, etc.

They are the sprightly clan,
Of blue bonnets and cockades,
With showy plaids,
And scarlet garters.—
Hug, etc.

ORAN DO'N MHISG.—ON DRUNKENNESS.

LE AILEAN DALL.

Noir a shuidh sinn san tigh-osda,
noyr a huy′ sinn san ti′-osda
Chaidh na stoip thair cuntas,
chay′ na stoyp hayr cuntas
Gu tric a tighinn, cha bu ruighinn,
gu tric a ti′-inn cha bu ri′-inn
Iad nan ruith am ionnsuidh.
i-ad nan ruy′ am i-on-suy′
Gun irraidh dalach, a sior phaigheadh,
gun i-a-ray′ dalach a si-or fay-e′
'G ol deoch-slainte a Phrionnsa,
gol de-och-slaynte a fri-on-sa
'S mo chridhe leam le aites ard,
's mo chri′-e lem le aytes ard
Chion Raonull bhi toirt cliu dhomh.
chi-on raonull vi toyrt cli-u yov

When we sat in the public-house,
The stoups went beyond counting,
Quickly, not lingeringly coming,
They raced towards us.
No thought had I of (asking) delay, but constantly paying,
And drinking the health of the Prince, (Charlie)
My heart with pleasure leaping high,
Because Ronald was giving me praise.

Ach noir ghluais mi gu dol dhachaidh,
ach noyr ylu-ays mi gu dol ya-chay′
Lagaich mu na gluinn mi,
lag-aych mu na gluynn mi
Nunn 's an nall gun leirsinn cheart,
nunn san nall gun leyr-sinn chert
Le iomadh beachd am shuillean.
le i-oma′ bec am huyllen

But when I arose to go home,
I became weak at the knees,
I tacked thither and hither, without seeing rightly,
From the numerous conceits that were in my eyes.

Feadh na h-oidhche 's mi gun soilseann,
fe' na hoy'-che 's mi gun soylsen
Air mo shloic a dubladh,
ayr mo loyc a dubla'
'S eagall leom gun droin mi arrusg,
'seg-all le-om gun droynn mi arr-usg
Bha mo chardain diumbach.
va mo char-dayn di-umbach

Pushing along through the night, with scarcely a blink of light,
I made prostrations which doubled me up,
And, I fear, indecent exposures,
For my friends were much dissatisfied.

Noir a dh-eirich mi sa mhadainn,
noyr a yey-rich mi sa va-daynn
Cha robh m' aigneadh sundach,
cha rov mayg-ne' sundach
Mo cheann gun sgoin, ma chom na lasair,
mo chenn gun sgoyn ma chom na las-ayr
Truaillidh dearg mo shuillean.
tru-al-li' de-arg mo huyllen
Se mac-na-brachadh rinn mo leagadh
se mac-na-brach-a' rinn mo leg-a'
Ann an leabaidh dhiombaidh—
ann an leb-ay' yi-om-bay'
Sud an ghleachdair thug fo smachd mi,
sud an glec-ayr hug fo smac mi
'Sa dh-fhag mi lag is bruite.
sa yag mi lag is bruyté

When I arose next morning,
My mind was little disposed to merriment,
My head was without efficacy, my bosom on fire,
My eyes polluted and red.
The son of the malt it was that put me down
In a bed uncomfortable—
That wrestler subdued,
And left me bruised and weak.

'S olc an ealaidh rainn is caithream,
solc an el-ay' raynn is cay'-rem
'S amaideach an turn, a bhi
samay-dech an turn a vi
Suidh' aig bord a glaodhaich ol,
suy' ayg bord a glao'-aych oyl
'S mo phocannan ga'n tiondadh,
smo foc-annan gan ti-onda'
A sgapadh storais le meadmhoir,
a sgapa' stor-ays le me-ad-voyr
'Sa 'g iarraidh phog 's na cuiltean;
sa gi-arr-ay' fog sna cuyl-ten
'S fhad sa mhaireadh mo chuid oir,
sad sa vayre' mo chuyd oyr
Cha chuireadh osdair cul rium.
cha chuyr-e' osd-ayr cul ri-um

Bad trades are rhyming and *blethering*, (idle talking);
A foolish affair it is
To be sitting at a table calling for drink,
And turning pockets inside out,
Scattering money vain-gloriously,
And stealing kisses in sly *neuks* (recesses;)
But while the money lasted,
No landlord turned his back on me.

'S coir dhomh nis a thoirt fos near,
's coyr yov nis a hoyrt fos ner
An t-aithreachas a dhubladh,
an tayr'-e-chas a yub-la'

But time it is to reflect,
And doubly to repent,

Mo bhoid gu gramail thoirt do'n eala,*	And vow by the swan,*
mo voyd gu gramayl hoyrt don ella	
Dh-fheuch an lean mo chliu rium,	So as my reputation may adhere to me,
yeych an len mo chli-u ri-um	
Cha teid deur a stigh fo m' dheudaich.	That not a drop shall pass my teeth.
cha teyd deyr a sti' fom yeyd-aych	
'S fheudar tighinn as iunais,	Of necessity I must eschew drink,
's ey-dar ti'-inn sa i-u-nays	
Cha'n fhaigh fear falamh seol air aran	For a moneyless man can only make his bread
chan ay' fer falav se-ol ayr aran	
Ach le fallas gnuise.	By the sweat of his brow.
ach le fallas gnuyse	

The following song was written by Captain Duncan Campbell, better known as "Fear Marg-na-ha," when from home doing duty with the Black-Watch or "Freiceadan-dubh" of which he was pay-master, before they enlisted into the army, when he retired, being a thorough Jacobin. It is beyond my space and object to notice all the writers of the poems quoted in this treatise; but I make this an exception, Marg-na-ha being my father's father, and because Mr Mackenzie in his Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, has, with his usual carelessness, given the credit of the song to Aillean Macthearlaich. The song itself, fortunately contradicts this statement, for it says in the opening verse, "Na faighinn cead," (if I could get leave of absence;) and in another verse, "Ge fad air chuairt mi," (though long on my rounds)—visiting and paying the companies at their different detached station:—words entirely military, and which could not be used by a country proprietor, who was his own master, like Aillean Macthearlaich. The disinherited Duncan, Lord Ormalie, was the great-great-grandfather of Margnaha, whose sloineadh or pedigree was Donnachadh Mac Phadruic, mhic Iain, mhic Iain oig, mhic Dhonnachaidh, mhic Iain ghlais, Bhraidhealaban. He and his son Iain Og were both at the battle of Sheriff-muir with the clan; in consequence of which they were disinherited by the Earl, who was at home, bed-ridden from age, and favourable to the Hanoverian succession. Although Lord Ormalie was above sixty years of age at the time of the battle, he so led his clan as to make them one of the most distinguished in the engagement. They are referred to in the following extract of one of the many merry little ditties called forth by a battle which was looked on as a burlesque by the Highland bards, although many brave men lost their lives there:—

* Never having before met with this expression in Gaelic Poetry, so far as I can recollect, I begged of my friend Mr Paterson, whose voluminous works show so much intimacy with the poetry, history, and antiquities of the Lowlands, to favour me with some explanation on the subject; and I now submit his very interesting

"Note.—The vow was made over a roasted swan. Dunbar refers to it in his verses to the king called 'Johan Tamson's man.'—

'I wad gif all that ever I have,	That ye had vowit on the swan,
To that condition, so God me save,	Ane year to be Johan Tamson's man.'

'Johan Tamson's man' seems to be a hen-pecked husband; and Dunbar stood in such favour with the queen, that, if she had her way, he could be certain of his long promised benefice."

Thogain fonn, thogain fonn, hog-ayn fonn hog-ayn fonn	I will raise a tune,
Thogain fonn gu foirmeil, hog-ayn fonn gu foyr-meyl	I will raise a tune,
Thogain fonn gu faramach, hog-ayn fonn gu faram-ach	I will raise a tune merrily,
Air lasgairean Bhraidealbain. ayr las-gayren vray-dela-ban	I will raise a rattling tune to the fiery warriors of Breadalbane.
Dh-inns' latha Sliabh-an-t-Shiorram, yinns la'-a sli-av-an-ti-orram	The day of Sheriff-muir told
Nach robh sibh san iomairt cearbach— nach rov siv san i-om-ayrt cerabach	That you were not awkward in the conflict—
Gu'n do theich na bleiderean, gun do heych na bleyd-eren	The mannikins fled,
Ach sheas iad fir Bhraidealbain. ach hes i-ad fir vray-delaban	But the men of Breadalbane stood.

An officer was sent to arrest the Earl of Breadalbane after the battle, on the suspicion that he had been privy to, or abetted his son and grandson's rebellion. The Earl was in that kind of slumber common to persons dying merely of old age; and the officer roused him by touching him on the shoulder, and exclaiming "You are my prisoner." The old man slowly raised himself to his elbow, and regarding the officer with a mingled look of pity and contempt, replied, "Your prisoner! I am the prisoner of God Almighty, and eighty-eight years of age! Duncan," (he said to an attendant) "take that poor man out of the country before the clan discover the insult he has offered to me: I have plenty of blood on my hands already." The fear of the forfeiture of the estate made the clan keep very silent on the presence of Lord Ormalie in the battle; but his father, either in the belief that he and his son had irretrievably committed themselves with the government, or in real displeasure at their joining Mar's army without his knowledge, disinherited Lord Ormalie, in favour of his younger brother. Margnaha, though his ancestor Lord Ormalie had thus been disinherited, had great influence with the clan, and, the Earl of Breadalbane being abroad as ambassador, was drilling them for the purpose of joining Prince Charles. Being apprised of this fact at Perth, when on his way North in the pursuit of the Highlanders, the Duke of Cumberland sent Colonel Campbell of Mammor with a party of dragoons to prevent this junction; and that able officer took Duncan by surprise, in his own house at night, and so well arranged his plans as to carry him away privately by the south side of Lochtay, without a man of the clan knowing anything about the matter. He was put in jail in Stirling, where he was kept secure until after the battle of Culloden, when he was mysteriously released without any question being asked. This and many other episodes of the so-called rebellion, which have not found their way into history, but are well-known to tradition, show that it was Colonel Campbell and President Forbes that put

down the rebellion, and not the "red coats," who were so wretchedly armed, comparatively, as to be quite unfit to stand before the clans in battle, excepting under the management illustrated in the retreat from England, the murderous march the night before the battle of Culloden, and the field chosen for that battle, &c. &c. The mysterious disappearance of Margnaha prevented the clan from joining the Prince, as they had no confidence in his brother "Iain Borb," or John the fierce; but he joined, and was the warrior who fought and killed the dragoon at Inverness, in the manner told by Mr Chambers in his history of the rebellion.

MOCH SA MHADAINN 'S MI LAN AIRTEAL.

Moch sa mhadainn 's mi lan airteal, moch sa va-dayu 's mi lau ayrtel	Early in the morning, under much depression,
Cian 'o chaidreamh m' ionndrainn, ci-an o chayd-rev mi-on-drayun	Far away from the companionship for which I crave,
Gu'm bu bheg mo luaidh air leabaidh, gum bu veg mo lu-ay′ ayr leb-ay	Little was my desire to remain in the bed,
Carachadh sa tiondath. cara-cha′ sa ti-ou-da′	Tossing and turning.
Na faighinn cead gu'n rachainn grad, na fay′-inn ced gun rach-ayn grad	Could I obtain leave, I would go quickly,
Na m' still gun stad gun aon-tamh, uam still gun stad guu aou-tav	Like a spate (descending the hill,)
A dh-ios an ait sa bheil mo ghradh, a yi-os an ayt sa veyl mo yra′	To the place where dwells my love,
Og mhaighdean ailidh Gheambail. og vay′-deu ayli′ yem-bayl	The young beautiful maiden of Gembail.
Ge fad air chuairt mi tamull bhuat, ge fad ayr chu-ayrt mi tamul vu-at	Though long on my circuit, and away from thee,
Si'n aisling uail a dhuisg mi si'u aysling u-ayl a yusg mi	The proud dream that awaked me
Thu bhi agam ann am ghlacaibh, u vi agam ann am ylac-ayv	Was having thee in my arms,
Lan do thlachd 's do shugradh. lau do h-lac 's do hug-ra′	Full of delight and sportiveness.
Dh-aindeon buinig 's cianael m' fhuireach yayn-en buynig 's ci-an-el muyrech	Despite advantages, pensive is my residence
Ann an iomal duchaidh.— anu an i-omal du-cha′	On the border of the country.
Ochoin, a chiall gu'm be mo mhian, och-oyu a chi-all gum be mo vi-an	Oh, my love, it is my desire,
Bhi 'n diugh a triall a t-ionnsaidh. vi'n di-u′ a tri-all a t-onn-say′	To travel quickly this day where thou art.
A t-ionnsaidh theid mi nuair a dh-eireas mi, a ti-onn-say′ heyd mi nu-ayr a yeyres mi	To thee will I go so soon as permitted,
Gu h-eatrom sunndach. gu he-trom sunndach	Lightly and cheerfully.

Gach ceum do'n t-shlighe, dol ga d' ruidhinn gach ceym don tli'-e dol gad ruy'-inn	At every step of the journey
Bi'dh mo chridhe sugach. bi' mo chri'-e sugach	My heart will be leaping joyously.
Mo mhiann 's mi'n cearter air bheg cadail, mo vi-ann 's min certer ayr veg cadayl	My desire this moment is not for sleep,
A bhi na d' chaidridh ghreannair, a vi na d' chayd-ri' yre-anayr	But to be in thy charming company,
Mo dhuil gu'n chleith, le durachd mhath, mo yuyl gun chley' le dur-ac va'	In the unconcealed hope, with wishes good
Gur h-e mo bheatha teann ort. gur he mo ve'-a tenn ort	That I am welcome near thee.
Oigh na maise is orbhuidh falt, oy' na mayse is orvuy' falt	Maiden young and beautiful of the golden hair,
'S do ghruaidh air dhreach an neoinein ; sdo yru-ay' ayr yrech an ne-oyn-eyn	Thy cheeks are of the complexion of the daisy ;
T-uchd corrach min, do dhead-gheal ghrinn, tuc corrach min do yed-yel yrinn	Thy bosom smooth and high, thy teeth white and neat,
'S do bheul o'm binn thig oran, 's do veyl om binn hig oran	And thine eye large and mild,
Suil mheallach chaoin fo d' mhalaidh chaoil, suyl vellach chaoyn fod val-ay' chaoyl	Covered with long soft eyelashes.
Roisg fhada mhaodh ga'n comhdach, roysg ada vao' gan cov-dach	Sweet comes the song from thy lips,
An t-sheirc tha d'eadainn bheir do'n eug mi, an teyrc ha de-dayn veyr don eyg mi	And the charms of thy face will be my death,
Mar faigh mi cheud-ghraidh coir ort. mar fay' mi cheyd-yray' coyr ort	Unless, my first love, I shall obtain a right to thee.
Gu'n choir air t-fheutainn oigh na feile, gun choyr ayr teytaynn oy' na feylé	A right to thee, generous maiden,
Is uaisle beus is giulan, is u-aysle beys is gi-u-lan	Of gentle manners and bearing,
A fhuair os-iosal seirc bho Dhiarmad,* a hu-ayr os-i-osal serc vo yi-ar-mad	Who has received, in secret, a charm from Diarmid,*
A chuir ciad an geall ort. a chuyr ci-ad an gell ort	That has made hundreds thy captives.

* There is much in the Ursgeuls about the Feinn, to lead to the conclusion that they were the invention of the monks ; and that the object of them was so to seduce or bewilder the minds of the people as to make them believe any thing. By mixing the deeds and adventures of their traditional heroes with legends about saints, necromancers, dwarfs, and giants, they inspired and nourished a love of fiction,

Ciochan geala air uchd meallaidh,
ci-och-an gela ayr uc mell-ay′
Lan de stuaim 's de choimhneas,
lan de stu-aym 's de chōyv-nes
Bhi ga d' aireamh 's gu'n thu lathair,
vi ga dayr-ev 's gun u la′-ayr
Thug bh-uam cail is oibhneas.
hug vu-am cayl is oyv-nes

Beautiful are thy white breasts on a captivating bosom,
Full of modesty and kindness.
To be (thus) recounting thy charms, and thou absent,
Has deprived me of elasticity and happiness.

Tha miann na fear fo d' ghun a falach,—
ha mi-ann na fer fod yun a falach
Seang-chorp fallain sundach ;
seng-chorp fall-ayn sundach
Slios mar eala, cneas mar chana,
sli-os mar ela cnes mar chana
Eadainn banail muirneach.
ed-ayn ban-ayl muyrnech
Noir theid coisir-chiuil an loinn,
noyr heyd coysir-chi-uyl an loynn
'S tu snamh san danns' air urlar,
stu snav san danns ayr urlar
Gu'm bidh gach cridhe leam air aird',
gum bi′ gach cri′-é lem ayr ayrd
'S gach suil a dealradh an iongnadh.
's gach suyl a delra′ an i-ona′

The delight of man is hid beneath thy robes,—
A form slender, healthy, lively ;
Thy side is as the swan, thy throat as the down of cana ;
Thy face womanly, cheerful.
When the musical choir is in harmony,
And thou art swimming in the mazes of the dance,
Every heart beats high,
And every eye beams with admiration.

'S tearc ri aireamh trian de'n ailleachd,
sterc ri ayrev tri-an den ayllec
Dha 'm bu dhan dhamh geilleadh,
yam bu yan yav geyle′

Difficult it is to name a third of the charms
That, as fate, made me yield

and substituted for the oral lore, containing the history of past ages, a system of tuition as corrupting to good taste, and unnatural as the musical education of the present day. In the superstitions thus substituted, they laid the foundation of the spiritual despotism that rode like a nightmare over the souls of men during the dark ages. The proneness to superstition resulting from these Ursgeuls continues to influence and mentally enslave the more ignorant and unintelligent among the Irish and the Highlanders even till the present day.

The Ursgeuls also contain many charming little gossiping episodes, like the above about Diarmid, to extenuate or excuse the loving frailties of the fair sex. Diarmid was obliged to wear a mask, to hide the "ball-seirc" or beauty spot that was in his face from the eyes of the susceptible Fingalian ladies, as no woman could behold it without falling in love with him, and showing the frailty of her nature. Graine is not at all inexcusably dealt with by the monkish author of the Ursgeul about Diarmid for deserting her aged spouse, and running away with her youthful hero. How could she help it? To see the "ball-seirc" was fate! Nor is the hero himself less leniently treated. He is represented, throughout his many romantic wanderings with the enamoured frail one, to escape the pursuit of her husband, as maintaining immaculate chastity with a firmness worthy even of Joseph himself, until Graine's impulsive exclamation about "Spiorad an lobain," put him in such a position as would have made it a reproach to his manhood to hold out any longer. In short, the Ursgeuls furnish so many fascinating excuses for these amorous peccadilloes as to leave no doubt that they brought a good moulter to a very indulgent confessional. We need feel no wonder, therefore, that the test applied to the virtue of the Fingalian ladies, according to the Ursgeuls recently published in Edinburgh, proved that there was only one faithful wife among the married Fingalian ladies! To be "a light o' love" was evidently no great reproach in the eyes of the monkish authors of the Ursgeuls.

Do'n mhaighdean chiuin, is beusach, don vay'-den chi-uyn is be-sach.	To the maiden mild, virtuous, interesting,
muirneach, muyrnech	
'S ceud fear ur an deigh oir. 's ceyd fer ur an dey' oyr	After whom a hundred youths are pining.
Bidh cridhe ciurt' aig pairt de'n chuntes, bi' cri'-e ci-urt ayg payrt den chuntes	Some of them will be sorely distressed
Bhios air chul gu'n fhaighneachd; vis ayr chul gun ay'-nec	When left unasked in the background;
Ach oibhneas thig mar cho-sheirm chiuil, ach oyv-nes hig mar cho-heyrm chi-uyl	And joy, like a burst of music from the orchestra,
O'n fhear ga'n lub i an coimhneas. on er gan lub i an coy-nes	Will break from his heart to whom thou inclinest in kindness.

I have remarked elsewhere, that by comparing the Gaelic melodies to those of the Lowlands, we have some data on which to form a comparison between Highland and Lowland taste and refinement. Their songs, especially those Gaelic and Scottish songs written on similar subjects and occasions, afford a still better criterion for such a comparison. The following verses, for instance, were written by a Highland lady, under the impression that she was deserted by her lover from mercenary motives. By comparing her feelings and sentiments to those of a Lowland lady similarly situated, as described even by Burns, the difference for dignity, delicacy, and generosity, between the one and the other, will be duly illustrated to such as can appreciate the originals of both songs.

AIR FAILLERIN ILLERINN, ETC.

Thig tri nithean gu'n iarraidh, hig tri ni'-en gun i-arr-ay'	Three events come unsought,
An t-eagal, an t-iadach 's an gaol; an tegal an ti-ad-ach san gaol	Fear, jealousy, and love;
'S gur lugha chuis mhaslaidh, sgur lu'-a chuys vas-lay'	The less reproachful is it
Ged' a ghlachadh leo mis' air a h-aon; ged a ylac-a' le-o mis ayr a ha-on	That they have caught me;
'Sa liughad bean-uasail sa li-u'-ad ben-u-a-sal	For in many ladies
A fhuaradh sa'n laigse a bheil mi, a hu-ar-a' san laygse a veyl mi	Has been found a weakness like mine,
A thug a gaol fuadainn, a hug a gaol fu-a-daynn	Letting their love wander unrewarded.
Air ro bheagan duaise ga chionn. ayr ro vegan du-ayse ga chi-onn	
Fonn:—	*Chorus:—*
Air faillerinn illerinn, ayr fayllerinn illerinn	Ayr fayllerinn illerinn,
Uillerinn o ho ro loi'; uyllerinn o ho ro loy	Uyllerinn o ho ro loy;

Cruaidh ortan gun fhios cruy′ ortan gun is	A hard and stealthy chance
A dh-fhag mise fo chùing a ghaoil. a yag mise fo chuyng a yaoyl	Has made me the captive of love.

Fhir na'n gorm-shuillen meallach, ir nan gorm-huyllen mellach	Youth of the full blue eyes,
O'n ghleannan am bi an smuid, on ylennan am bi an smuyd	Of the glen of mist,
Far an siubhlach ghraigh eugach, far an si-uvlach gray′ eug-ach	Where airy are the herd nimble,
Aig ionnaltradh shleibh fo dhriuchd, ayg i-onnaltradh h-leyv fo yru-ac	Grazing on the dewy wolds,
Noir theid u air t-uillinn, noyr heyd u ayr tuyllin	When thou leanest on thy elbow,
Bith fuil air mac luadh na fuar stuc; bi′ fuyl ayr mac lu-a′ na fu-ar stuc	Blood will be on the swift son of the cold cliffs;
Na'm bi tu ghaoil mar rium, nam bi tu yaoyl mar ri-um	Wert thou with me, my love,
Cha b' an-air an ceile leom u. cha ban-ayr an ceyle le-om u	An unmeet husband I would not deem thee.

Fhir a dhireas am bealach, ir a yires am belach	You, who ascendest the defile
Sa thearnas an gleann ma thuadh, sa hernes an glen ma hu-a′	And goest down the glen to the north,
Thoir sorruidh gu'm leannan, hoyr sorruy′ gum lennan	Bear my salute to my love,
Is innis mar thachair 's an uair. is innis mar hach-ayr san u-ayr	And tell him how it stands with me at this hour.
Fear eile cha ghabh mi, fer eylé cha yav mi	Another I will not have,
'S cha'n fhuillig mi leom a luaidh. 's chan uyllig mi le-om a lu-ay′	Nor suffer to be named to me.
Gus an dean e fein m' aicheadh, gus an den e feyn ma-che′	Until he himself denies me,
Cha chreid mi o chach gur fuadh. cha chreyd mi o chach gur fu-a′	I will not believe from others that he hates.

Ach ma nith e orm tailceas, ach ma ni e orm taylc-es	But if he will slight me,
Gur taitneach a tha mo chliu; gur taytnech a ha mo chli-u	My reputation remains unstained;
Cha d' roinn mi riut coinneamh, cha droinn mi ri-ut coynnev	I never made an appointment with him,
Cha do thachair sinn riamh ann an cuil. cha do hach-ayr sinn ri-av ann an cuyl	We never met in a *neuk* (recess.)

Cha ghabhain riamh masladh cha yavayn ri-av masla′	I would receive an indignity
O fhear a chuir boinneid air crun; o er a chuyr boynneyd ayr crun	From no man that ever covered his head with a bonnet;
Bha m' inntinn cho beachdail, va minntinn cho bec-ayl	My mind was sufficiently self-sustained
'Sgu'n smachdaichin gaol nach b-fhiudh. sgun smac-aychin gaol nach bi-u′	To rebuke (subdue) an unworthy love.

I have, I think, submitted historical reasons elsewhere for coming to the conclusion, that every difference in dialect, character, manners, and customs, between the Celtic and Gothic clans, (under which name I include Scots, Belgs, Firbolg, Saxons, &c.) can be accounted for by their institutions, education, and circumstances. The writers who make the Gothic a different and a superior race, ought to have shown that they were the subject of a different act of creative power, to justify their statements; but, instead of that, those of them who were historians furnished no evidence of their assumptions, and their followers seem to think that reiteration is the only thing necessary to satisfy their readers as to the truth of any assertion, however unphilosophic or improbable in itself. At the same time, Cæsar, Tacitus, Ptolemy, Orasius, &c. show that they formed separate families, and were known under separate names, in both of the British Isles, at a very early period of our history. The learned and talented Mr Skene,* who is not a beaten-track historian, but a man of deep research and discrimination, in his Introduction to the Dean of Lismore's book, satisfactorily proves that Ireland was occupied for ages subsequently to the days of Ptolemy and Orasius, by two distinct families, the Milesians, or Firbolg, or Scots, (for he also classes them as identical,) and the Cruithne; the former occupying the south and west, and the latter the north and east of the island; and I contend that, in personal appearance, dialect, poetry, and music, these two families may be distinguished from one another in Ireland until this day.

I have stated in my Lecture on the Caledonian and Scottish Clans, that the ancient boundary between the Scots and the Caledonians was Lochlinne

* In a note to his introduction to the Dean of Lismore's book, this learned and able writer nearly agrees with me as to the boundary between the Caldonians and the Scots; he making it by land, and to the north of Lochlinne, which is certainly less natural and satisfactory. His words are, "In the Island of Colonsay there is a cairn called Carn-cul-ri-Erin. In Blean's Atlas, the map of the Island of Mull marks, on the high mountain which separates the north from the south of the island, two cairns called Carn-cul-ri-Erin and Carn-cul-ri-Allabyn. These seem to mark some ancient boundary, but they are exactly on a line with Iona, which seems to have lain so nearly on the boundary as to be claimed by both races, and also with the line which separates the ancient parishes of Killintach and Killchollumkill in Morvern; and Killintach is said, in an old document, to be in Garromoveran, a district which extended as far north as Loch Hourn, while Killchollumkill is said to be in Kinelbadon, which belonged to the ancient kingdom of Lorn,—there seems much reason to conclude that this may have been the line of the boundary between the Dalriad Scots from Erin and the Cruithne of Alban." There is no doubt that cairns were ancient landmarks between different districts belonging to the same clans or people, but I think they could not have been at any time a boundary between two separate and distinct kingdoms, not always at peace with one another. Indeed, it is extremely improbable that, with such a boundary as Lochlinne, the Scots could have even wished to divide their strength by occupying a narrow stripe of hill and shore at such a distance from the main body, at the opposite side of that loch.

and Lochetive, and that from Lochetive the boundary ran by a line, less distinctly marked, between the sources of the waters that ran in different directions, (thus "sheering wind and water," as Dandie Dinmont would have described it,) to Penvahl; from Penvahl to Galashiels; from Galashiels, by the Catrail or war-path, to Berwick. This differs slightly from the boundary laid down by Mr Skene; but I am convinced, even at this day, there is so clearly perceptible a difference in personal appearance, dialect, or pronunciation, (which in effect is much the same thing, a different pronunciation being the original cause of different dialects,) poetry, and music, between the people on either side of that line, as really to justify my adhering to my own opinion on this subject; for although the people of the plains or lowlands of Caledonia had so much intercourse, by inter-marriages, &c. with the Gothic families both of England and Lochlin, they differ from them decidedly until this day, especially in their appearance. I mention elsewhere that the colony of Ulster Cruithne, who settled in Galloway, were also divided from their neighbours by a catrail or war-path, drawn from the head of Lochryan, by Kempshill, Sanquhar, and Carlisle; and I have been assured, on good authority, that there was a marked difference in appearance, dialect, poetry, and music, between the people on either side of that March when the "Highland host" were quartered in Ayrshire; for, strange, as it may appear, I was intimately acquainted with a clergyman, Mr Inglis of Kirkoswold, who when a boy was tutor to the family of Maclean of Drimmin, and knew a gentleman (the great-grandfather of that family,) who had been captain of a company in the Highland host. From this venerable old man, Mr Inglis received much information in reference to the conduct and character of the Loyalists and Covenanters of that day, which had the effect of giving him more modified views of both parties than was usually expressed by Presbyteriam clergymen of the old school. In short, all party-writers allow their feelings to point them, and therefore deal in exaggerations. This intelligent old gentlemen told Mr Inglis that in the small clachan in Galloway they spoke the same Gaelic at that time that was spoken in Ardnamurchan.

In personal appearance, dialect, poetry, and music, there is a striking affinity between the people of the north of Ireland and the Caledonians; and I believe that a similar resemblance, especially in personal appearance, is perfectly visible between the Scottish Lowlanders and the people of the south and west of Ireland. There is in topographical names and ancient poetry sufficient evidence that the ancient Caledonians and Britons spoke the same dialect; and as William M. Moxon, Esq., chief Accountant of Inland Revenue, has kindly sent me some Welsh poetry and melodies, with phonetic spelling, I will now submit these to the reader, and which, on a careful comparison, prove without doubt that the poetry and music of Caledonia and Wales have at this day a clear affinity the one to the other.

CODIAD YR HEDYDD.—THE SONG OF THE LARK.

Cwyd, cwyd, ehedydd llon, cooid cooid ayhedith thlon	Rise, rise, merry lark,
O'th ddedwydd nyth ar ael y fron, oth thedwith neeth ar ael u vron	From thy happy nest on the brow of the slope of a hill,
I ganu yn y nen: e gany un u nen	To sing in the heavens:
Mwyn, mwyn, y tônau mêl, mooin mooin u tonay mel	Gentle, gentle, the honied notes,
O'th beraidd big a'th galon ddêl, o'th beraith beeg ath galon thel	From thy sweet beak and heart will come,
I synu'r byd uwch ben: e sunnir beed yuch ben	To surprise the world above:
Pawb a hoffant swyn dy gân, pawb a hofant sooin du gan	All will delight in the charm of thy song,
Sy'n llifo'n ffrwd o fiwsig ffri: seyn thlivon frood a vewsig free	That flows like a stream of free music:
Nwyfus fawl dy galon lân, nooivis vawl du galon laan	The lively praise of thy heart clean
Enyna dân fy awen i: enuna daan va awen e	Shall kindle the fire of my muse:
An wylaf wyt o'r adar mân, an wilav ooit or adar maan	Dearest art thou of the small birds,
Boed bendith Dduw i ti! boed bendith Thew e te	Be the blessing of God to thee!
Llon, llon, yw'r ddaear lawr, thlon thlon uer thayar laoor	Pleasant, pleasant, is the earth below,
Mae'r haul yn gwênu ar y wawr mier hayl un gwene ar u waoor	The sun smiles on the dawn (of day)
Yn ngwrid y dwyrain dêr; un ngwreed u dooyrine dair	In the blush of the transparent east;
Dring, dring, ehedydd mwyn, dring dring ayhedith mooin	Mount, mount, gentle lark,
Dyhidla odlau llawn o swyn duhidla odlai thlaoon o sooin	Distil thy charming song
O groesaw i dy Nêr: o groisaoo e du nair	Of welcome to thy Maker:
Cân yn Eden yn dy gryd caan un Eden un du greed	A song in Eden in thy nest (cradle)
A roist i'r greädigaeth hardd; a roist ir greadigaith harth	Thou gavest to the beautiful creation;
Iddi'n awr, o bryd i bryd, ithin uoor o breed e breed.	To it now from time to time,
Alawaidd dôn o'th big a dardd; alawith doan oth beeg a darth	Harmonious tones proceed from thy beak;

A chanu wnei o hyd o hyd
a chan-e oonei o heed o heed
Tra haul a byd a bardd.
tra hayl a beed a barth

And sing thou wilt through all time,
While sun, and world, and bard (exist.)

BUGEILIO'R GWENITH GWYN.—SHEPHERDING (OR WATCHING) THE WHEAT.

Mi sydd fachgen ieuangc ffol,
me sith vachgen yeyanc fall
Yn caru'n ol fy ffansi;
un cari'n ole vu fancy
Mi yn bugeilio'r gwenith gwyn,
me un begylior gwenith gwyn
Ac eraill ynei fedi:
ac erailth unei vedee
Pam na ddeui ar fy ol
pam na thy-e ar vu ole
Ryw ddydd ar ol ei gilydd?
reew theeth ar ol ei gilith
Gwaith r'wy'n dy wel'd y feinir fach,
gwaith r'ooi'n du wel'd u vynir vach
O! glanach, lanach beunydd!
o! glanach lanach bynith

I am a young foolish boy,
Making love according to my fancy;
I watching the white wheat,
And others reaping it:
Why do you not come after me
Some day or another?
Because I see thee, beautiful darling,
Oh! lovelier and lovelier daily!

Tra fo dwr yn y mor hallt,
tra vo dwr un u more halltt
A thra fo ngwallt yn tyfu,
a thra vo ngooaltht un tuvy
A thra fo calon yn fy mron,
a thra vo calon un vu mron
Mi fydda'n ffyddlon itti:
me vutha'n futhlon itte
Dywed imi'r gwir dan gêl,
duwed imme'r gweer dan gale
A rho dan sêl attebion;
a rho dan sale attebyon
P'un ai myfi neu arall, Gwen,
p'un ay muvee ny aralth gwen
Sydd orau gandy galon!
seeth orai gandu galon

While there is water in the briny sea,
And while my hair does grow,
And while there is a heart in my breast,
I will be faithful to thee:
Tell me the truth in secret,
And give under seal (in confidence) answers;
Whether myself or another, Gwen,
Is best within thine heart!

NOS GALAN.—NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Goreu pleser ar nos galan,—Fa, la, &c.
gorei plesser ar nos galan
Ty a thân a theulu diddan,—Fa, &c.
tu a thaan a thiley dithan

The best pleasure on new year's eve, —Fa, la, &c.
Is house and fire and a pleasant family, —Fa, la, &c.

Calon lân a chwrw melyn,—Fa, &c.
calon laan a chooroo melin

A pure heart and brown* ale,—Fa, la, &c.

Pennill mwyn a llais y delyn,—Fa, &c.
penilth mooin a thlais u delin

A gentle song and the voice of the harp.—Fa, la, &c.

Hyfryd gweled ar yr aelwyd,—Fa, &c.
huvrid gweled ar ur aylooid

It is pleasant to see round the hearth, —Fa, la, &c.

Hên ac ieuangc mewn dedwyddyd,—Fa, &c.
hain ac yeyangc meoon dedwithid

Old and young in happiness;—Fa, la, &c.

Pawb ddymunant o lawenydd,—Fa, &c.
pawb thuminant o la-wenith

All wish from joy,—Fa, la, &c.

Groesaw llawn i'r flwyddyn newydd.—Fa, &c.
groisaoo thlaoon ir vlooithin newith

A full welcome to the new year.—Fa, la, &c.

MERCH MEGAN.—MEGAN'S DAUGHTER.

Ysblenydd yw'r haul wrth euro y wawrddydd,
usblenith ioor hayl oorth eiro u waoorthith

Beautiful is the sun in gilding the day dawn,

A glandeg yw gwlith ar feillion a rhôs;
a glaandeg ioo gooleeth ar veilthion a rhose

And comely fair the dew on clover and rose;

Tryloew yw rhith y lloer mewn afonydd,
treeloioo ioo rheeth u lthoer mewn avonyth

Transparent is the shadow of the moon in rivers,

A disglaer yw'r ser yn nyfnder y nos.
a disglair ioor sair un nuvnder u nos

And bright are the stars in the depth of the night.

Disgleirfwyn yw'r hafddydd ei geinion yn burlan,
disglairvooin ioor havethith i geinion un birlan

Clear and mild is the summer day its rays pure and clean,

A disglaer yw llewyrch yr awyr a'r lli;
a disglair ioo ltheoourch ur awir a'r lthe

And bright is the light of the air and the flood;

Disgleiriach i'm serch yw Morvydd merch Megan.
disglairiach i'm serch ioo morvith merch megan

Brighter to my affection is Morvydd, Megan's daughter,

Anwylach ei phryd na mywyd i mi.
anwilach i freed na mowid e me

Dearer is her countenance than life unto me.

Mae Morvydd yn lân a'i gwên fel yr heulwen,
mai morvith un laan a'i gooen vel ur heylwen

Morvydd is handsome, and her smile like the sunshine,

Ei chalon yn bur, a dedwydd ei bron;
i chalon un buir a dedwith i bron

Her heart is pure and happy in her breast;

* Literally, "yellow ale," but the idea is as above.

Mae miwsig ei llais yn fywyd i f'awen,
mae musig i lthais un vowid e v'awen

Mae cariad yn byw'n ei llygaid gwiw llon;
mae cariad un bioon i lthugaid gweew lthon

Mae mwynder a rhinwedd yn puro ei dwyfron,
mae mooinder a rhinwath un peero i dooivron

A glendid a gwylder yn gloywi ei phryd;
a glendeed a gwilder un gloiwee i freed

Mi garaf ei llun tra cura fy nghalon,
me garav i lthin tra cheera veh ngalon

Mi garaf fy mun tra bwyf yn y byd.
me garav veh mun tra booiv un u beed

The music of her voice is life to my muse,

Love lives in her worthy merry eye;

Meekness and virtue purify her breasts,

And purity and modesty brighten her countenance;

I'll love her image while my heart shall beat,

I'll love my hands full while I remain in the world.

RHYFELGYRCH GWYR HARLECH.—THE WAR-SONG OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Harlech, cyfod dy faneri;
harlech cuvod du vaneri

Gwel y gelyn. Ennyn ynni
gwail u gelin ennun unni

Y Meirionwys oll i waeddi,
u myrionwis olth e waethe

Cymru fo am byth!
cumri vo am byth

Aed y waedd, ac aed y weddi,
ayd u waith ac ayd u wethe

I bob cwrr o'n gwlad uchelfri,
e bob coor on goolaad echelvre

Nes ad seinia yr Eryri,
nes ad sinea ur erure

Cymru fo am byth!
cumri vo am byth

Harlech, raise thy banners;

See the enemy. Kindle the vigour

Of the Merioneth men, all to cry,

Wales be for ever!

Go the cry, and go the prayer,

To each corner of our highly honoured land,

'Till Snowden re-echoes,

Wales be for ever!

Arwyr, sawdwyr, sydyn
arwyr saoodwyr sudien

Rhuthrwn ar y gelyn;
rhythroon ar u gelin

Gyrrwn ef i ffoi o nant
gurroon ev e foi o nant

A bryn, a phant, a dyffryn.
a bryn a fant a dufreen

Chwyfiwn faner goruchafiaeth;
chwyvioon vaner goruchaviaeth

Gorfoleddwn yn ei alaeth;
gorvolethoon un i alayth

Clywir llef ein buddugoliaeth,
cluwir lthev ine bithigoliaeth

Cymru fo am byth!
cumri vo am byth

Peasants, soldiers, suddenly

Let us rush on the enemy;

Let us drive him, flying from brook,

And hill, and glen, and vale.

Let us wave the banner of victory;

Let us rejoice in his wailing;

The cry of our victory shall be heard,

Wales be for ever!

Gwaed sy'n gwrido y cleddyfau;
gwayd su'n goorido u clethuvai

Blood reddens (causes to blush) the swords;

Twrw mawr a thingcian arfau;
tooroo maoor a thinkian arvai

Great tumult and clashing of arms;

Uwch na'r twrw ceir bonllefau,
eooch naa'r tooroo kier bonlthevai

But higher than the tumult is the shout,

Cymru fo am byth!
cumri vo am byth

Wales be for ever!

Saethau a phicellau wibiant,
saythai a phekclthai wibeant

Arrows and darts fly,

Cyrn udganant, meirch weryrant,
kiern idganant myerch werurant

Horns sound loudly, horses neigh,

Milwyr ruthrant, rhengau floeddiant,
milwyr ruthrant rhengai vloythyant

Soldiers rush, ranks shout,

Cymru fo am byth!
cumri vo am byth

Wales be for ever!

Tanbaid yw calonnau,
tanbayd yu calonai

Fervent are the hearts,

Grymus ydyw breichiau
grumis udiw breichiai

Strong are the arms

Gwyr yn ymladd dros eu gwlad,—
gweer un umlath dros ei goolad

Of men fighting for their land,—

Orenwog wlad eu tadau.
orenwog oolad i tadai

The renowned land of their fathers.

Gwyllt a ffyrnig yw'r ymladdfa,
gwilth a firnig eoor umlathva

Savage and fierce is the fight,

Gwangcus yw y cleddwrth wledda;
gwangcus yu u clethoorth wletha

Ravenous is the sword in feasting;

Duwies buddugoliaeth floeddia,
deuyes bithigoliaith vloithea

The goddess of victory shouts,

Cymru fo am byth!
cumri vo am byth

Wales be for ever!

MORVA RHUDDLAN.—THE MARSH (OR PLAIN) OF RHUDDLAN.

Cwmypodd Caradog, dyryswyd ei fyddin,
cooimpoth caradog durusooid ei vuthin

Fallen is Caradog, his army is confounded,

Cwympodd blaenoriaid a dewrion y gâd;
cooimpoth blaynoryayd a dewryon u gaad

Fallen are the leaders and heroes of the battle;

Gwynedd lesmeiriodd pan gollodd ei Brenin,
gwyneth lesmyrioth pan gothloth ei brennin

North Wales fainted when it lost its king,

Cwmol o dristwch a huliodd y wlad:
coomool o dristooch a hilioth u oolaad

A cloud of sorrow has covered the country:

Rhelyw anffodus y rhengau wrth gilio rhelu anfodus u rhengan oorth gilyo	The remnant unfortunate of the ranks while retreating
'Sgubwyd gan angau i grombil y don; sgibuid gan anghi e grombil u don	Were swept by death to the midst of the wave;
Duodd y cwmwl a thorodd i wylo, deoth u coomool a thoroth e weelo	Darkened the cloud and broke into tears,
Congcwest y gelyn a ysodd pob bron. conquest u gelin a ussoth pobe bron	The victory of the enemy consumed every breast.
Gwae i mi weled y gelyn buddugol, gway e me weled u gelin vithigol	Woe me! to see the victorious enemy,
Rhwysg a gorfoledd yn lloni ei bryd; rhooisg a gorvoleth un lthone i breed	Pomp and joy cheering his countenance;
Llethir fy monwes gan loesau angeuol, lthetheer vy monooes gan loisai angeyol	My breast is crushed by deathly pangs,
Gwell i mi farw na byw yn y byd: gwelth e me varoo na beoo un u beed	Better I should die than live in the world:
Eilia fy nhelyn leddf dôn i'r gyflafan, ile-ya vu nhelin lethv doan ei'r guvlavan	My harp is in unison with the wail of the massacre,
Collwyd ein breintiau, ein rhyddid, a'n hedd; colthooid ine brineliai ine rhuthid a'n heth	Lost are our rights, our liberty, our peace;
Todded fy nghalon i gwyn "Morva Rhuddlan," tothed vu ngalon e gooin morva rhuthlan	Let my heart melt to the wail of "Morva Rhuddlan,"
Cuddier fy ngofid yn nyfnder y bedd. cuthyer vu ngovid un nuvnder u beth	Let my grief be hidden in the depths of the grave.

GLAN MEDDWDOD MWYN.—PURE, KIND DRUNKENNESS.

Ein gwydrau gorlenwn mwyn yfwn mewn hedd, ine gooidrai gorlenoon mooin uvoon mewn heath	Our glasses let us overfill, drink kindly in peace,
O gwrw a gwirod, gwin, neithdar, a mêdd, o gooroo a gweerod gween nythdar a meath	Of ale and liquor, wine, nectar, and mead,
Nes bo ein calonau dan effaith y swyn, nes bo ine calonai dan efaith u sooin	Until our hearts, under the effect of the charm,
Yn wresog gan gariad a "glan medd'dod mwyn." un ooresog gan gariad a glan meath'dod mooin	Are fervent with love and pure kind drunkenness.

Chorus:—

Anwylaf hen Walia, mwyn noddfa
anooilave hane walia mooin nothva
i ni,
e nee

Yw ceinwlad y dewrion hên Frython
ioo kine-oolad u dewrion hane vrithon
o fri,
o vree

Byth bythoedd yn ddedwydd a
bith buthoeth un thedwith a
hylwydd bo hi.
hulooith bo he

Chorus:—

Dearest old Wales, kind refuge to us,

Is the fair country of the valiant old Britons of fame,

For ever and ever happy and prosperous may she be.

Ceir iechyd i'r galon a cheinion a chân,
kyre yechid eir galon a chainion a chaan

Wrth rodio'i dyffrynoedd a'i glynoedd
oorth rodio'-i dufrinoeth a'-i glinoeth
mwyn glan,
mooin glan

Cain flodau awenydd ar gynydd a gawn,
kain vlodai awenith ar gunith a gaoon

A diliau y delyn yn dilyn ei dawn.
a diliai u delin un dilin i daoon

Anwylaf hen Walia, &c.

Health to the heart is to be heard the best of cheer and song

Is got by walking her dales and valleys, mild, fair;

Beautiful flowers, poetic genius, increasingly we shall have,

And the honied notes of the harp to follow its gift.

Dearest old Wales, &c. &c.

The two following specimens of the poetry and music of Erin are taken from a little gem of a book, with which I have been favoured by Mr Moxon. It was published by Mr O'Daly of Dublin, and contains literally a treasure of the genuine Celtic strains of Erin, with English imitations by James Clarence Magan. I have not selected these specimens for the superior character of the music or the poetry, but on account of the subject, for the victims of loyal faith must ever be objects of sympathy to the generous and the brave. When will kings and statesmen look on political offences, especially those which spring from intensely loyal and patriotic feelings, as the offences of the noble and high minded, and deal with them in an accordant spirit?

A MAIGHDEON, A BHEAN, 'S A BHANTRAECH.—THE VIRGIN, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

AIR.—"The Humours of Glyn."

As a maighdion as baintreabhach rin
Dia go h-ogdhiom,
Ni binn liom an chreidhill-si gabhail
tiomchioll mo nuanchain;
Ba bhean-phosda as maidean me, o'n
eaglais chomhachtach,
'S as bain-treabhach niainim ar theachd
de'm trath-nona.

A virgin—a widow—I mourn lone
and lowly.
This morn saw me wedded in God's
temple holy;
And noontide beholds me a lone wi-
dow weeping,
For my spouse in the dark tomb for
ever lies sleeping.

Ta smuaintean mo chridhe-si na sgaoil-
feadh go h-eagde,
Feadh bheidheadh druchd or na gleann-
tadh na ceo ar na sleibhte;
La coimhnadh da sniomh dhuit go caoin
deas de'n chaoldain,
Is e la broin an chruidhill-si* da innsint
gun egair!

On my heart lies a cloud, and will lie
there for ever.
Hark, hark to the death-knell that
dooms us to sever!
Oh, well may my eyes pour forth
tears as a fountain,
While dew gems the valley, and mist
dims the mountain.

Is deas do thiocfadh cloidheam dhuit an
maneaigheacht an choil-each,
No ag reide na h-adhine 's do ghadhain-
binne air raothan,
Thogfadh an ceo dhe m' intinn 's tu ar
bheinn-mhaoil an t-steibhe,
Agus aireochamoid uainn tu la buailte
Righ Seumas.

King James mourns a hero, as brave
as e'er breathed.
O! to see him when mounted, with
bright blade unsheathed,
Or high on the hill-side with bugle
and beagles,
Where his foot was the deer's, and
his eye was the eagle's.

Is mor mor e m' eagladh go bh-fuil do
mhuinntir a bh-fuarain liom,
Mar nan lighas 's nar sgreadas nuair
chonarc an fhuil uasal,

I shrieked and I cried when his blood
gush'd like water;
But treach'ry and baseness had
doom'd him to slaughter;

* Creidhill,—death-bell, knell.

D' fheach tu tar ais orm a dhian-sradh le truagh dham,
Achd d' smrigheag an feall an mo annrachd an uaim úd.

He glanced at me fondly, to comfort and cheer me,
But his friends love me not, and they never come near me.

Mo mhallachd bhearfainn d'aoin-bhean na m-bidheach burt fhear da h-ionnadh;
Na dian fach a dithchiol gan aon aca riaradh,
Mar is áillcán fir cailec chaill me mo chial leis,
'S fear briaga-deas na grana ni ghaidhfead ad dhiaig-si!

Accursed be the maid who can smile on two lovers;
Around me the shade of my last husband hovers,
And, oh, never more can I think of another,
Or feel for a lover, save as for a brother!

The following song from the same work is called

EAMONN A CHNOIC.—EDMUND OF THE HILL.

"Cia h-é sin a muith,
'Na bh-fuil faobhair ar guith,
Ag raobadh mo dhoruis duntadh?"

"'S mise Eamonn an chnoic,
Tá báidhte, fuar, fliuch,
O fhior-shiubhal sleibhite 's ghleanntadh!"
"A laoigh ghil 's a chuid?
Cread a dhianfainn dhuit?
Mur cuirfinn ort beinn da'm ghunadh.
'S go bh-fuil pughdar go tuigh;
Da shior-feide riot,
'S go m-beadhmaois a raon muchda!"

"You with the voice shrill and sharp,
Like the high tones of a harp,
Why knock you at my door like a warning?"
"I am Ned of the hill,
I am wet, cold, and chill,
Toiling o'er hill and vale since morning?"
"Ah, my love, is it you?
What on earth can I do?
My gown cannot yield you a corner.
Ah, they'll soon find you out;
They'll shoot you, never doubt,
And it's I that will then be a mourner!"

"'S fada mise a muich,
Faoi shneachda gus faoi shioc,
'S gan danacht agam ar aon neach;
Mo sheisreach gan sgur,
Mo bhranar gan cur,
A's gan iad agam ar aon chor.
Nil caraid agam,
Is danaid liom san,
Do ghlacfach me moch na deanach;
'S go g-caith feadh me dul,
Tan fainge soin,—
Os ann nach bh-fuil mo ghaothaltadh!"

"Long I'm wandering in woe,
In frost and in snow,
No house can I enter boldly;
My ploughs lie unyoked,
My fields weeds have choked,
And my friends they look on me coldly.
Forsaken of all,
My heart is in thrall,
All withered lies my life's garland;
I must look afar
For a brighter star,—
Must seek my home in a far-land!"

"A chuisl aluinn deas,
Na bh-faingidh cas,
Is breagha 'gus as glas do fuile,
Go bh-fuil chreidhe da shlad,
Man do shniomthaoi gad,
Le bliaghin mor fhada ag tnuth leat.
Da bh-faghainn-si le ceart,—
Cead sine sios leat,
Is eadtrom 's as dear do shiubhal fainn,
Go bh-fuil mo smoainte a bhean,
Air ealoghadh leat,
Faoi choilltibh ag spealadh an druchtadh!"

"O thou of neck fair,
And curling hair,
With blue eyes flashing and sparkling,
For a year and more
Has my heart been sore,
And my soul for thee been darkling.
O could we but both,—
You nothing loth,
Escape to the wood and forest,
What light and calm,
What healing balm,
Should I have for my sorrow's sorest!"

"A chumainn 's a shearc,
Rachamaoid-ne seal,
Foi choilltibh ag spealadh and druchtadh;
Mar bh-faghanaoid an breac,
'S an lon air a nead,
An siàd 'gus am poc a buistre;
Na h-eiginidhe seinneadh,

'S an chuaichin ar bhann an un-ghlais;
Go brath brath ni thiocfad
An bas air an n-goineadh,
A lann na coille cubhantha!"

"My fond one and dear,
The greenwood is near,
And the lake where the trout is springing;
You will see the doe,
The deer and the roe,
And will hear the sweet birds singing;
The blackbird and thrush
In the hawthorn bush,
And the lone cuckoo from her high nest;
And you never need fear
That death would be near,
In this bright scenery, dearest!"

The following song from Mr O'Daly's book, with the phonetic spelling and translation by Mr John Murdoch, the patriotic and spirited writer on the Highland and other Clearances, under the name of "Finlagan," sufficiently exemplifies the relationship between the northern Irish and the Highlanders.

AN CHUIL-FHIONN.—THE COOLEEN.

A bh-facadh tú an chúil-fhionn 's i ag siubhal ar na boithre,
a vaca' too an chooleen see a shoo-ull ayr nu boh-re

Saw you the fair-hair'd a-travelling the wolds

Maidion gheal drúchta 's gan smút ar a broga?
maijin gall droochta s gan smooit ayr a broga

A bright dewy morning, without dust on her shoes?

Is iomdha ogánach súl-ghlas ag tnuth le i phosadh,
is imo oganach sooil-ghlas ag tnooch lay ee fosa

Many a blue-eyed youth desires her in marriage,

Achd ni bh-faghadh siad mo rún-sa ar
ach nee voy . sheead mo roonse ayr
an g-cúntas is dóith leó.
an goontas is do lo

But they sha'n't have my own love on their calculation.

A bh-facadh tú mo bhábán lá breágh
u vaca to mo vawbawn law bryaw
's i na h-aonar,
see na h-aynur

Saw you my darling, a fine day by herself,

A cúl dualach, dris-leánach, go slinneán
u cooll dooallach dreesh-laynach gu shleenawn
sios leithe?
shees le-ha

Her twining hair shimmering down to her shoulders?

Mil ar an óig-bhean, 's rós breágh na
meel ayr un og-van 's ros brya na
h-éadan,
haydin

Sweet is the maiden, a fine eye in her face,

'S as dóith le gach spriosán gur leanán
sas do lay gach sprecsawn gur lyannawn
leas féin i!
laysh fayn ee

And every brat fancies that she is his own love!

A bh-facadh tú mo spéirbhean 's i taobh
u vaca too mo spayrvan see tayv
leis an toinn,
lays an tuyn

Saw you my splendid woman, by the side of the waves,

Fáinnidhe óir ar a méaraibh 's i réidhtiach
faeenye oir ayr u mayriv see raytyach
a cinn?
u keen

Gold rings on her fingers, and she smoothing her hair?

Is é dúbhairt an Paorach bhidh 'na
is e doort an pu-rach vee 'na
mhaor ar an loing,
vu-r ayr an luyng

Said Power, who was captain of the ship,

Go m' fhearr leis aige féin i na Eire gan
gu m'ar laysh ayge fayn ee na ayre gun
roinn!
ryn

He would rather possess her than undivided Erin!

The dance as well as words to the ancient tune of "Gillidh Callum" are assumed by a witty bard to have been danced and sung by Father Noah, when first hilarious under the inspiring effects of his successful distillation from the fruits of his newly planted vineyard. Gillidh Callum was the name of Noah's piper, and the tune has, with great propriety, continued to be called after him. The dance seems originally to have been over two crossed vine plants; but, swords being of old more abundant plants in Scotland than vines, the Highlanders considered the former good substitutes for the latter; and, indeed, the object of the dance being, as the verses imply, to furnish a method whereby

a gentleman in his cups may be distinguished from a boor dead drunk, the swords seem to be, if not the more appropriate, at least the sharpest test of the two.

GILLIDH CALLUM.

Rinn mi fion a brigh ghallain, rinn mi fi-on a bri′ ghallain	I have made wine from the juice of plants
Dh-fhas an lios nan dossain fhallain. yas an lis nan doss-ayn all-ayn	That grew in the orchard of wholesome clusters.
C'aite a bheil u Ghillidh Challum? cayté a bheyl u illi challum	Where art thou, Gillie Callum?
Nuas da chlaidheamh 's seid a phiob! nu-as da chlay-ev′ 's seyd a fi-ob	Down with two swords, and blow up the pipe!
Ged a mhoidheadh Dile eile, ged a voy-e′ dil eyle	Though another Deluge should threaten,
Co ach leabadan a theireadh, co ach lebadan a heyre′	Who but a poltroon would assert
Nach dian fion is ceol gach eagal nach den fi-on is ce-ol gac eg-al	That wine and music cannot send
Bron, is teagabh, chuir do'n chill! bron is teg-av chuyr don chill	Sorrow, fear, and doubt to the cell.
Fhad sa mhaireas dossain mhearradh, ad sa vayres doss-ayn verra′	While the mirth-making clusters last,
Oladh mid deoch-slaint air leannain; ola′ mid de-och-slaynt ayr lenn-ayn	Let us drink healths to our sweethearts.
Nuas da chlaidheamh cruaidh le deannaibh, nu-as da chlay′-ev cru-ay′ le den-ayv	Down quickly with two sharp swords,
Is seid gu smiorail-suas i phiob. is seyd gu smir-ayl-sus i fi-ob	And, with spirit, blow up the pipe!
Gleus an fhidhle, sliob am boghadh, gleys an i′-′el sleeb am bo′-a′	Tune the fiddle, rosin the bow,
Bron is tuireadh cuirem fodhadh; bron is tuyre′ cuyr-em fo′-a′	We'll put down grief and wailing;
O na rinn mi fion a bhleadhan, o na rinn mi fi-on a vle-o′-an	Since I have distilled wine,
Damhsa is meadhail 's iad mo mhiann! davsa is me-ayl 's iad mo vi-ann	Dancing and stirring joys are my delight!
Bhuain an diblidh, spideil, aineamh, vu-ayn an dib-li′ spid-eyl ayn-ev	Hence thou helpless and contemptible lump,
Bhitheas air sloic measg oil is aighear; vi′-s ayr sloyc mesg oyl is ay′-er	That sprawlest 'mid drink and merriment;
Am fear a dhamhsas Gillidh Callam, am fer a yav-sas gillie callum	He who (when in his cups) can dance Gillie Callum,
Se mhain is airidh air an fhion. se vayn is ayri′ ayr an i-on	Is alone worthy of the wine.

A chlann nan Gaidheal, fior-shliochd Noah, a chlann nan ga-el fior lic no-ah	Clans of the Gael, true descendants of Noah,
Bithibh dileas, cairdeil, comh'rail, bi-ev diles cayrd-eyl cov-rayl	Be faithful, friendly, social,
Coimhneil, cridheil, dligheach, ceolar,— coy′-neyl cri′-eyl dli′-ech ce-o-lar	Kind, hearty, natural, musical,—
Seinnibh orain 's olaibh fion. seynniv or-ayn s ol-ayv fi-on	Singing songs and drinking wine.

THE MARCH OF THE "DIE-HARDS."

This Caledonian March, believed to be of great antiquity, was a great favourite with Duncan Macdonald of Dalnes, Colonel of the 57th Regiment, or "Die-hards." He made it so much the march of that regiment as to be the sure sign of its presence or signal of its approach, wherever it was heard in the Peninsula or the South of France. A more spirited or a braver officer than Colonel Duncan Macdonald never drew his sword in the service of his country; yet his end was very melancholy. He was severely wounded in the battle of the Nivelle, but having, like his intimate friends, Sir Thomas Picton and the Honourable Sir William Stewart, a passion for battles, he could not be prevailed on to remain in the rear. He followed the regiment in its daily march, keeping sufficiently close to make sure of seeing or of joining it in every battle; but, from his state of health, he never found himself in a condition to resume the command. One of the companies of the 57th and its captain, who temporarily commanded the regiment, being quartered in a deserted chateau at Ayres, on the night after the brilliant affair of the second division at that place, some of the men discovered the plate-room, and carried away the more portable parts of it in their knapsacks on the following day. An old and faithful servant, who had been left to watch over the chateau, wisely kept sight of these men until they fell into the ranks, when she reported the circumstance to the general. The captain of the company was called before the Duke of Wellington, and, finding himself in a serious scrape, threw the whole blame on the colonel; stating that, by keeping continually in the vicinity of the regiment, and lodging always in the same place with them at night, without either taking the command himself, or leaving it effectually to him, the discipline had become relaxed, and the regiment demoralized. Unfortunately for himself, Colonel Macdonald was a high-minded, warm-hearted, generous Highlander, who considered the military as the most illustrious of all professions, and regarded flogging as not only barbarous and inhuman, but as destructive of the pride and dignity that ought to be inculcated in the soldier. As rewards for good conduct had not then been introduced into the service, he did everything in his power by kindness, encouragement, and praise, and (in extreme cases) severe rebukes and fatigue duties, to maintain discipline without the lash. This made him obnoxious to all the scourge-advocates; and they took care that a mere delinquency by a private of the 57th was made more of than a crime in regiments trained by the martinet and the lash. The colonel's abhorrence of the lash being known to the great,

but, in questions of discipline, too inflexible Duke, he the more readily believed in the demoralized condition of the regiment,—for the cunning captain studiously concealed from him the fact, that the whole regiment, excepting a few men of his own company, were innocent. Macdonald was dismissed the service, without having been allowed the benefit of a court of inquiry or a court-martial! His friends the Hon. General Sir William Stewart, General Byng, (afterwards Lord Strafford) and others, prevailed on Colonel Macdonald to return to England, to recover his health, before he knew that he was regarded by the Duke otherwise than as one of his most distinguished officers; but, on his return home, seeing his name in the Gazette, along with that of another officer of the same rank dismissed for cowardice, his reason was upset: he flung himself out of the window, and was killed on the spot! The Duke discovered that the report on which he unfortunately proceeded in this case was substantially false; and the Colonel's surviving brother was conciliated and compensated by the price of Colonel Macdonald's commission; but such was the sad fate of one of the most humane and gallant officers of the Peninsular army.

The desperate soubriquet of the 57th Regiment arose from the following circumstance. It occupied the key of the position in the unscientific battle of Albuera, under the command of Colonel Inglis, a noble Border man. It being of importance that they should firmly keep their ground, the only words uttered by the colonel during the whole day was, "Steady men, keep your places." Strange to say, he sat in their front on horseback from the beginning until nearly the close of the fierce conflict, without getting a single scratch, although every other officer in the regiment, excepting one, was killed or wounded, and although, so striking was the line formed by the bodies of the dead, as to cause every man to be buried where he fell! The position occupied by the regiment was thus marked by a long green mound, which was the object of pilgrimages to all the British officers joining the army of the Peninsula for years afterwards. The colonel was at length struck down, just as a strong and fresh column was coming up to drive the small remnant of his men from their position. But, instead of waiting to receive the charge, the brave fellows, freed from restraint by the fall of their colonel, gave three exulting cheers, and rushing past him at the charge, scattered the advancing column to the winds! The colonel feebly waved his hat as they passed him, and exclaimed, "Well done, my lads, you'll die hard at any rate." Hence the soubriquet.

The author of the following poem on the battle of Killiecrankie, Ronald, son of Allan of Achatriachaden, was the father of Domhnull Mac Raonuill, my maternal grandfather. He was a distinguished warrior in the wars of Montrose and Dundee, and is known in the traditions relative to these wars as "Raonull na Sgeidh," that is, "Ronald of the Shield," a soubriquet arising from a circumstance which is thus related by tradition:—

An English dragoon who had been taken prisoner, on discovering that the Highlanders had not been trained to use the sword without the target, despised their swordmanship. He said in Ronald's presence, that, if he had not been a

prisoner, he would fight the best Highlander in Montrose's army with the sword alone, against sword and target. "Man," exclaimed Ronald, indignantly, "do you think any Highlander would take such an advantage in fighting you? I have not been taught to use the sword without a target, but I will fight you *dirk* and target against your sword, which puts the advantage on your side. Your being a prisoner need not deter you, for I pledge my honour, if you beat me, that you will not only be held scaithless, but set at liberty." "Get me a promise to that effect from the General," said the dragoon, joyously, "and our wager of battle is complete." "Montrose is a disciplinarian," said Ronald; "but if you beat me, there is not a Macdonald now present, or in the royal army, who will not feel himself bound in honour to make my pledge good." The Englishman knew the oneness of clan faith and feeling, and was satisfied. But the instant the men stood ready for action, they were interrupted by the sudden appearance of Aillein *dubh na fiadh*, the celebrated Dalnes deer-stalker, who hearing of the duel, hastened to take the place of Ronald, and fight the Englishman on equal terms. The deer-stalker was, next to Alisdair Mac Colla, reputed to be the best swordsman in Montrose's army. Ronald refused to allow any man to take his wager of battle out of his own hands; on which Allan said to him, in Gaelic, "'S fhear an claidheamh, gu mor na bhiodag 's an targaid. Gabh mo chomhairle, oir cha 'n 'eil fios a dh-eires dhuit;"—(the sword is much better than the dirk and target. Take my advice, or there is no knowing what may happen to you.) "Cha n-eil," replied Ronald, sternly, "fios de a dh-eires dhomhsadh, ach eiridh an diol fhein dhasadh;"—(no, there is no knowing what may happen to me, but the very devil will happen to him.) The dragoon did not gain his liberty, but Ronald gained his traditionally celebrated soubriquet, Raonull na Sgeidh.

The extraordinary feats of valour ascribed by Mr Napier, in the life of Montrose, to a Ronald Maclean of Mull, are ascribed in Glencoe tradition to Raonull na Sgeidh. It is not uncommon, however, in tradition to find the deeds done by one man, and in one locality, ascribed to another man, and in another locality. Hence, although the facts stated in tradition may be depended on, persons, localities, and dates are often confounded. I would be very sorry, therefore, on merely traditional evidence, to claim credit for my ancestor for the warlike deeds ascribed to any of his brave companions in arms; but I firmly believe that the history is wrong and the tradition right, in this case,—for I heard every one of the feats ascribed by the historian to Ronald Maclean, ascribed to Raonull na Sgeidh, or Ronald of the Shield, by tradition at least, fifty years before Mr Napier's history of Montrose was written. With me the name of the hero also goes far to prove the tradition to be more reliable, in this case, than history,—for Ronald is a very common Macdonald name, but a very uncommon one for a Maclean.

I regret giving broken extracts of this poem, but cannot afford space for the whole.

LATHA RAONRUARI.

Se lathadh Raonruaridh,
se la′-a′ raon-ru-a-ri′
Dh-fhag luaimhneach mo dhusgadh,
yag lu-ayv-nech mo yusg-a′
Mo na thuit do chlann Dhomhnuill,
mo na huyt do chlann yov-nuyll
'S cha b-ann le leonadh nan cul-thaobh,
s cha bann le le-on-a′ nan cul-haov
Thug sinn mach an ratreuta,
hug sinn mach an ra-treyta
Choisin ceitibh le diubhail,
choysin ceyt-iv le di-u-vayl
'S ged a thearnadh gu leir sinn,
s ged a he-ar-na′ gu leyr sinn
Bha bas Chleibhir ri chunntas.
va bas chleyv-ir ri chuntas

Cha b-ann leis na claidhean,
cha bann leys na clay′-en
Fhuir air h-armuin an leonadh,
huyr ayr harm-uyn an le-on-a′
Ach gun d'roinne an cumail,
ach gun droynne an cum-ayl
Gun dol duinneal so choimhraig;
gun dol duynnel so chov-rayg
'S mairg a chunnaic na suighean,
s mayrg a chunayc na suy′-en
An iorgail na doirin,
an i-or-gayl na doy-rin
Ga 'n spada le luaithe,
gan spada le lu-ay′
'S gun tiligeadh buachaille bho i!
s gun til-ge′ bu-ach-ayllé vo i

An leoghan urramach rioghail,
an le-o′-an urram-ach ri-yayl
Nach d' roinn fhirin a mhuthadh,
nach droynn ir-inn a vu′-a′
Chum daingean a dhilseachd,
chum dayng-en a yil-sec
Ga righ is ga dhuthaich;
ga ri′ is ga yu′-aych
Cha d' thug or air na eagal,
cha d ug or ayr na egal
Gun seasaibh ri chumhnant,
gun ses-ayv ri chuvnant
'S ged a thuit e le onair,
s ged a huyt e le on-ayr
Be mi-shonas na cuis e!
be mi-honas na cuys e

Gur e mheudaich mo champar,
gur e veyd-aych mo cham-par
A liuthad banntrach tha 'm dhuthich,
a li-u′-ad ban-trach ha m yu′-ich
Agus oganach treubhach,
agus oganach trey-vach
Nach teid oibhach am pusadh,
nach teyd eyv-ach am pusa′
Thuit le luaithe san am ad,
huyt le lu-ay′ san am ad
Bualadh lann mar bu du dhaibh,
bu-al-a′ lann mar bu du yayv
Sud an cluicheadh bha cailteach,
sud an cluyche′ va cayltech
'S iad aig radh gu'm bu bhuaidh e!
s i-ad ayg ra′ gu'm bu vu-ay′ e

Gaisgeach garg an am cruadail,
gaysg-ech garg an am cru-a-dayl
Ceannard sluaigh ann an teugbhail
cennard slu-ay′ ann an teyg-vayl
Ge b-fhuileach bu bhaigheal e,
ge buyl-ech bu vay-yel e
Toirt tlas dhoibh is reidhlein;
toyrt tlas yoyv is rey′-leyn
'Se nach cuireadh ri ball' iad,
se nach cuyr-e′ ri ball i-ad
Toirt tacar a' 'n eiginn,
toyrt tacar a 'n eyg-inn
Dh-innis latha Dhun-chaillean,
yinnis la′-a′ yun-chayllen
Nach ro anamsa an creubhaig.
nach ro anam-sa an crey-vayg

A thighearn oig Ghlinne-gairidh,
a hi′-ern oyg ylinne-gayri′
Luidh smal air do shuigradh,
luy′ smal ayr do hug-ra′
'S mor do chall le righ Seumas,
s mor do chall le ri′ seymas
'S goirt a leireadh na chuis u;
s goyrt a leyre′ na chuys u
Bha Domhnull gorm gaolach,
va dovnul gorm gaol-ach
'S fhuil chraobhach a bruchdadh,
s uyl chraov-ach a bruca′
'S eigin fhulang na thainig,
s eygin ulang na haynig
Dh-fhalbh do bhrathair na ur-fhas.
yolv do vra′-ayr na ur-as

Bha e curranta seolta,
va e curranta se-olta

Bu chraobh-chomhraig thair ceud e,
bu chraov-chov-rayg hayr ceyd e

Do fhear-mor bu mhath cuma,
do yer-mor bu va′ cuma

Bh-aig gach duine mar speuclair.
vayg gach duyne mar speyc-layr

Ged thug ro mhiad na h-aireamh,
ged hug ro vi-ad na hayrev

Brais is Arden le cheile,
brays is arden le cheyle

Ort gun bhi sgathach mud phearsa,
ort gun vi sga′ach mud fersa

Oig ghasta na feile.
oyg yasta na feylé.

Instead of a literal translation, in lines parallel with the original, I submit as faithful an imitation of the few verses from this poem as I can accomplish, heading them with a short extract from the "Memoirs of Dundee," printed for James Brown, at the Black Swan, without Temple-Bar, 1714.

"The clans earnestly entreated Dundee not to engage in person, and told his lordship that their method of fighting was quite different from that of regular troops. Again, they desired him to consider, that should he be killed, King James's interest would be lost in Scotland. But no argument would prevail with him, nothing could dissuade him from engaging at the head of his troops. General Mackay's army outwinged Dundee's nearly a quarter of a mile, which obliged the clans to leave large intervals between each clan, and, by declining towards the wings, they wanted troops to charge the centre, where a detachment of the Lesley and Hastings English regiments were. The Highlanders threw away their plaids, haversacks, and all other incumbrances, and marched resolutely and deliberately, in their shirts and kilts, with their fusils, swords, pistols, and targets ready, down the hill on the enemy, and received Mackay's *third* fire BEFORE they pierced his line, in which many of the Highland army fell, particularly Lord Viscount Dundee, their general, the terror of the Whigs, the supporter of King James, and the glory of his country. *Then* the Highlanders fired, threw down their fusils, rushed on, discharged and threw their pistols in the faces of their opponents, drew their swords, and fell on! The enemy did not maintain their ground two minutes after the Highlanders were amongst them, and I dare be bold to say, there were scarce ever such strokes given in Europe as were given that day by the Highlanders. Many of General Mackay's officers and soldiers were cut down through the skull and neck to the very breast, others had their sculls cut off above their ears like nightcaps; some soldiers had both their bodies and cross-belts cut through at one blow. Pikes and small swords were cut like willow wands. Whoever doubts this, may consult many witnesses of the tragedy still living."

The above account of the battle, by an eye-witness, clearly shows that Dundee did not understand or appreciate the mode of attack of the Highlanders, any more than it has been understood by the feudal historians or the modern officials of the British army; who, if they judge by results, instead of by prejudiced statements and opinions, need have no doubt of its superiority to any other mode of fighting hitherto known. That Claverhouse did not understand their practice, is seen by the fact, that the Highlanders received *three* volleys "*before* they pierced Mackay's lines;" that they did not draw their swords until Dundee fell, and that the battle did not last two minutes after they were left to fight it out, in their own way, sword in hand. If the reader will keep in view the above description of the battle, and peruse the following imitation of the annexed poem by Ronald of the Shield, he will see that Claverhouse did not lead his army into the field in accordance with their accustomed tactics.

Raonruari's day has chased away my rest,
And rules the mixed emotions of my breast,
For there, alas, my high and noble race,
Have met a loss the age will not replace.

Full well their trenchant swords, with cleaving blows,
Avenged the iron hail-showers of their foes;

But, ah, though all had 'scaped, since Clavers fell,
Our much-wronged king may bid his throne farewell.

In glory's path, with faith unstain'd he moved,
He spurn'd ambition—love of gold he proved
Beneath his thoughts. Undaunted, though alone,
He faced rebellion, and sustained the throne.
In manhood's calmness, as in fervid youth,
One path was his—the path of loyal truth.

Well may we sing his deeds, his *pean* swell,
For, when he fell, alas, his country fell!

Courteous though fierce, inflexible though kind,
The chief and friend in him were well combined.
No tremors shook his soul, yet he essayed
To storm no ramparts simply with the blade.
And since his fall, we see that e'en the Gael,
By tyros led, may fight without avail.
Alas! while standing at the hero's tomb,
I feel the cause he loved must share his doom.

The foregoing verses bear sufficient evidence of Ronald Mac Ailean's devotion to, and admiration of Claverhouse; but, while condemning the absurd attack on the fortified position of the Cameronians, at Dunkeld, by General Cannin, without either artillery or scaling ladders, (referred to in the above verse,) he remarks clearly enough on the injudicious conduct of Claverhouse, in marching the clans at a funeral pace, instead of in their usual way, to attack the Whigs at Killiecrankie, by him called Raonruari. He then details the heavy loss sustained by the clans in consequence of this mistake, but I overlook these verses, as no longer interesting to the general reader.

'Twas not the gallant play of keen-edged brands
That spread destruction through the loyal bands.
From lines outflanked what have the clans to fear?
Show them the foe, and give them full career!
To right, to left, like lightning's flash, they turn,
Rushing through volleyed flames, with scaithless scorn!—
Their flashing blades 'mong serried ranks they wield,
Till every foe is slain or fled the field.

Why should their leaders men like these restrain,
While iron showers come scouring o'er the plain?
The gaping hind who drives his team afield,
Although the warlike sword he dare not wield,
Will boldly aim at him, who, standing still,
Presents a stolid mark against the hill;
But when the warrior draws his falchion bright,
And rushes on him like a flash of light,
Terror the caitiff's coward heart o'er-powers,
His arm relaxes, and his spirit cowers!

* * * * * *

Young chieftain of Glengarry, clouds descend
Deep o'er thy land. Thou scarce art left one friend!—
Thy Donald gorm is slain—the kind—the good—
And thy great brother welters in his blood.
Like a tall oak, uprooted by the storm,
The field he graces with his warlike form.
He fell not unavenged among the dead—
But who will fight the battle in his stead?

Prudent, yet fervid; cautious, yet bold,
He fired his clansmen, yet their fire controlled;
But, ah, the danger that has caused their grief
He never saw—the danger of their chief!
Mild as a maid, fierce as a beacon's flame,
Well has he earned, and well sustained his fame.
And must we mourn that thus his bright career
Too soon was closed—because he knew not fear?

Alas, the tumult, and the closing night,
Concealed the o'er-matched hero from the sight
Of many clansmen, swift and strong and brave,
That would oppose their hearts his life to save!—
Cursed be the wars that clothe themselves in shades!—
Clans of my love, let daylight see your blades
When to your country's battles you descend;
Night is the hero's foe, the coward's friend.

On rushed the clans, who ne'er to foeman yield,
The Whiglings chasing o'er the darkening field.
What shrieks of terror, war-cries shouted wild,
Startled the hills as through the pass they toil'd!
Winged on pale fear, they fled, they fled amain,
And carnage gloated o'er her thousands slain!
But, ah, will carnage quench the widow's sigh,
Or wipe the tear from the pale orphan's eye?

Chief of the Camerons, clothed with early fame,
Who can thy deeds record, thy losses name?
When others changed their fealty, thou, alone,
Stood by thy country's cause, thy country's throne.
The battles of three kings have seen thy steel,
But who for royal favours saw thee kneel?
Thy country's weal, thy clansmen's proud regard,
Were all thou sought'st of glory or reward!

Alas! the Stuart chieftains have been taught
The curse of leaders destitute of thought;
For, at Dunkeld, 'gainst foes that lurked unseen
Behind stone walls, what 'vailed their broad-swords keen?
Long stood they, dauntless, 'mid the iron blast,
While round them fell their clansmen thick and fast.
Who will the tale of woe in Appin tell,
And name the heroes that so vainly fell?

And you, my clansmen of the Abrian braes,
Sons of the sword, rehearsers of wild lays—
You, too, alas, so long in battle tried,
Stood boldly forward by your kinsman's side,
And fell in ranks. No more the voice of joy
Shall wake the glens of Spēan and of Roy,
To meet your steps: no more the chaste and fair
The feast and song, to welcome you, prepare:
For, at Dunkeld, now slumber in the grave,
The kind, the true, the noble, and the brave.

These two last verses, and the verse previously mentioned, refer to the mad attack of General Cannin on the fortified position of the Cameronians at Dunkeld, without artillery or scaling-ladders. The failure of this ridiculous attack of the imbecile Cannin, is largely boasted of by the whigs—which shows how hard-up they were for a triumph over the Highlanders.

I regret that I cannot quote a few more verses of the original of this very spirited yet exceedingly clannish and feeling poem, as the imitation does not take it connectedly even verse for verse; but as Ronald of the Shield, then an old man, was one of the victims of the Massacre of Glencoe,* I think the reader may feel more interested in the following imitation of the Isle of Muck bard's lament on that subject? It is a true imitation, and corroborates what has elsewhere been stated as to the absence of a vindictive or revengeful spirit from all poetry that does anything like justice to the deep feeling, but calm dignity of the ancient Gael, in his hours of sorrow and indignation. We have here no flaming roofs or eagles screaming over the hearts of the atrocious perpetrators of the Massacre even of Glencoe. But the very noblest and most generous feudalist could not even imagine anything so magnanimous as the Highland clans when most deeply suffering under the treachery and cruelty of their enemies. The original will be found in every collection of Gaelic poetry.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

God, whose gospel revealeth,
As thy children may daily behold,
Truth, benevolence, mercy,
In lessons affectingly told;
In their strait, be Thou aiding
To the good and the brave of the glen,
Brought to grief and despairing,
By a treachery rare among men.

On their orphans look kindly,
Who have ever been kindly and true,
Who could not, in baseness,
E'en traitors and rebels pursue:
Though unyielding and deadly,
When their country demanded their steel,
To humanity faithful,
For the foes they had slain they could feel.

Had they known, when the stranger
They welcomed, and hailed as a friend,
That their homes were in danger—
That among them he came to this end;
Had they armed and been watchful,
Fierce and stern as the conflict might be,
Their defeat I would question,
Though their foesmen were twenty to three.

'Twas not by genius and valour
The band of my heart have been slain,
But by boors, in aught mental
More than matched by the team in their wain;
But to bloodshed apprenticed,
And to treach'ry and cruelty trained,
They stole on their victims
When by sleep all their senses were chained.

* Among the singular escapes from the massacre, was that of the two little boys of Ronald of the Shield, Donald and Alexander, who had stolen away a few days previously, after a servant from Glenlochy, to visit their aunt, who was married to Campbell of Achariach. Donald, on his return, found his father murdered, and his home burned down and desolate. The succeeding pages will show that he was both spirited and poetic; yet where did he leave behind a line or verse breathing hatred or revenge against the English, or even against the perpetrators of this treacherous and inhuman massacre? But such will be found by the reader of Gaelic poetry to have been the uniformly dignified and forbearing character of the ancient Gael.

From the chosen apartments,
Assigned for their nightly repose
By their hosts, in their kindness,
In the silence of night they arose
And stole on the sleepers,
Who dreamed not of treachery or strife,
And delivered, in safety,
The volley that robbed them of life.

How beauteous and shapely
The forms that have thus been laid low,
Or left, wounded and bleeding,
Inhuming themselves in the snow;
Men whose joy 'twas to listen
At eve to the harp and the lay,
Singing praises of heroes
Who were courteous, and kindly, and gay.

Woe, woe to the country
Whose government cruel and blind,
To her best and bravest
A sentence like this has assigned,
And calls to her service,
And makes her support and her stay
Of the countryless soldier,
Whose soul has no thought but his pay!

While by these, next to Heaven,
Their country and king were adored;
For their freedom and glory
They would lay down their lives at a word.
Now Albyn, dear Albyn,
Thy freedom, thy glory are gone,
Foreign armies coerce thee—
A foreigner sits on thy throne.

Woe, woe to the pastors,
Whatever their object may be,
Whose preachings and treasons
Have produced the dark changes we see.
Now men who loved mercy,
In murder God's glory behold,
And rejoice at the horrors
War over their country has rolled.

My heart sinks and sickens
To see, as they hang on their walls,
Their trophies and weapons,
Whose dear presence I miss from their halls—
Whose voices were music,
Attuned to their mind's varied tone;
Who in mirth and broad humour,
And in repartee pleasingly shone.

The dirge* of their greyhounds
Is solemnly heard through the glen,
The deer browse and wander,
The gaunt wolves rejoice in their den;
Their fishing gear rusteth,
While, rivers and lakelets between,
The salmon are sporting
With joy in their radient sheen.

Not vain or conceited
Were the men who repose in the isle,
Shunning danger, and boasting
Their valiant achievements the while.
No. Modest as daring,
Their deeds spoke their greatness of mind;
So they served their dear country,
All, all to their worth might be blind!

Now our clansmen are gathered
In the Dun, to consult and devise;
But, alas! he is absent who was
Eloquent, daring, and wise.
The main plume in our pinion,
In our birlin the helm and the oar,
In Saint Mun's Isle is sleeping,
And will shine in our council no more.

* The old Highland greyhound was equally remarkable for his sagacity and the strength of his attachment to his master. His howl is the most solemn and melancholy imaginable. Hence, perhaps, the reason why it has long been regarded as ominous and predictive of death or some other calamity in the Highlands. He laments his master's death by wandering over his old haunts, stopping at regular intervals, and setting up his dirge-like howl, than which it is difficult to conceive anything more touching.

By the gifts of the hero,
And gentleman early endowed,
He, for wisdom and eloquence,
Shone 'mong his race like a god;
Caustic wit he thought paltry,
Common sense was his *forte* and his plea,
And with that for his country
He enlisted the brave and the free.

He was tall, and unequalled
For fulness and beauty of form,
And when battle closed round him,
Seemed growing in height midst its storm.
There his great soul exulted—
There his arm extended the ring,
Proudly deeming his broad swords
Could right all the wrongs of his king.

On homeward returning,
The doors were thrown open and wide;
In that mansion of plenty
'Twas his joy o'er the feast to preside;
There the stranger found welcome,
There the soul-stirring minstrels were prized;
There the *uaislain** would gather;
There none but the base were despised.

On the chess-board and tailisg,
Mimic warfare they playfully tried,
The chieftains kind hearted,
Who in dexterous movements took pride;
Not with views of aggression,
To subjugate, rule, and enthral,
But to fit them for action
When their king and their country should call.

God, who reignest and rulest
From Thy throne of pure wisdom above.
Deign to look on our people
In the spirit of mercy and love,
To compose their dire factions,
And grant that our children may see
Their sovereign restored,
And his government native and free.

Ronald of the Shield was with that Highland army who defended Worcester against ten times their number; so gallantly as to make even their enemies, according to the Memoirs of Dundee already quoted, regret their sufferings, and the king himself at length to order them to retreat. Ronald was confined to the house, suffering from a severe wound, when the news of the king's execution was brought to him by a friend. On this occasion, he wrote what is called "Cumhadh Righ Tearlach,"—Lament for King Charles,—which I heard often sung when I was a boy; but I remember only a few words of it. It was in the form of a dialogue between Donald, who brought the news, and Ronald, whose responses, to the best of my recollection, more resembled bursts of patriotic regret and passionate denunciation of "the merciless Whigs," than lamentations for the decapitated king. It was sung to an air known in the Lowlands under the name of "Wha's at the window, wha, wha." The repetition of the last line of each verse indicates its pedigree, however, and is a pendicle of the evidence on which I lay claim to it as a Highland melody,—as such repetitions, in verses of three or four lines, are almost invariable in

* Descent from the founder of the clan was the only mark of aristocracy among the Highlanders. All clansmen, whose pedigree was genuine, were called "uaislain," or gentlemen, and when off duty, associated with their chiefs and chieftains on equal terms. The distance between them now is of artificial feudal descent, the patriarchal being the natural aad God-approving system of government.

Highland (the repeated line or lines being sung by the audience,) but not in Lowland poetry. The following verses to the same air are unworthy of their august subject; but I have seen no demonstration by the Gaelic muse on a death which has been universally felt as a national calamity. I unfeignedly repeat, that the following verses are unworthy of the subject; but, to some they may perhaps appear at least curious, as written by the great-grandson of Ronald of the Shield, thus showing how thoroughly the loyalty of the adherents of the House of Stuart has been not only transferred, but, if possible, intensified into ardent devotion to the present dynasty. For although I am myself descended both maternally and paternally from Campbells and Macdonalds, who adhered to the Stuart family to the very last extremity, one of my father's brothers, and three of my mother's, as well as myself, served in the army of the present dynasty.

LAMENT FOR PRINCE ALBERT.

AIR.—"Cumhadh Righ Tearlach a h-Aon;"—or, Lament for Charles the First.

An cualadh sibh sgeula an leiridh sa an cu-al-a′ siv sgeyla an leyr-i′ sa chraigh, chray′	Heard ye the news of grief and pain,
Chuir an rioghachd fo bhron o scuir chuyr an ri′-ac fo vron o scuyr mhor-bheann gu traigh? vor-ven gu tray′	That has put the country in mourning from the peaks of the mountains to the shores?
Dh-fhalbh Prionnsa bha saibhir an ealain yalav pri-onn-sa va sayv-ir an el-ayn 's an iuil, san i-uyl	Gone is a Prince that was rich in science and various knowledge;
'S tha Bhan-righ a cumhadh 's an deur 's ha van-ri′ a cu-va′ san deyr na suil.—'S tha, etc. na suyl	And the Queen is lamenting with the tear in her eye.— And, etc.
Dh-aom nial air an sugradh, le dubhradh yaom ni-al ayr an su-gra′ le duv-ra′ gu'n bhaidh, gun vay′	A cloud descended on their happiness, with merciless darkness,
An talla mor diomhair teaghlach rioghail an talla mor di-vayr te-lach ri-yayl air ghraidh; ayr gray′	In the sacred mansion of our beloved Royal Family;
A smal an t-athair, an ceile, 'm flath a smal an ta′-ayr an ceyl-é 'm fla′ feile, 's an soidh, feylé san soy′	It has put out the light of the father, the husband, the generous chief, the worthy,
Dh-fhag do'n Bhan-righ suil-dheuradh, yag don van-ri′ suyl-yeyra′ cridhe leireadh, is coidh.—Dh-fhag, etc. cri′-é leyr-e′ is coy′	And left to the Queen a tearful eye, a sore heart, and lamentation.— And, etc.

Bha Bhan-righ 's am Prionnsa 'san va van-ri′ 'sam prionn-sa san duthaich mar aigh, du′-aych mar ay′	The Queen and the Prince were tutelary (spirits) in their country,
Nan buaidhean, nan comhradh, nan nan bu-ay′-en nan cov-ra′ nan orcheas, nam baigh,— or-ches nam bay′	In their virtues, their converse, their bountifulness, their compassion;
Bha sith, gaol, is eibhneas, le'n ceumaibh va si′ gaol is eyv-nes len ceym-ayv 's gach trath,— 'sgach tra′	Peace, love, and happiness, accompanied their steps;
Bu rioghail nan giulain paidhir ionraic bu ri′-yayl nan gi-u-layn pay′-ir i-on-rayc air graidh !—Bu, etc. ayr gray′	Right royal in their bearing was the blameless and beloved pair !— Right, etc.
Gabh dochas a'd' eislean, a Bhan-righ gav do-chas ad eyslen a va-rinn air graidh, ayr gray′	Take hope in thy bereavment, our Queen beloved,
Dean dheth d' rioghachdan speiseil an den ye′ d ri′-ac-an speys-eyl an t-eibhneas nach traigh. teyv-nes nach tray′	And make thy never-to-be-diminished spacious kingdoms thy happiness.—
'S iomadh prionnsa ard treubhach a si-o-ma′ pri-onn-sa ard treyv-ach a dh-eireas o d'ail, yeyres o dayl	Many a prince lofty and powerful will arise of thy posterity,
Bhios nan Albaert am beusan, an ceil, vis nan albert am beysan an ceyl is an cail.—Bhios, etc. is an cayl	That will be an Albert in virtue, in wisdom, in disposition.— That, etc.

The effect of humourous Gaelic poetry depends so much on idiom as to make me feel very reluctant to subject it to so severe a test as what I misname a literal translation; but I must submit some verses in the nearest equivalent English words I can find, at any hazard, as I cannot give the English reader a general idea of Gaelic poetry, without quoting as faithfully as possible one or two specimens of each kind.

The act suppressing the Highland dress and arms without any distinction between those of the clans who fought for or against Prince Charles, (and the latter were more numerous than the former,) was supposed to have been the work of some politic and disguised friend of the Stuart family, who found his way into the Hanoverian camp. It had the effect of producing universal indignation against the new dynasty, and a renewal of sympathies and ties among the Highland clans, which leave little doubt, had the Prince landed a second time, as was periodically predicted and reported, that they would have risen almost unanimously in his favour; although their confidence in his heroism

and constancy had been sadly shaken by his obstinate refusal to continue at their head on the day after the battle of Culloden, when the *five clans* who were absent from that engagement, on leave, had joined, and they mustered, at Ruthven nearly 4000 strong. He was urged to remain with them, even supposing he should give up the object of the Rising, that they might conquer terms of peace, as they did in the reign of William and Mary;* but he left them to their fate. Domhnull Mac Raonuil, son of Ronald of the Shield, who commanded the Glencoe-men in the "forty-five," and whose gay wit and broad humour kept the men of the glens in continual amusement, on the occasion of one of these rumours, called, with his friend Acha Triachaden, on an honest weaver yclept Iain Mac-a-Ghibbidh (Iayn Mac-a-Yippi), whose foppery and pretensions presented a somewhat ludicrous contrast to his shabby figure and very doubtful reputation for bravery, and gravely asked how they happened to find him at home, when, the Prince having arrived, the whole people of the glen were gone to church in the Isle of Mun, fully dressed and armed. "How is that," replied John, suspiciously, "and you absent?" "Our arms and dress are hid in a cave in the hill, and we are on our way to get them," replied Donald. "Good morning, John; I thought your loyalty was more zealous and less hesitating." No sooner did they disappear than John started on his feet in a frenzy of delight, and, arraying his scraggy person in his showy Highland dress and arms, broke in upon the quiet worshippers in the little island, full of his news, and glowing with excitement. Next day the glen rung with the burlesque of "Claidheamh air Iain san t-shearmain," (the sword on John at the sermon,) written by Domhnull Mac Raonuil.

CLAIDHEAMH AIR IAIN SAN T-SHEARMAIN.

Noir chualadh an gaisgeach, noyr chu-al-a' an gays-gach	When the hero heard
Am prionn's bi fo airsneal, am pri-onns vi fo ayrs-nel	That the Prince was disheartened,
Chuir e litier, gun taise, a tairgsinn, chuyr e litir gun tayse a tayreg-sinn	He sent a letter, not timid, saying,
Na 'n deuntaedh, le reachd e, nan den-te' le rec e	That if he were made
Na dhiuc is na dheachdair, na yi-uc is na yec-ayr	A duke and dictator
Gu'n togadh e Sassunn is Albin. gun toga' e sass-unn is ala-bin	He would raise England and Scotland (in his favour.)
Fonn.	*Chorus.*
Bha claidheamh air Iain, air Iain, air Iain, va clay-ev' ayr i-ayn ayr i-ayn ayr i-ayn	There was a sword, a sword, a sword,
Bha claidheamh air Iain, san t-shearmain, va clay'-ev ayr i-ayn san t-shera-mayn	There was a sword on John at the sermon,

* Treaty of Achalader between the loyal clans and King William, negotiated by the Earl of Breadalbane. This treaty was ratified by King William, with what faith is illustrated by the massacre of Glencoe.—See Memoirs of Lochiel.

Bha claidheamh air Iain air deas-lamh
va clay′-ev ayr i-ayn ayr des-lav
mo chridhe,
mo chri′-é
Se deanadh an fhighe neo-chearbach.
se yen-a′ an i′-e ne-o-cherabach

There was a sword on John, right-handed man of my heart,
He that can make the weaving not awkwardly.

Bha Iain gun teagaibh
va i-ayn gun teg-av
Gu faidheadh a freagairt
gu fay′-e′ a fregayrt
Mu'n deach e do'n eaglais na armaibh,
mun dech e do'n eglays na arm-ayv
Is mhosgail na mnathan le iollach 's le
is vosg-ayl na mna′-an le illach s le
aigheur,
ay′-eyr
Noir dhealraich a chlaidheamh san
noyr yel-raych a chlay-ev san
t-shearmain!
tera-mayn
Bha, etc.

John never doubted
That his offer had been accepted,
So he went to the church in arms.
How the women opened their eyes,
and shouted with joy,
When his sword glittered at the sermon!
There was, etc.

Chaidh lit' richean falaich,
chay′ lit′-richen fal-aych
A nun do Lochaber,
a nun do lochaber
A dh-innseadh gu'n dech' e na armaibh,
a yinn-se′ gun dech e na arm-ayv
Ghabh an govaerner curam,
yav an go-ver-ner curam
Bha gach geard air an dubladh,
va gach gerd ayr an du-bla′
Ag eagal gu'n duisgeadh e Albin.
ag egal gun duysg-a′ e alabyn
Bha, etc.

Letters went privately
Over to Lochaber,
Telling of this demonstration dangerous;
The governor took the alarm,
Every guard was doubled,
Lest he should come with all Albin at his back.
There was, etc.

Leis na dh-eirich na phorabh,
leys na yeyrich na forav
De dh-ardan Chlann-Domhnuil,
te yardan chlann-tov-nyll
Na 'm bitheadh a phoca lan argaid,
nam bi′-e′ a foc-a lan aragayd
Gu'n tugadh e dhachaidh dhuinn,
gu'n duga′ e yach-ay yuynn
Righ fhear na h-Appun,
ri′ fer na happun

From the quantity he inherited
Of the haughty daring of the Macdonalds,
Had his pockets only been full of money,
He would have brought us home
The king of the men of Appin,

A dh-aindeon fir h-Shassunn—mar a yayn'-en fir hassunn mar	In defiance of the men of England—
marbh't e, marv't e	unless killed.
Bha, etc.	There was, etc.
'S iomadh oganach ullamh, si-oma' ogan-ach ullav	Many are the ready youths
Nach eisdeadh an cumasg, nach eysd-a' an cumasg	That would not hesitate to respond to the gathering call,
Bha gu'n chlaidheamh, gu'n ghunna, va gun chlay'-ev gun yunna	That were without swords, guns, or targets,
gu'n targaid, gun tara-gayd	
Gu'n urad na biodaig, gun urad na bi-dayg	Without so much as a dirk
'M falach fo chrioslaich, am falach fo chris-laych	Concealed beneath their belts,
Ge d' bha mac a Ghiobaich 'n lan armachd. ged va mac a yibay-ay 'n lan armac	When the son of Gibbie went under full arms.
Bha, etc.	There was, etc.
'S mor an diobhail do d' phersa smor an di-vayl do d' fersa	Great disparagement to thy person
Na bh-agad de dh-acuinn, na vag-ad de yac-uynn	Was thy excess of harness,
Noir chaidhe u cho spailpeil na tarmaibh— noyr chay' u cho spaylpeyl na tarmayv	When thou went magnificently under arms—
Do shlinngean, do bheirtean, do hlinng-en do veyrten	Thy reeds, thy looms,
Do spalainn, do chear'slean, do spal-ayn do chers-len	Thy shuttles, thy clews,
Do bhuilg do chraicean 's do mharachunn.* do vuylig do crayc-en 's do varachunn	And thy skin-bags full of *marachunn.**
Fonn:—	*Chorus:—*
Bha claidheamh air Iain, air Iain, air Iain, va clay'-ev ayr i-ayn ayr i-ayn ayr i-ayn	A sword was on John, on John, on John,
Bha claidheamh air Iain sa'n t-shearmain; va clay'-ev ayr i-ayn san tera-mayn	A sword was on John at the sermon;
Bha claidheamh air Iain, air deas-lamh va clay'-ev ayr i-ayn ayr des-lav	A sword was on John, the right-handed man of my heart,
mo chridhe, mo chri'-é	
'S e dheanadh an fhighe-neo-chearbach. se yena' an i'-e ne-o-cherbach	Who makes the weaving not awkwardly.

* This word has no representative in English. It means the wool of sheep that died and were left to rot or be consumed with birds and beasts of prey on the hill, after having been gathered and hoarded carefully.

The Gaelic scholar will agree with me when I say that my translation has taken the soul out of "Claidheamh air Iain," which is all but unequalled, as a burlesque, in the original, but it is reduced to the common place in the translation, if I must call that a translation in which the words used are anything but equivalent to those of the original. But though I am regretfully sensible of the injustice to which I am subjecting my grandfather Domhnull Mac Raonuil, by rendering his humourous poetry into English with such severity, I cannot help quoting a few verses of one or two more of his humourous burlesques or satires. The subject of the following verses was also a Glencoe-man, who had learned the tailoring trade in Glasgow. On returning home after an absence of several years, the first person the tailor met with, at some distance from the clachan, was an old simple-minded aunt of his own. The tailor, like many of his trade, was a gay and humourous wag, and being "spike and span new" in his outlandish Lowland dress, and totally changed in his appearance since his aunt had seen him, he thought it a good joke to pass himself off on the old woman as a great foreign gentleman. He told her many curious stories, and asked many curious questions, by which her simplicity and credulity were drawn forth in a very ludicrous manner. Being an excellent mimic, the graceless fellow narrated the interview at a merry-meeting of his friends in the evening, with a humour which produced roars of laughter at the expense of the aunt. Domhnull Mac Raonuil was not pleased with the "Saxonized" tailor for this irreverent exhibition of his aged relative; determined to turn the tables on him, he caused his "inexpressibles" to be abstracted after he went to bed, and fixing them like a banner, on a hay fork, sent them, with three verses of poetry, to his friend Callart, requesting that he would pass them in like manner to his next neighbour, as "lame dyvors" used to be passed from house to house of old in the Highlands. Callart sent them to Lundavra, Lundavra to Glenevis, Glenevis to Letterfinlay, and so on. In short, the unlucky "breeks" travelled from chieftain to chieftain, and clan to clan, through every strath, glen, and shieling in the whole north Highlands, on their poetic mission, and the result was hundreds of verses, many of them exceedingly satirical and picturesque, for almost all Highlanders of the olden time could clothe their thoughts in rhyme, and they never hesitated to satirize one another without restraint, according to the humour of the passing moment. I can only make room for the three introductory verses and chorus, by Domhnull Mac Raonuil, but can assure any one who has leisure and taste for the collection of Gaelic poetry, that the medley of verses on "Brigis Mhic Ruaridh," (to be found in all parts of the country) are well worthy of his attention.

BRIGIS MHIC RUARAIDH.—RORYSON'S BREECHES.

A bhrigis a bh-agad an am dol a chadal, a vrigis a vagad an am dol a chad-al	The "breeks" he had when he went to sleep,
Noir dhuisg u sa mhaduinn cha d'fhuair u i, noyr yuysg u sa va-duynn cha d u-ayr u i	When he awoke in the morning he did not find;

'S cha d' fhag iad na h-aite ach seorsa s cha dag i-ad na hayté ach se-or-sa do mhagan,* do vagan	They left in its place but a sort of *magan*,*
Sa faighte fear spagach a shuaineadh- sa fayte fer spag-ach a hu-ayne'- chadh, cha'	In which a splay-shaped man might be swathed.
Fonn :—	*Chorus :—*
Oh ho, oh ho, oh he, oh he,	Oh ho, oh ho, oh he, oh he,
An t-fhisrich, an t-fharaid, nan cualadh sibh, an tis-rich an tar-ayd nan cu-al-a' siv	Searched ye, asked ye, or heard ye,
Oh ho, oh ho, oh he, oh he,	Oh ho, oh ho, oh he, oh he,
Co idir thug brigis mhic Ruaraidh leis? co i-dir hug bri-gis vic ru-a-ray' leys	For the wandering breeks of Rorison?
'S ioma brachdlach† 's cuil ghabhadh 'n si-oma brac-lach 's cuyl ya-vay' 'n robh brigis an taileir rov bri-gis an tayl-eyr	Many were the lairs and queer recesses that were visited by the breeks of the tailor
Mu'n d' thainig i 'n Charnaich ga fuar- mun dayn-ig in char-naych ga fu-ar- achadh; ach-a'	Before they came to cool themselves at Carnach;
Nan innsinn a h-eachraidh, a slainneadh, nan inn-sinn a hec-ray' a slaynne' 's a cleachda, sa clec-a	Were I to tell their history, their lineage, their habits,
Bu ghrad chuirte a Shassun air fuadach i! bu yrad chuyrt a hassunn ayr fu-a-dach i Oh ho, etc.	Quickly would they be banished to England. Oh ho, etc.
Thoir an nun an trius-balcach do Challart hoyr an nun an trus-balc-ach do challart a phailteis, a fayl-teys	Carry the splay-shaped trews to bountiful Callart,
Is abir ri'm charraid, le suairceadas, is abir rim charr-ayd le su-ayrc-ed-as	And say to my friend modestly,
Gu bheil i mar bhalcach o stairsnich gu gu veyl i mar valcach o stayrs-nich gu stairsnich, stayrs-nich	That it is on a foraying expedition from door-step to door-step,
A solar rainn tharsuinn 's na tuadh- a solar raynn har-suynn sna tu-a' chriochann.—Oh, ho, etc. chrioch-ann	To gather oblique rhymes in the north country.— Oh, ho, etc.

* The drawers,—but meaning anything toad-shaped, or ugly.

† Brachdlach was anciently the name of a wolf's lair; it now means the cairns in which foxes breed.

I regret that I cannot repair the injury done to my worthy grandfather in these translations, by quoting some of his war and hunting songs; but the quantity of matter agreed upon by the publisher is already exceeded. I must, however, before parting with Domhnull Mac Raonuill, submit the chorus and a single verse of his poem on the battle of Sheriffmuir, which is reputed his best. Indeed, it is perhaps the happiest combination of the humourous and satirical to be found in the language, though my translation reduces it to a lifeless skeleton. I must, therefore, in justice to the author, entreat of those of my readers who understand the original, to explain this to such of their friends as do not. What, for instance, can be less like the original, in the estimation of the Gaelic scholar, than the following translation of the chorus? The first line of the chorus, with the exception of two unconnected words, consists of mere sounds; yet these empty sounds and isolated words, by their solemn gravity, and the sounding dignity of the air and measure, give such a ludicrous effect to the chorus as involuntarily provokes a burst of laughter. Indeed, this chorus is a whole satire in itself!

Fonn:—	*Chorus:—*
Ho ro agus ho! ho ro an teagal!	Ho ro and ho! ho ro the panic!
Mile mallachd nar deigh,	(May) a thousand curses pursue,
Gu leir o'n theich sibh!	Since all of you have fled!
Firé, fairé, Lochial!	Fi-ré, fai-ré,* Lochiel!
'S clisg thair sliabh do bhratach!	How swiftly thy banner (clan)
'M bu chleachda dhith riamh	Has cleared the heath!
Sealtain fiatadh 's sgapadh?	Is it always their wont
	Thus to shy and scatter?
Ob, ob, na "fir-mhor"	Ob, ob,* the "big warriors"
O Shrath-lochaidh bhradain!	Of Strathlochy of the salmon!
Dhoch-an-assaidh chruidh-mhin,	Of Doch-an-assay of milky kine,
Luib is ghlinn Lochaircaig!	And the holms and glens of Lochaircaig!

This verse is a parody on the corresponding verse of a song then recent, in which a Cameron, rather fulsomely, perhaps, praises the "fir-mhor" of these parts of the clan district. The poem on Sheriffmuir has never been published, but stray verses of it are to be found in the districts of the clans who distinguished themselves by running away, as well as in those of the clans who behaved as usual: for, so far from being rude and barbarous was the Highland warrior of past ages, as to enable me to state it as a well known trait in his character, that he never took offence at anything humourous or satirical, of which he himself or his friends or clan were the subject. When Lochaber was occupied by native Highlanders, fifty years ago, I was present at many social meetings, in which such songs were sung with the utmost good humour and heartiness, by parties whose friends and clans (and, in a few instances, who even personally) figured in them; and I am very sure that there are many still living who can corroborate my statement that this was a feature of the Highland character. But I may

* Mocking and sarcastic exclamations which have no equivalents in English.

also remark that this humourous satire was the less calculated to give offence, because the retrograde movement of the left wing of the Highlanders was palpably caused by mismanagement,—ludicrously accelerated by the conduct of a nobleman, who, in the novel position in which he found himself, lost his presence of mind, and made "confusion worse confounded," and, especially, because the clans that "ran away" were kept in countenance by the running away of at least an equal number on the other side. Hence this singular battle was literally regarded as a burlesque by both parties. However, nobody doubted or could doubt the patriotism or heroism either of an Erskine, a Gordon, a Cameron, or a Mackenzie. The clans could, therefore, afford to laugh, and did laugh heartily, at Domhnull Mac Raonuill's humourous description of the blunders of "Latha Sliabh an t-Shirradh." Ronald of the Shield, Donald's father, speaks of Sir Ewen of Lochiel, in his verses on Killiecrankie, with great admiration, and both he and his son had many connexions and relatives among the Camerons. The wives of Lundavra and Meoble were the aunts of Domhnull Mac Raonuill's wife, and their sons were present in the battle, along with their fathers. It is said that the song above mentioned, written by a Cameron, in which he rather violated good taste by a too exaggerated praise of his clan, was the cause of Donald's severity. The conduct of the Camerons under their illustrious chief in "the battles of three kings" really justified the family bard in speaking of them with enthusiasm; but nothing was more distasteful to the plain, honest, Highland warrior than self-laudation. In this he was not singular. Brave men of all ages and countries abominated self-glorification and gasconade. Than that of their Spanish friends, nothing could be more nauseous to Wellington's army, who were themselves perfectly contented with the stinted measure of praise conceded by their leader, knowing that their deeds spoke for them. I have it on good authority, that Donald thought the Camerons made too much of their laurels, and hence that he willingly availed himself of their escapade at Sheriffmuir to rebuke their egotism. Be that as it may, he was more severe on the Camerons than on any of the other clans that had been bungled on the occasion. Hence Sir Ewen, who was confined to bed from age and infirmity, on hearing the song, thought that the Camerons were the first to run away; and, ascribing their supposed degradation to the leading of the young chief, his son, he was so indignant as to have determined on putting him to death with his own hand. He desired his henchman to send in the young chief, "as he wanted to question him on the above subject." The faithful clansman did as he was bid; but having seen the old man feeling the edge of the sword (which usually lay by his bedside) with his hand, before sending him for his son, he took the alarm, and cautioned him to keep away from his father's couch. In a conversation in reference to this tradition with one of Sir Ewen's gallant descendants, General Ross of Glenmoidart, he corroborated this part of it with an expression of face which left the impression that he strongly sympathised with his illustrious ancestor's feelings on the subject of the flight at Sheriffmuir.

Domhnull Mac Raonuill and Donnacha-ban-nan-oran were great friends, although the former was a much older man, and they fought on different sides

in "the forty-five." They had a meeting with some Athole-men at Altnafe, in which the warrior-bards played-off some humourous practical jokes on the honest *Oisgean*, which they made the subject of two graphic and spirited *jeux d' esprit*, but I cannot repeat them. On this occasion, they had a bet, which resulted in two of the best descriptive poems in the language, the subject being their favourite forests—Coirreachan, Ghlinne-Comhan and Beindorain. The former will be found in the first edition of Aillein Dall's works, and the latter in every Gaelic song book.

I had told my son, William D. Campbell, author of the "Raid of Albyn," since deceased, and a young and talented relative, D. R. Macdonald, that the single and double emphatic notes, (see page 144) formed, very generally, a distinction between Highland and Lowland melodies, and that in the Highland melodies converted into Lowland melodies, the single note is usually lengthened into a drawl, and the double note into a long sliding note. I crooned to them an air to which I had written some verses in Tait's Magazine, in 1849, "Begone, O hope," as showing that English words could be adapted very happily to these emphatic notes, and expressed my regret, that by overlooking this characteristic of Highland melodies in his Scottish songs, even Burns had totally failed to make songs to Highland airs popular. I begged of them (for both had a taste for writing songs to Highland melodies) never to forget to adapt their words to these notes when composing songs to such Gaelic airs. I received the following verses from my son in a few days afterwards, as the result of my advice. They are not an imitation of the Gaelic words sung to the same air; but they fully illustrate this subject, and may perhaps interest the reader, though on a subject already abundantly celebrated by some of our sweetest and most tender lyrical writers. I may remark, as showing that the poetic taste may be inherited, that both of the young gentlemen are descended from Ronald of the Shield, through a son and daughter of Domhnuill Mac-Raonuill.

LAMENT FOR PRINCE CHARLES.

The battle is lost, the clansmen are scattered,
The shield of our country by treachery shattered,
Our mirth turned to mourning, our hopes to bewailing,
For lowly in death sleep the valiant and daring.

Chorus:—

Illerinn o na ho ro,
Illerinn o na ho hi,
Illerinn o na ho ro,
I-uro-vi-o na ho hi.

Foremost, where wildest raged warfare and danger,
Fierce rush'd the Gael through the ranks of the stranger;
But dark, deadly treason made might unavailing,
And gory Culloden has left us bewailing.
Illerinn, etc.

The daughters of Albyn, distracted with sorrow, wail,
Coranachs echo from Etive to Borrodale;

Glencoe, and Glenmoidart, and distant Strathallan,
Repeat the sad wail, for their bravest are fallen.—
Illerinn, etc.

The eagle finds rest in his eyre on the mountain,
The red deer lies safe by the lone moonlit fountain;
But though tempests should rave as the night round him gathers,
Our Prince finds no home in the land of his fathers.—
Illerinn, etc.

The verses to the following tune are commemorative of the surprise of a party of English soldiers from the castle of Lochandorb, by the Macdonalds. King Edward having in one of his Scottish Raids, placed a garrison in that castle, they were necessitated to make an excursion into the surrounding country for supplies. One of these parties, which had committed cruel excesses in a foraging expedition, were overtaken when at their *kale*, (*Angleci*, dinner,) and their conduct in the plundered clachans having been infamous, the pursuers determined to make an example of them. They took the ears of all the men, and the tails of all the horses, and sent them in this state to join the main army, then in full retreat. The tradition is thus adverted to in a Macdonald parody on the Gaelic verses to "The Campbells are coming."—

'S iad Clan-dhonnuill tha mi 'g aireamh,—
Buidhean ga'n ordugh sroil is armaibh,—
Buidhean dheas ullamh fhuir urram an Allabin,
Dh-fhag an trup shallach air cumachd na h-earba.

It is the Macdonalds I am commemorating,—
The party to whom has been decreed banners and arms—
The ready, active party that are famed in Albyn,
Who left the infamous troop trimmed like roes, (without tails.)

"Call a Dhollaidh" is known in the Lowlands as "The Haughs of Cromdale," and the comparison of the two sets illustrates, so far, the above characteristics of Highland and Lowland tunes. I will also submit, in farther corroboration, Captain Carrick's strathspey, which has been tamed down into "Dinna think, bonnie lassie," to accord with the Scottish taste. I could furnish scores of examples, but consider that unnecessary, my object being simply to point out what I believe to constitute a general distinction between Caledonian and Scottish music.

SUD MAR CHAIDH AN CAL DHOLAIDH.—SO WAS THE KALE SPOILED.

Sud mar chaidh an cal a dholaidh,
sud mar chay' an cal a yol-ay'
Sud mar chaidh an cal a dholaidh,
sud mar chay' an cal a yol-ay'

That was the way that the kale was spoiled,
That was the way that the kale was spoiled,

Sud mar chaidh an cal a dholaidh, sud mar chay′ an cal a yol-ay′	That was the way that the kale was spoiled,
Air na bodaich ghalda. . ayr na bo-daych yalda	On the boorish strangers.

The gallant seaman has a somewhat light reputation in Gaelic poetry, more perhaps from his wandering life than any inconsistency peculiar to his profession. It is impossible to conceive that an open, honest, sterling character, like the British seaman, could be inconstant in love; but if a heartless fickleness is really his character, it is not to be wondered at that a simple, honest-hearted lassie will not believe so. Be that as it may, however, he has ever been the object of ardent love and enduring constancy with the warm-hearted Highland maiden. The following is of the *duanag* class of songs, which are never sung as *solos*, the *fonn* or chorus being always sung by the audience. Although the *duanagan* or lilts are therefore generally of a light, hilarious character, they are not necessarily so, and many of them, like "Fear a Bhata," (literally boatman, the usual title of a man sailing his own ship in the Highlands) are strikingly pathetic and beautiful, both for sentiment and imagery.

FHEAR A BHATA.

'S tric mi sealtinn 'o'n chnoic is airde, stric mi seltinn on cnoyc is ayrde	Often do I look from the highest hill
Dh-fhiach a faic mi fear a bhata; yi-ach a fayc mi fer a vata	For the man of the boat;
Ach 's ann a tha gach aon ag raitean ach sann a ha gach aon ag rayten	But everybody tells me
Gur mi bha gorach noir thug mi gradh dhath. gur mi va gorach noyr hug mi gra′ ya′	That I was foolish in giving him my love.

Fonn:—	*Chorus:—*
Fhear a bhata, na horo eile, er a vata na horo eylé	Man of the boat, horo eylé,
Fhear a bhata, na horo eile; er a vata na horo eylé	Man of the boat, horo eylé;
Fhear a bhata, na horo eile, er a vata na horo eylé	Man of the boat, horo eylé,
A ruin 's luaidh gur a truagh na d' dheidh mi. a ruyn 's lu-ay′ gur a tru-a′ na d′ yey′ mi	My love, my treasure, sad am I after thee.

Tha mo chairdean gu tric ag innseadh ha mo chayr-den gu tric ag inn-se′	My friends often tell me
Gu feum mi t-aogais a chuir air di-chuinn'; gu feym mi taog-ays a chuyr ayr di-chuyn	That I must give thy image to forgetfulness;

Ach tha'n comhairle dhomh cho diamhain,
ach han co'-ayrlc yov cho di-a-vayn
'S tilleadh mara 's i toirt a lionaidh.—
stille' mara si toyrt a li-o-nay'
Fhear, etc.

But their advice to me is unavailing
As attempting to turn the tide when flowing.—
Man, etc.

Thug mi gaol dhut 's cha'n fhoad mi aicheadh;
hug mi gaol yut 's chan aod mi aych-a'

I have given thee my love, and cannot recal it;

Cha ghaol bliadhnadh, 's cha ghaol raidh,
cha yaol bli-a'-na 's cha yaol ray'

It was not love for a year, nor love for a quarter,

Ach gaol a thoiseich noir bha mi am phaisdean,
ach gaol a hoy-sich noyr va mi am fays-den

But love which began when I was a child,

'S nach searg a choidh gus an cloidh am bas mi.—Fhear, etc.
snach serag a choy' gus an cloy' am bas mi

And which will not fade until death has conquered.—
Man, etc.

Tha mo chridhe briste, bruite,
ha mo chri'-e briste bruyte

My heart is bruised, broken,

'S tric na deoir a ruidh o'm shuilean,
stric na de-oyr a ruy' om huy-len

My tears fall continually,

An tig u nochd nam bi mo dhuil riut?
an tig u noc nam bi mo ynyl ri-ut

Wilt thou come to-night, or need I expect thee?

Na'n duin mi'n dorus le osnadh thursaich?
nan duyn min dorus le osna' hur-saych
Fhear, etc.

Or shall I shut the door with a sob of grief?—
Man, etc.

Ge do their iad gu bheil u eatrom,
ge do heyr i-ad gu veyl u e-trom

Though they say thou art flighty,

Cha do lughdaich sin mo ghaolsa;
cha do lu'-daych sin mo yaol-sa

That has not lessened my love to thee;

Bithidh tu 'm aisling ann 's an oiche,
bi'-i tu'm aysling ann san oy-che

Thou art in my dreams at night,

'S ann sa mhaduinn bith mi ga d'fhoi-neachd.—Fhear, etc.
sann sa va-duynn bi' mi ga d oy-nec

And in the morning my inquiries are after thee.—
Man, etc.

Bidhidh mi tuille gu tursach, deurach,
bi'-i' mi tuylle gu tur-sach der-ach

I am henceforth sorrowful, tearful,

Mar eala bhain an deigh a reubadh,
mar ella vayn an dey' a reyba'

Like a wounded swan,

Guilleag bais aic air lochan feurach,
guyll-ag bays ayc ayr lochan feyr-ach

Singing her death song on the grassy lake,

Is cach uille an deigh a treigeidh.—
is cach uylle an dey' a treyg-ey'
Fhear, etc.

Forsaken by all her companions.—
Man, etc.

The following verses are of considerable antiquity, and have been always admired.

MARI BHOIDHEACH.—BONNY MARY.

A Mhari bhoidheach, gur mor mo a vari voyech gur mor mo ghaol ort, yaol ort	Bonny Mary, great is my love to thee ;
'S tric mi cuimhneachadh ort 's mi stric mi cuynecha' ort smi m' aonar ; maonar	Often do I think of thee when alone ;
Ge do shiubhlainn gach ceum de'n ge do hi-u-laynn gach ceym den t-saoghal, tao'-al	Although I should wander the world over,
Bi t-iomhaigh bhoidheach tigh'n beo bi tiv-ay' voyech ti'n be-o gach taobh dhiom. gach taov yi-om	Thy beautiful image would come alive on every side.

Fonn :—	*Chorus :—*
A Mhari bhoidheach, 's Mhari ghaolach, a vari voy'-ech 's vari yaol-ach	Mary beautiful, Mary lovely,
A Mhari bhoidheach, gur mor mo a vari voy'-ech gur mor mo ghaol ort ; yaol ort	Mary beautiful, great is my love to thee ;
A Mhari bhoidheach, gur tu chloidh mi, a vari voy'-ech gur tu chloy' mi	Mary beautiful, thou afflictest
'S dh-fhag mi bronach gun doigh air 's yag mi bron-ach gun doy' ayr t-fhaotuinn. taot-uyn	And makest me sorrowful, since I know not how to won thee.
'S mor a b'anns' bhi le Mari bhoidheach, smor a banns vi le mari voy'-ech	Much more would I desire to be with bonny Mary,
Am bothan airidh fo sgath, na morbheann, am bo'-an ayri' fo sga' na mor-venn	In a bothy under the shadow of the great mountains,
Na bhith 'm righ ann 's an Roinn-Eorpa, na vi'm ri' ann san royn-e-orpa	Than to be a king in Europe,
Gun choir air Mari mo ghraidh am gun choyr ayr mari mo ẏray' am posadh.—A Mhari, etc. pos-a'	Without a right to my beloved Mary. Mary, &c.
Chithear feidh air sgeith 's na speuran, chi'-er fey' ayr sgey' sna speyran	Deer will be seen on their wings in the sky,
Chithear iasg a falbh nan sleibhtean, chi'-er i-asg a falv nan sleyvten	Fish will be seen walking on the wolds,

Chithear sneachda dubh air gheugan,
chi′-er sneac-a duv ayr yeygan
Mu faicer caochladh air mo speis dhuit.—
mu fayc-er caoch-la′ ayr mo speys yuyt
A Mhari, etc.

Snow will be seen black on the trees,
Before a change is seen in my love to thee.—
Mary, &c.

Gur tu flur is boidhche an garadh,
gur tu flur is boy′-che an gara′
'A faillean allail nach lub le faillinn;—
a fayllen allayl nach lub le fayllin
Mar shoilse greine air sleibhtean arda,
mar hoylse greyné ayr sleyvten arda
Tha coltas, ceutadh is beusan, Mari.—
ha coltas ceyta′ is beysan mari
A Mhari, etc.

Thou art the flower most beautiful in the garden,
The noble sapling that will not bend with a flaw,—
Like sunshine on the highest wolds,
In appearance, purity and virtue is Mary.—
Mary, &c.

Do shuil ghorm mheallach fo d' mhalaidh bhoidhich,
do huyl yorm vellach fo d' val-ay′ voy′-aych
Do bheulan tana air dhath nan rosain,
do veylan tana ayr ya′ nan ros-ayn
Do shlios mar chana an gleannan mointich,
do lis mar chana an glennan moyntich
'S do ghruaidh mar chaoran fo sgiadh na morbheann.—A Mhari, etc.
's do yru-ay′ mar chaoran fo sgey na mor-venn

Thy eye blue and large, beneath a graceful eyebrow,
Thy lips slender and of the colour of the rose,
Thy bosom like cana in a sequestered glen,
Thy cheeks like the rowan-berry under the wing of the high mountain.—
Mary, &c.

Cha dean eala air slios na mor-thonn,
cha den ella ayr slis na mor-honn
Cha dean smeoil ann an doire ceothar;
cha den sme-oyl ann an doyré ce-o′-ar
Cha dean cruit nan theud binn ach cronan,
cha den cruyt nan teyd binn ach cronan
Noir a sheinneas mo Mhari bhoidheach.
noyr a heynnes mo vari voy′-ech
A Mhari, etc.

The swan makes not over the majestic waves,
The thrush in a mist enveloped grove,
The harp of sweetest chords, but a murmur
When sings my beautiful Mary—
Mary, &c.

A choisir bhega nan oran cianael,
a choysir vega nan oran ci-an-el
Am bar nan geagan nan aird na h-iarmailt,
am bar nan gegan nan ayrd na hi-ar-maylt

Little choir of the pensive minstrelsy,
Whether in the tops of the boughs or in the height of the skies,

Na biodh lathadh ann sa bhlianadh, na bi′ la′-a′ ann sa vli-a-na′	Let no day pass during the year,
Nach seinn sibh ceol do mo Mhari nach seynn siv ce-ol do mo vari	In which you do not sing to comely Mary.
chiataich.—A Mhari, etc. chi-a-taych	
Noir a bhidhis mi gu tursach, tiamhaidh, noyr a vi′-is mi gu tursach ti-a-vay′	When I am heavy, melancholy,
Mo chridh' fo iomagain 's le curam mo chri′ fo i-o-ma-gayn sle curam	My heart anxious and full of care,
lionteadh, linte′	
Ni do ghnuis a tha mar ghrian dhomh, ni do ynu-is-sa ha mar yri-an yov	Thy face, which is as the sun to me,
M' eibhneas coimhliont' noir thig u 'm meyv-nes coyv-lont noyr hig u'm	Completes my joy when in my presence.—
fhianuis.—A Mhari, etc. i-an-uys	Mary, etc.

I happened, many years ago, to be asked by a friend, the editor of a provincial newspaper, to attend a concert which he could not attend himself, and supply the necessary notice of an opera singer of some eminence from London, who was to delight (and assuredly did delight) the natives on the occasion. It struck me that the vocalist, by his voice and attitude, in singing the "Death of Nelson," exceedingly resembled an ambitious young clergyman of my acquaintance, who was very fond of exhibiting all the attitudes, intonations, and graces of elocution from his pulpit, but who was too apt to forget to suit them to his subject. Thus, when the subject was a supplication, the voice and attitudes were not unfrequently those suited to a remonstrance; and when the subject was remonstrative, the voice and attitudes were often those of supplication; and so on. The opera singer reminded me forcibly of the preacher when singing the "Death of Nelson," and it is possible that my feeling of the ridiculous, from the association of the two charlatans, when writing, gave a sharper point to my criticism, for the one was preaching and the other singing with a view to effect, not from feeling. He made Nelson mewl and cry like a whipt *wean*, *because* he was dying "for England, home, and beauty," when there is little doubt that the last throb of the hero's heart was a throb of joyful exultation at the realization of the dream of his heroic life, that he *would* die "for England, home, and beauty." My paragraph met the eye of Mr John Wilson, the delightful illustrator and singer of the songs of Scotland: he was introduced and dined with me, and the subject having turned on the songs of the Highlands, I introduced some Highland songs, with the traditions connected with them, and, my voice being at that time good, sung them in a style with which he was much pleased. As I expressed my regret that we had no Highlander to illustrate the songs of the Gael, he begged of me to imitate two or three in English, and to send them to him, with copies of the music, and promised to bring them out at his concerts in London. I got the music copied by a precentor, from

my own voice; and, although I was anything but pleased with the melodies when played from the copies, I hoped that Mr Wilson's superior voice and memory would enable him to make something like the originals out of them. Mr Wilson wrote to me expressing himself pleased with the traditions and verses, but declared that "the soul was taken out of the melodies." He was preparing for his visit to Canada, and said that he would come to see me on his return, and learn them "by heart" from my own voice; but he never returned. These are the traditions and verses which I published in Tait's Magazine in May 1849. I beg leave to submit the imitation of one of these songs here, rather than a literal translation of the original. The last English verse was added by myself.

CALLUM A GHLINNE.—MALCOLM OF THE GLEN.

Mo chailinn donn og 's mo nighean dubh mo chaylin donn og s mo ni′-en duv thogarrach, hoga-rach	My auburn-haired maid, so fair and comely,
Thogainn ort fonn 's neo throm gu'n hog-ayn ort fonn s ne-o hrom gun togainn, tog-aynn	So sprightly and gay, so kind and lovely,
Mo nighean dubh gu'n fhiaraidh mo mo ni′-en duv gun i-ar-ay′ mo bhriadhar gu'n togainn, vri′-ar gun tog-aynn	Of thee I would sing, the cause relating
'S gun innsinn an taobhar nach ealaer s gun inn-sinn an ta-o-var nach eler gad thogradh, gad hog-ra′	Why thou art not wooed, when others are mating,
Mo chailinn donn og. mo chaylin donn og	My auburn-haired maid.
Gu bheil u gu boidheach baindidh gu veyl u gu boy′-ech bayn-di′ bannael, ban-nel	Thou art pure as the snow on the hill-crest swelling,
Gun chron ort fo'n ghrein gu'n bheum gun chron ort fon yreyn gun veym gu'n sgainnir, gun sgaynnir	In beauty arrayed, in mind excelling,
Gur gili u fo'd leine na eiteag na mara, gur gil′ u fo'd leyné na ey-teg na mara	But, ah me, thy sire in the shell delighted,
'S tha choir agam fein gu'n cheile bhi 's ha choyr agam feyn gun cheyle vi mar riut, mar ri-ut	And thou, my young tocherless daughter, art slighted,
Mo chailinn donn og. mo chaylin donn og	My auburn-haired maid.

Noir bhios mi air feil 's na ceudnan
noyr vis mi ayr feyl s na cey-dan
mar rium,
mar ri-um

When I meet at the fair with set of good fellows,

Do chuideachadh choir a dh-olas drama,
do chuyd-ac-a' choyr a yolas drama

My heart it expands, my feelings it mellows,

Gu'n suidh mi mu'n bhord 's gun traigh
gun suy' mi mun vord s gun tray'
mi mo sherreag,
mi mo herrag

I drink, laugh, and sing with the glee of a *callan*,

'S cha d' thuirt mo bhen riamh rium
s cha d huyrt mo ven ri-av ri-um
ach "Dia leat a Challum!"
ach di-a let a challum

Yet my wife's harshest phrase is but "God sain thee, Allan!"

Mo chailinn donn og.
mo chaylin donn og

My auburn-haired maid.

Ged tha mi gu'n or le ol 's le iomairt,
ged ha mi gun or le ol s le iomayrt

My social profusion, the *darg* of my *cronies*,

'S air bheagan do ni le pris na mine,
s ayr vegan do ni le pris na miné

Have lessened my folds, and scattered my monies;

Tha 'm ortan aig dia 's e fialaidh uime,
ha mortan ayg di-a s e fi-a-lay' uymé

But none values Allan at less than he's owing,

'S ma gheibh mi mo shlainte gu'm paidh
s mo yeyv mi mo olaynté gum pay
mi na shir mi,
mi na hir mi

And Fortune, still friendly, her gifts is bestowing,

Mo chailinn donn og.
mo chaylin donn og

My auburn-haired maid.

'S ioma bodachan gnu nach duirig
s i-oma bo-dach-an gnu nach duyrig
m'aithris,
may'-ris

Yon sour-hearted boor who scorns my example,

Le thional air spreidh 's iad ga threigsin
le hi-on-al ayr sprey' s i-ad ga h-reyg-sin
san earrach,
san errach

Who *grubs* and who *moils*, though his means are ample,

Nach ol ann sa bhliadhna trian a ghallain,
nach ol ann sa vli-a'-na tri-an a yall-ayn

Who spends in the year scarce the price of a *gallan*,

'S cha toir e fo'n uir nas mu na bheir Callum,
s cha toyr e fo'n uyr nas mu na beyr callum

Will bring 'neath the *mools* no more than Allan,

Mo chailinn donn og.
mo chaylin donn og

My auburn-haired maid.

I still for my friends have a cellar and *pantry*,
I still have an arm and a sword for my country,
For the needy and poor I've a *neuk yont* my *hallan*,
And I've scorn for the knave who deems slightly of Allan,*
My auburn-haired maid.

* This line was suggested by the tradition introductory to this song in Tait's Magazine of May 1849.

CUMHADH MHIC CRUIMEN.—MAC CRUIMEN'S LAMENT.

Dh-iadh ceo nan stuc mu aodan Chuilinn, yi-a′ ce-o nan stuc mu aodan chuylinn	The mountain mist flows deep on Cullin,
Is sheinn a bhean shith a torgan mulaid; is heynn a ven hi′ a torogan mulayd	The fay sings her elegy sorrowful;
Tha suil ghorm chiuin san dun a sile, ha suyl yorm chi-uyn san dun a silé	Mild blue eyes in the dun are in tears,
Bhon thriall e bh-uain sa dhiult e tilleadh. von h-ri-all e vu-ayn sa yuylt e tille′	Since he departed, and refused to return.
Fonn:—	*Chorus:—*
Cha tilleadh, cha tilleadh, cha tilleadh cha tille′ cha tille′ cha tille′ Mac-Cruimen! mac cruymen	He returns not, returns not, returns not Mac-Cruimen!
O chogadh is iomairt cha tilleadh an o choga′ is im-ayrt cha tille′ an cuiridh! cuyr-i′	From war and conflict the warrior refuses to return!
Cha tilleadh, cha tilleadh, cha tilleadh cha tille′ cha tille′ cha tille′ Mac-Cruimen! mac cruymen	He returns not, returns not, Mac-Cruimen would not return!
Cha till e gu brath, gu la na cruinneadh! cha till e gu bra′ gu la na cruynne′	He will return no more, until the day of the last gathering!
Tha osag an t-shleibh misg gheug a ha osag an tleyv misg yeyg a cumhadh, cu-va′	The wind of the wold among the boughs is wailing,
Gach sruthan is alt a bron air bruthaich, gach sru′-an is alt a bron ayr bru′-aych	Each streamlet and burn is sad on the hills,
Tha fillidhean nan geug a seinn gu dubhach, ha filli′-en nan geyg a seynn gu duvach	The minstrels of the boughs are singing mournfully,
O'n dh-fhalbh e bh-uain 'snach till e tuille. on yalv e vu-ayn 'snach till e tuyllé Cha till, etc.	Since he departed, and will never return.— Return, etc.
Tha'n oiche fo neoil, lan broin is mulaid, han o-i-che fo ne-oyl lan broyn is mu-layd	The night is clouded, sorrowful, and sad,
A bhirlinn fo sheol, 's cha'n fheorich a vir-linn fo he-ol 's chan e-o-rich siubhal; si-u-val	The birlin under sail but reluctant to depart;
Tha gair nan tonn ri fonn neo-shubhach, ha gayr nan tonn ri fonn ne-o-huvach	The waves of the sea have a sound not happy,
A coidh gun t-albh 's nach till e tuille. a coy′ gun talav 'snach till e tuyllé Cha till, etc.	Lamenting that he departed, and will never return.— Return, etc.
Cha thionael luchd ciuil san dun mu cha hi-on-ayl luchd ci-uyl san dun mu fheasgar, esgar	Gather will not the tuneful race of the dun in the evening,

'S mactalla, fo shurd, le muirn ga freagairt; 'smac-talla fo hurd le muyrn ga freg-ayrt	While Echo, with alacrity and joy, answers them;
Gach fleasgach 's gach oigh, gun cheol, gach flesg-ach 's gach oy' gun che-ol	The youths and maidens are without music, lamenting
a tuireadh a tuyr-e'	
Gun d' fhalbh e bh-uain, 's nach till e tuille. gun dalav e vu-ayn 'snach till e tuyllé	That he departed from us, and will never return.—
Cha tilleadh, cha tilleadh, cha tilleadh, cha tille' cha tille' cha tille'	He returns not, returns not, returns not Mac-Cruimen!*
Mac-Cruimen, mac cruymen	
O chogadh is iomairt cha tilleadh an o choga' is im-ayrt cha tille' an	From war and conflict the warrior refuses to return!
cuiridh! cuyr-i'	
Cha tilleadh, cha tilleadh, cha tilleadh cha tille' cha tille' cha till'	He returns not, returns not, Mac-Cruimen would not return!
Mac-Cruimen! mac cruymen	
Cha till e gu brath, gu la na cruinneadh! cha till e gu bra' gu la na cruynne'	He will return no more, until the day of the last gathering!

The late Archibald Leckie, Esq., Dyer, Paisley, an antiquary of some local distinction, informed me that Shakespere was very fond of Highland lore and Highland melody, and that a grand-aunt of his, a Dumbartonshire lady, who was a very old woman when he was a boy, used to sing several of the ballads he composed to Highland airs. He recollected perfectly well her singing his ballad beginning "O come with me, and be my love," to the air of Mari Bhan. I heard this Gaelic song when I was a boy, and my impression is that it was very beautiful, but I forget all excepting one verse and the chorus. These, and the melody, I quote merely for the sake of the above tradition. The air was taken down from the voice of a noble and generous enthusiast in every thing honourable to the Gael, Colin Campbell, Esq., Collector of Inland Revenue, who entered with spirit into the Volunteer Movement, and is now captain of one of the Highland Companies in Sir Michael Shaw Stewart's regiment of Renfrewshire Volunteers.

A MHAIGHDEAN MHODHAR.

A mhaighdean mhodhar is boidh'che a vay'-den vo'-ar is boy'-che	Maiden tender of the most beautiful (symmetrical) figure,
dealbh, de-alv	
Tha do ghruaigh mar an caoran dearg, ha do yru-ay' mar an caoran derag	Thy cheeks are as rowan red,
Do shuil mar dhearcaig fo dhriuchd so do huyl mar yerc-ayg fo yri-uc so	Thy eyes like (blae) berries in morning dew,
mhaduinn, vad-uynn	
Do shlios mar eala, mar shneachd do laimh. do h-lis mar ella mar nechd do layv	Thy bosom like the swan, thy hands snow.

* The last of this noble race of minstrels is a blind and venerable old gentleman living at Gourock.

Fonn :—

Faillill oh ro, air Mari bhain,
fayllill oh ro ayr mari vayn

Faillill oh ro, gur tu mo ghradh ;
fayllill oh ro gur tu mo yra′

Faillill oh ro, na hu-ill o ro,
fayllill oh ro na hu-ill o ro

Gu'n togain fonn, air mo Mhari bhain.
gun tog-ayn fonn ayr mo vari vayn

Chorus :—

Fayllill oh ro, ayr Mari bhain,

Fayllill oh ro, gur tu mo yra′ ;

Fayllill oh ro, na h-uill o ro,

Gun togain fonn, air mo Mari bhain.

DUANAG CEITEIN.—MAY LILT.

Noir chuireas an Ceiten na geugan fo bhlath,
noyr chuy-res an ceyten na geyg-an fo vla′

When May clothes the boughs with bloom,

Biodh na h-eoin a seinn a la 's dh-oiche sa la,
′bi′ na he-oyn a seynn a la's yoy-che sa la

And the birds sing in them night and day,

Bidh gobhair, bidh caoirich is crodh-loigh le'n al,
bi′ govayr bi′ caoyrich is cro′- loy′ len al

There will be goats, sheep, milk cows,

Aig Mari oig ga'n saodachadh ri aodan charn.
ayg mari oyg gan saod-a-cha ri aodan charn

And young Mary driving them against the breast of the hills.

Fonn :—

Ho, mo Mhari laghach, 's tu mo Mhari ghrinn,
ho mo vari la′-ach 'stu mo vari yrinn

Ho, mo Mhari laghach, 's tu, mo Mhari bhinn ;
ho mo vari la′-ach 'stu mo vari vinn

Ho, mo Mhari laghach, 's tu, mo Mhari ghrinn,
ho mo vari la′-ach 'stu mo vari yrinn

Mari lurach bhoidheach ga'n comhnuidh na glinn.
mari lur-ach voy-ech gan cov-nuy′ na glinn

Chorus :—

Ho, my bonny Mary, ho, my Mary trim,

Ho, my bonny Mary, ho, my Mary melodious ;

Ho, my bonny Mary, ho, my Mary trim,

My Mary bonny, lively, who dwells in the glens.

Cha'n 'eil inneal ciuil a thuirling riamh fo'n ghrein,
cha-neyl inn-el ci-uyl a hurling ri-av fon yreyn

No instrument has ever sounded under the sun

A dh-airisis air choir gach ceol bhios a yayris-is ayr choyr gach ce-ol vis again fein,— agayn feyn	That can adequately imitate every kind of music we have,—
Uiseag air gach lonan, smeorach air uy-seg ayr gach lo-nan sme-o-rach ayr gach geig, gach geyg	A lark on every meadow, a thrush on every branch,
'S cuag seinn le muirn a loidh do'n chiuin- 'scu-ag seynn le muyrn a loy' don chi-uyn- mhios cheit.—Ho, etc. vi-os cheyt	And the cuckoo singing joyously her hymn to the mild month of May. Ho, &c.
Tha do sheang shlios fallain mar eala ha do heng hlis fallayn mar ella air snamh; ayr snav	Thy sound taper waist is graceful as a swan when swimming;
Muineal mar an canach, beul o'm banail muynel mar an canach beyl om ban-ayl failt, faylt	Thy throat like cana, sweet is a welcome from thee,
Gruaidh air dhath an t-shiris, suil-ghorm gru-ay' ayr ya' an tir-is suyl-yorm mhilis thlath, vilis hla'	Cheeks like cherries, eyes blue, sweet, warm,
Mala-chaol gu'n ghruaman, gnuis ghlan, mala-chaol gun yru-a-man gnuys ylan 's cuach-fhalt ban.—Ho, etc. 's cu-ach-alt ban	A slender eye-brow, without a frown, a white forehead, hair curly and fair. Ho, &c.
Ged bu leamsa Albainn, a h-airgead sa ged bu le-am-sa alabin a hayr-ged sa maoin, maoyn	Although mine were Albin, and her wealth and power,
Cia mar bhithinn sonadh gun do chomunn ce mar vi'-inn sona' gun do cho-munn gaoil? gaoyl	How could I be happy, without thy loved companionship?
B' annsa Mari bhoidheach le deo choir bannsa mari voy'-ech le de-o choyr dhomh fein, yov feyn	Rather would I have bonny Mary, with a good right, to myself,
Na ged gheibhinn storas na Roin-Eorp na ged yeyv-inn storas na royn-eorp gu leir.—Ho, etc. gu leyr	Than a title to Europe with all her wealth.— Ho, etc.

The following verses were written by William Ross, to the original of the air known in the Lowlands as "O'er the muir amang the heather." Both sets are very beautiful; but the Highland set has certainly more tenderness, simplicity, and dignity, at least to my taste.

'S CIANEL M' FHUIREACH AN DUNEIDIN.—PENSIVE IS MY RESIDENCE IN DUNEIDIN.

'S cianel m' fhuireach an Duneidin,
'sci-anel muyrech an dun-eydin
Cumail comunn ri luchd Beurladh;
cumayl comunn ri luc beyrla'
Thoir mo shoraidh bhlath gun treigsin,
hoyr mo horay' vla' gun treygsin
Dh-ionnsaidh 'm eibhneis anns 's na glennaibh.
yi-on-say' meyv-neys anns 'sna glenn-ayv

Pensive is my residence in Duneidin,
Keeping company with English-speaking men;
Bear my unchanged salute
To my joy, among the glens.

Fonn:—

E ho ro, mo run a chailinn,
e ho ro mo run a chaylin
E ho ro, mo run a chailinn;
e ho ro mo run a chaylin
Run a chailinn, suairce manran,
run a chaylin su-ayrcé man-ran
Dh-oich 's la tha tigh'n fo m' aire.
yoych 'sla ha ti'-n fo mayre

Chorus:—

E ho ro, my love the maiden,
E ho ro, my love the maiden;
My love, the maiden of the animated converse,
Who is in my thoughts night and day.

Tha mo cridhe dubhach, ciurte,
ha mo chri'-e du-vach ci-urte
'S tric na deoir a ruidh o'm huillean;
stric na de-oyr a ruy' om huyllen
An tig u an diugh na 'm bith mo dhuil riut,
an tig u an di-u' nam bi' mo yuyl ri-ut
Na'n dian mi an t-iul thair na beannaibh?
nan di-an mi an ti-ul hayr na bennayv
E ho ro, etc.

My heart is sad, wounded,
Tears run frequently from my eyes;
Wilt thou come to-day, or may I expect thee,
Or shall I make my way over the mountains?—
E ho ro, etc.

Tha mo chridhe mar na cuainten,
ha mo chri'-e mar na cu-aynten
Na duilleach nan crann fo luasgain;
na duyllech nan crann fo lu-asgayn
Na mar fhiadh fo thart an fhuaraen,
na mar i-a' fo hart an u-a-ren
'S mo shuillean ruaimleach le faire.—
smo huyll-en ru-aym-lech le fayre
E ho ro, etc.

My heart is like the sea,
Or the leaves of the wood in motion;
Or like the deer athirst for the spring,
And my eyes dim for the want of sleep.—
E ho ro, etc.

Gur binne na smeorach ceiten,
gur binne na sme-or-ach ceyten
Caint do bheoil 's tu comhradh reidh rium,
caynt do ve-oyl stu cov-ra' rey' ri-um

Sweeter than the thrush in May
Are the words of thy mouth in kindly converse with me,

'S mo chliabh a lasadh le eibhneas, smo chli-av a lasa' le eyv-nes	My bosom kindling with joy,
Tabhairt eisdeachd dha d' bheul tairis. tav-ayrt eys-dec ya d' veyl tayris	While listening to thy lips eloquent.—
E ho ro, etc.	E ho ro, etc.
'S tu mo lon, mo cheol, mo chlarsach, stu mo lon mo che-ol mo chlar-sach	Thou art my food, my music, my harp,
Mo leug phrieseil, rimheach, aghmhor, mo leug fri-seyl rivech agh-vor	My gem priceless, brilliant, blessed;
Bi an t-sheun a chumadh o'n bhas mi, bi an teyn a chuma' on vas mi	It were a charm to save me from death
Maighdeann mo ghraidh bhi mar rium. may'-den mo yray' vi mar ri-um	To have thee always with me.—
E ho ro, etc.	E ho ro, etc.
Gur h-etrom mo ghleus is m' iompaidh, gur hetrom mo yleys is mi-ompay'	Light will be my mind and my action,
'S neo lodail mo cheum o'n fhonnsa, 's ne-o lo-dayl mo cheym on onnsa	Not clumsy my step from this land,
Gu tir ard nan sar fhear sundach, gu tir ard nan sar er sundach	To the high country of heroes gay,
'S mi treigsin na galltachd nam dheann- smi treyg-sin na galltac nam yenn- aibh.—E ho ro, etc. ayv	Forsaking the country of strangers with speed.— E ho ro, etc.
Diridh mi ri tulach Armuin, diri' mi ri tulach armuyn	I will ascend the hill of Armuin,
Air leth-taobh strath min na Larig, ayr le'-taov sra' min na larig	On one side of the vale of Larig,
'S tearnaidh mi gu Innis-bhla-choil, sternay' mi gu innis-vla-choyl	Then go down to Innis-vla-choil,
'S ghibh mi Sine bhan gun smallan.— 's yev mi sine van gun smallan	And find fair Jean in her brightness.—
E ho ro, mo ruin a chailinn, e ho ro mo run a chaylin	E ho ro, my love the maiden,
E ho ro, mo ruin a chailinn; e ho ro mo run a chaylin	E ho ro, my love the maiden;
Ruin a chailinn, suairce manran, run a chaylin su-ayrce man-ran	My love, the maiden of the animated converse,
Dh-oich 's la tha tigh'n fo m' aire. yoych 'sla ha ti'-n fo mayre	Who is in my thoughts night and day.

Burns wrote a song to the same air with the following verses also; but, like the rest of his songs to Highland airs, (excepting "Auld Langsyne," "A man's a man for a' that," "The Lea-riggs," "Green grow the rashes, o," and a few others, the airs of which had scarcely been altered,) the airs were so tamed down as to carry the words even of Burns into the land of Nod along with

them. The following Gaelic air and verses are so peculiar as to make me feel myself justified in assigning the composition of the melody, as well as the verses, to a fair lady, who was afterwards married to Cameron of Glenevis,—her "gillidh dubh ciar dubh," or, black-haired swarthy youth. I heard it sung in the true spirit by one of her descendants, Miss Macdonald of Drimnantorran, who inherits the taste of her ancestress, and is so unfashionable as to sing the songs and play the melodies of her native mountains in a manner worthy of them, when other young ladies consider it quite vulgar to sing or play anything either sweet or natural.

AN GILLIDH DUBH CIAR DUBH.

Cha dhirich mi brudhach, cha dirich mi bru′-ach	I ascend not a hill,
Cha shiubhail mi mointeach, cha hi-uvayl mi moyntech	I cross not a heath,
Dh' fhalbh mo ghuth binn, yalv mo yu′ binn	I tune not my voice,
Cha sheinn mi oran, cha heyn mi oran	I sing not a song,
Cha chaideal mi uair, cha chaydel mi u-ayr′	I sleep not an hour,
O luain gu domhnach, o lu-ayn gu dovnach	From Monday till Sunday,
Gu'n an gillidh dubh ciar dubh thighinn gun an gilli′ duv ciar duv hi′-inn fo'm uidh.—Gu'n an gillidh, etc. fo'm uy′	Without being conscious (in my heart) of the black-haired swarthy youth, Without, etc.
Briodal beoil u, gradh bhan og u, ·bridal be-oyl u gra′ van og u	Tender are thy words, love of young maidens,
Cruaidh-bhuilleach, fearra-bhuilleach, cru-ay′-vuyllach ferra-vuyllach	Hardy are thy strokes, and manly:
Sealgaer air mointich, selager ayr mo-in-tich	A sportsman on the heath,
Lamh a leagadh nan damh cabarach, lav a lega′ nan tav cabarach	A hand for prostrating the branchy stags,
'S na'm bradan leis a mhorbhadh, 's nam bradan leys a vorva	And the salmon with the spear,
An gillidh dubh ciar tha tighinn fo'm an gilli′ duv ci-ar ha ti′-inn fom uidh.—An gillidh, etc. uy′	Is the black-haired swarthy youth, of whom I am conscious. Is the, etc.
B-eibhinn leom coir air a ghillidh dhubh beyvinn le-om coyr ayr a yilli′ yuv chiar-dubh, chi-ar-duv	'Twere joy to have a right to the black-haired swarthy youth,
Fhaotain ri phasadh na'n deonaichidh aotayn ri fasa′ nan de-on-ich-e′ dia e. di-a e	To get him in marriage, should God ordain it.

Rachain leat do'n t-Holaint, rach-ayn let don t-ol-aynt	I would go with thee to Holland,
Mo dheo! be mo mhian e; mo ye-o be mo vi-an e	Indeed, it were my delight to do so;
'S cha ghabhain fear liadh 's tu tighinn s cha yav-ayn fer li-a' s tu ti'-inn fo'm uidh.—'S cha, etc. fom uy'	And I will not have a grey-headed man, while conscious of thee. And I, etc.

The air to which the following verses are sung I received from my daughter, Mrs Lang. Logan, in the "Scottish Gael," gives a different set of evidently the same melody, under the touching name of "Ossian's lament for his father." The following verses, like the song, "Oich mar tha mi," at page 197, are re-arranged from fragments, excepting the first verse of each, which begin with the same words.

OICH MAR THA MI 'S MI NA 'M AONAR.

Oich mar tha mi 's mi na 'm aonar, oych mar ha mi s mi na m aonar	Alas for me, all alone,
Cha chadal aobhach a gheabhain ann, cha chada aov-ach a yev-ayn ann	Not sound is the sleep which comes to me
Aig boidhchead t-aodainn, is miad mo ayg boy-ched t-aod-aynn is mi-ad mo ghaoil ort; yaoyl ort	From the beauty of thy face and my great love;
Gu'm b-ait leam fhaotainn dhiot guth gum bayt le-am aot-aynn yi-ot gu' an chaint. an chaynt	'Twere joy to get a single word of converse with thee.
Fonn:—	*Chorus:—*
O na bith guidhe an gaol a threigsin, o na bi' guy'-e an gaol a hreyg-sinn	Oh do not say we must the love forsake
Bha o chein dhuinn na eibhneas aigh; va o cheyn yuyn na eyv-nes ay'	That has been so long to us a joy blameless;
Ged scar air cairdeann gun iochd o ged scar ayr cayrd-enn gun i-oc o cheil' sinn, cheyl sinn	Although friends merciless have rent us asunder,
Na fag gu leir mi gun speis gun bhaigh. na fag gu leyr mi gun speys gun vay'	Leave me not for ever, without esteem or pity.
Noir chuireas Ceitean gach doire geugach, noyr chuyr-es ceyt-en gach doyre geyg-ach	When Spring makes every leafy grove
A sheinn le eibhneas fo ceumaibh graidh. a heynn le eyv-nes fo ceym-ayv gray'	Breathe joyous songs under her steps of love,
'S ann bhios mi 'm aonar, gu tursach, s ann vis mi m aonar gu tursach deurach, deyrach	I will be alone, in sorrow and tears,
A strith ri eislean nach geil 's nach traidh. a stri' ri eyslen nach geyl s nach tray' O na, etc.	Struggling against a calamity that will never yield or diminish.— Oh, etc.

Airt-iomhaidh dhreachair a choidh a dearca, ayr ti-o-vay′ yrech-ayr a choy′ a derca	On thy beautiful image for ever dwelling,
Cha 'n fhiudh leam bearteas na staid an righ; cha'n i-u′ lem bertes na stayd an ri′	Worthless (in my estimation) is the wealth and state of kings;
Guth fuar a ghliocais, suil uaibhreach tailceis, gu′ fu-ar a yli-oc-ays suyl u-ayv-rech taylc-eys	The cold voice of wisdom, the lofty eye of the scornful,
Cha chluinn, cha 'n fhaic is cha bhith 'm bheachd ach i!—O na, etc. cha chluynn cha'n ayc is cha vi′ m vec ach i	I hear not, I mark not; there is nothing real to me save thee!—Oh, etc.

apparently this is a pun on "Tolf" — our author must have his little joke

Domhnull Donn mac fear Bhoshuintainn, (Dovnul donn mac fer Vo-hi-untaynn,) was the most distinguished Conservative of his day; and was, of course, regarded and represented as a robber and a thief by the grantees of feudal charters, who considered the king and themselves the *lawful* spoilers of the people, and looked on the black-mail-men as interlopers. He was a great warrior, a splendid looking man, and there was poetry not only in his character, but also in his romantic and adventurous life. A poetic warfare, such as was carried on in the Lowlands between their contemporaries Dunbar and Kennedy, was carried on in the Highlands between Donald Donn and the great bard Iain Lom, who was royal Celtic bard to three of the Stuart kings. I have shown elsewhere that the feudal kings persecuted the bards; but when they got into difficulties with the feudal nobility, they revived the office of royal bard, and found its value. Iain Lom was a convert to feudalism, and wanted the chiefs to take feudal charters, until he found that the nobility had become revolutionists, which the bard (with an acuteness that has never been attained by any of our historians) ascribed to these feudal charters, which made them anxious so to limit the power of the sovereign as to enable them to give the same effect to feudal charters in Scotland which they had already received in England, and thus to become each the despot and the proprietor, instead of merely the limited superior, of his district. The chiefs who had accepted charters, such as Argyle, Breadalbane, &c., never presumed to alter the fixed tenures of their clans down to that date; but exceptional cases of usurpation then began to appear, and the bard took the alarm, and thus sounded his tocsin:—

See Sinclair's "Gaelic Bards" from 1411 to 1715 for a more coherent account of Donald Donn

Tha Alb' ga cuir fo chis-chain, Le ur-reachd cuigs' gu 'n fhirinn, An ait a chalpa* dhirich— Se cuid de 'm dhiobail ghoirt.	Albin is being placed under *cain*-exactions, By the new laws of the truthless whigs, Instead of the straight calpa*— This is part of my painful regret.

* Calpa was the old name of the young stock in which the fixed rents of the clans were paid. The clans were in the first ages of feudalism, allowed to pay their calpa ("caupe" in feudal enactments) either to the chief or feudal grantee. When the feudal system took root in the Lowlands, however, the payment of the calpa to the native chief was suppressed, and the feudal grantee usurped the power, not only of exacting payment, but of changing the fixed tenures of the people into a tenantcy, with a limited duration.

Donald held that the tenants of the grantees of feudal charters were bound to pay to the native chief the *calpa* paid by the evicted clansmen; and he was, accordingly, a leading man among those who exacted the *calpa* from feudal tenants. Differences of opinion on the subject of feudal charters and forcibly exacting calpa (*Anglici*, black-mail) from feudal tenants, introduced personalities into the "flytings" of Domhnull Donn and Iain Lom; but they did not, like the Lowland bards, descend to scurrility. This remark does not apply to Kennedy: indeed it is worthy of observation, as showing the superior refinement of the Caledonian over the Scot, that Kennedy,* a Gallowegian Cruithne, preserves more dignity than the court bard Dunbar, in their curious "flytings." Gaelic was the language of the Gallowegians at the above period, and Kennedy is often taunted with his Gaelic—called "Earse" by Dunbar, who was probably the first man of letters to condemn what he did not understand, but who has found many followers in the same direction since then. One line of Domhnull Donn's retort gave deadly offence to the royal bard Iain Lom, namely, "Donnal a choin-bhathail sin, bhodhair mo dha chluais;"—the howling of that vagrant cur has *deaved* both my ears. In answering this taunt, the royal bard almost descends to scurrility.

Domhnull Donn was in love with a daughter of the chief of the Grants. The chiefs of this old and powerful clan long refused, but ultimately accepted a feudal charter of the clan district. This introduced feudal ideas into the family, so that they could no longer regard the high-blooded, but pennyless chieftain as an equal match. The hero and his lady-love, were, however, determined not to allow new and conventional ideas, foreign alike to their country and their clans, to intervene between them, and had concerted a plan of elopement. The family were living at their seat at Glenurquhart,—so Donald, to be at hand, hid himself in a cave (or rather under a ledge of a rock) on the north-side of Lochness, near Rileag Ghorraidh, a little distance below that part of the ravine over which his celebrated namesake, Allein Mac Raonuill,† leaped on finding his enemies before him at the head of the ravine, in his headlong race from Cill-a-chriosd. Donald's secret and retreat were betrayed to the brother of his love, and he was decoyed into a house in the neighbourhood of the castle, by a pretended message from Miss Grant. Here he was to remain until the young lady should be able to escape the vigilance of those who were watching her, and join him. Donald, thrown off his guard by the kindness and hospitality of the lady's pretended confident, was prevailed on, not only to drink "pottle deep," but also to sleep in the barn. No sooner was he asleep, however, than his sword and target were removed by his treacherous host; hence, when his foes came upon him in the morning, he had no weapon but his gun, which snapped, so that he was

* From Wigton to the toun o' Air,
And all be-doun the links o' Cree,
No man need think to tarry there,
Unless he court Saint Kennedy.—Old Aphorism.

† See the New Monthly Magazine of, I think, 1829, for the article "Cill-a-Chriosd."

literally unarmed. The following are a few of the verses he wrote on the occasion of his capture:—

Mile mallachd gu bragh mile mallac gu bra	A thousand curses for ever
Air a ghunna mar arm, ayr a yunna mar arm	On the gun as a weapon,
'N deigh a mheallaidh 's an tair a 'n dey' a vellay' san tayr a fhuair mi.—Mile, etc. hu-ayr mi	After the deception and degradation I have met with.— A thousand, etc.
Ged a gheabhain dhomh fein ged a yev-ayn yov feyn	Had I been offered
Lan buaile de spreidh, lan bu-aylé de sprey'	A fold of cattle,
B' annsa claidheamh le sgeidh 's an bannsa clay'-ev le sge' san uair ad.—Ge, etc. u-ayr ad	I would have preferred a sword and target at that moment.— Had, etc.
Bha tri fiched is triuir va tri fich-ed is tri-uyr	There were three-score and three
Ga 'm ruidh feadh nan lub, gam ruy' fe' nan lub	Chasing me along the windings of the river,
Gus 'n do bhuin iad mo lus le luathas uam. gus 'n do vuyn i-ad mo lus le lu'-as u-am Bha, etc.	Until they won my strength from me by speed.— There, etc.
Righ! gur mise a bha nar ri' gur mise a va nar	Righ! but I was ashamed
Noir a ghlachd iad mi slan noyr a ylac i-ad mi slan	When they caught me alive
'S nach tug mi fear ban na ruadh dhiu. snach tug mi fer ban na ru-a' yi-u Righ, etc.	Without losing a man, fair or red.— Righ, etc.
Na 'm biodh fios mi bhi 'n laimh, na m bi-o' fis mi vi'n layv	Were it known that I am imprisoned,
'S iomadh Domhnalach ard, si-oma' dovnalach ard	Many is the lofty Macdonald
A ghabha mo phairt 's an uairsa. a yava mo fayrt s an n-ayrsa Na, etc.	That would take my part in this strait. Were, etc.
Agus maighdhean dheas ur, agus mayden yes ur	And many a maiden fresh and symmetrical,
Is ard beachd 's as caoin gnuis, is ard bec s as caoyn gnuys	Of a lofty mind and a mild face,

A chuireadh na cruin* ga 'm fhusgladh. a chuyre′ na cruyn gam u-as-gla′	Would give crowns* to release me.
Agus, etc.	And, etc.
Iain duibh tog a mach, i-ayn duyv tog a mach	Black-haired John, arise, and come forth
'S thoir na fhaodas tu leat— s hoyr na yaodas tu le-at	With as many as you can gather—
Cum cuimhneadh air a bheart bu dual cum cuyv-ne′ ayr a veyrt bu du-al	Remember the wont of your ancestors.
dhut.—Iain, etc. yut	Black, etc.
Na'm biodh tusa fo ghlais, nam bi-o′ tusa fo ylays	Had you been under a lock,
Agus mise a bhi as, agus mise a bhi as	And me at liberty,
Naile chumain mo chas gle luaineach. naylé chumayn mo chas gle lu-aynech	Faith! I would keep my foot in action.
Na'm, etc.	Had, etc.
Bhiodh an t-osan gle ghearr, vi-o′ an t-osan gle yerr	The hose would be very short,
'S a feile gle ard, s a feylé gle ard	The kilt very high,
'S balgan peallach oscean na cruachain, s balagan pellach os-cen na cru-a-chayn	And the shaggy haversack above the haunch, &c.
&c.—Bhiodh, etc.	The, etc.

Domhnull Donn naturally expected that his great clan would interfere on his behalf and pay his *eric;* but he was not on friendly terms with his chieftain, Mac-mhic Raonuill, nor with the great clan bard Iain Lom, whose only son he had the misfortune to have killed in a duel. There was thus no person interested in his fate who was sufficiently influential to organize the necessary movement to save him. The apparent neglect seems to have deeply afflicted, and even shaken his heroic spirit; for the following verses, composed by him in prison the night before he was beheaded, are scarcely worthy of him. I can easily account for the absence of the tender and pathetic in these verses, since breathing sorrow or regret might be construed, under the circumstances, into timidity or a want of firmness. His pride and high spirit, therefore, made him guard against the expression of feelings that might countenance such an interpretation; but the lofty and bold sentiments which used to characterize his poems are

* All excepting capital crimes, such as treachery to one's clan or country, murders, or infamous crimes, could be compensated by an eric under the cleachda, or use and wont—which was the only law recognized or valued by the patriarchal clans. The eric of this warrior could not have been refused if offered by the clan. The chief of the Grants had demanded and received eric from the Camerons not many centuries before then.

awanting here. This seems to show that the apparent neglect of his friends and his clan had shaken his confidence, and lowered the tone of his mind, although it could not subdue his courage. "Bidh mi maireach" he says bitterly, "air cnoc gu'n cheann, 's cha bhi mo chairdean fuireachail;" I will be to-morrow on a hillock without my head, and my friends will not be watchful. Another couplet is equally expressive of his agitation and conscious power to do something very dangerous—probably to his guards, for effecting his escape,—something which his heart did not approve, but to which he might be tempted in his desperation. "Ochoin a Dhia!" he exclaims, "cum leom mo chiol, cha robh mi riabh cho cunnartach;" Oh God! keep with me my wisdom; I never was so dangerous. These lines are sufficiently expressive of his agitation, and give a lively idea of the stern pride that made him suppress anything sufficiently touching to be represented as complaining of neglect, or implying timidity. He suppressed anything resembling either, as unworthy of his warlike character and lofty pride. But the air to which he composed the verses is sufficiently tender and melancholy to betray what he would not express in words. It breathes the tender feelings and regrets natural to the lover and the hero, on the night before he was to die. This is one of the Macgreagair o Ruarodh measures, so much admired, and so touching in the style of singing,—the two last lines of every verse being repeated in the next by the whole audience.

'S TRUAGH, A RIGH! MO NIGHEANN DHONN.

'S truagh, a righ! mo nighean donn, stru-a' a ri' mo ni'-e-an donn	Would, a ri! my brown-haired maid,
Nach robh mi thall a Muile leat; nach rov mi hall a muylé let	That I was over in Mull with thee;
Far am faighein iasg is sithean fhiadh, far am fay'-eyn i-asg is si'-e-an i-a'	Where I would get fish and deer venison,
'Sa chial cha bhiodh oirn uireasaibh. sa chi-al cha vi-o' oyrn uyr-es-ayv	And, my love, we should not want.
Far am faighein iasg is sithean fhiadh, far am fay'-eyn i-asg is si'-e-an i-a'	Where I would get fish and deer venison,
'Sa chial cha bhiodh oirn uireasaibh; sa chi-al cha vi-o' oyrn uyr-es-ayv	And, my love, we should not want;
Mharbhain breac air boinne cas, varv-ayn brec ayr boynne cas	I would spear the salmon in the rapid,
Far nach deanadh casan grunnachadh. far nach den-a' casan grunna-cha'	Where feet would not sound.
Mharbhain breac air boinne cas, varv-ayn brec ayr boynne cas	I would spear the salmon in the rapid,
Far nach deanadh casan grunnachadh; far nach den-a' casan grunna-cha'	Where feet would not sound;
'S an coileach dubh air luth a sgeidh, san coylech duv ayr lu' a sgey'	And the black-cock on the speed of his wing,
Mu'n d' theid na eidith ioma fear. mun deyd na eyd-i' i-oma fer	Before many could dress themselves.

'S an coileach dubh air luth a sgeidh, san coylech duv ayr lu' a sgey'	And the black-cock on the speed of his wing,
Mu'n d' theid na eidith ioma fear; mun deyd na eyd-i' i-oma fer	Before many could dress themselves;
'S an earba bheag am bun na'm preas, san er-ba veg am bun nam pres	And the little roe in the coppice,
Ge deas a chi sa chluinneas i. ge des a chi sa chluynn-e-as i	Though quick her sight and hearing.
'S an earba bheag am bun na'm preas, san er-ba veg am bun nam pres	And the little roe in the coppice,
Ge deas a chi sa chluinneas i. ge des a chi sa chluynnes i	Though quick her sight and hearing.
Ochoin, a Dhia! cum leam mo chial, och-oyn a yi-a cum le-am mo chi-al	O, God! keep my wisdom with me,
Cha robh mi riamh cho cunnartach. cha rov mi ri-av cho cunn-art-ach	I never was so dangerous.
Ochoin, a Dhia! cum leam mo chial, och-oyn a yi-a cum le-am mo chi-al	O, God! keep my wisdom with me,
Cha robh mi riamh cho cunnartach. cha rov mi ri-av cho cunn-art-ach	I never was so dangerous.
Bidh mi maireach air cnoc gu'n cheann, bi' mi mayr-ech ayr cnoc gun chenn	I will be to-morrow on a knoll without my head,
's cha bhith mo chairdean fuireachail. 's cha vi' mo chayrd-e-an fuyr-ach-ayl	And my friends will not be watchful!
* * * * *	* * * * *
'S truagh, a righ! mo nigheann donn, stru-a' a ri' mo ni'-e-an donn	Would, a ri! my brown-haired maid,
Nach robh mi thall a Muile leat; nach rov mi hall a muylé let	That I was over in Mull with thee;
Far am faighinn iasg is sithean fhiadh, far am fay'-inn i-asg is si'-e-an i-a'	Where I would get fish and deer venison,
'Sa chial cha bhiodh oirn uireasaibh. sa chi-al cha vi-o' oyrn uyr-es-ayv	And, my love, we should not want.

According to the tradition, Donald's sister was present at the execution, and the head articulated, after being struck off, the words, "a Cheit, tog an ceann," Kate, lift the head. It may be doubted whether the tongue, though put in motion as the axe fell, could articulate the words that hung upon it; but it cannot be doubted, that, ascribing to Domhnull Donn the anxiety lest his body should meet with neglect or indignity after death, which the tradition implies, proves that he preserved the demeanour of a gentleman while undergoing a sentence resulting from his opposition to the usurpation by which the people were, as he foresaw, ultimately deprived of their immemorial right of property in the soil of their respective clan districts. A plain, simple memorial stone in his native clachan, Bohutin, with an inscription to the above effect, is well deserved by the memory of Domhnull Donn.

The following fragment has been dressed up like the two beginning "Oich mar tha mi," already mentioned. The melody is called "Oran sith," by Mrs Macdonell, but the subject of the verses usually sung to it is the very common, though ever touching one in ballad poetry,—unhappy love: the melody itself, however, is of the class called *ceol-sith*, or fairy music, and few even of this class are more wild and pathetic, as played by Mrs Macdonell; but the following verses are not worthy of the melody. Though I have not made a connected ballad to suit the air, from anxiety to preserve all I could find of the original, the verses tell their own touching story:—The fair authoress was betrayed by her sister, and the lover slain by her three brothers, but at the expense of two of their own lives. They returned from the adventure covered with "their own blood" but this seems to have increased, instead of diminishing the grief of the loving sister,—so little did a spirit of revenge accord with the feeling of the bereaved Highland maiden.

THA DHRIUCHD FEIN AIR BHAR GACH MEANGAIN.—ITS OWN DEW IS ON EVERY BOUGH.

Tha dhriuchd fein air bhar gach meangain, ha yri-uc feyn ayr var gach mengayn	Its own dew is on every bough,
Tha gach gleannan a dol an guirmead, han gach glennan a dol an guyrmed	Every glen is becoming more green;
Tha 'n ceo ag iadhadh mu na bealaich, han ce-o ag i'-a' mu na bel-aych	The mist is winding around the defiles,
'S tha mo leannan a tighinn a shuireadh. 's ha mo lennan a ti'-inn a huy-re'	And my lover is coming awooing.

Fonn:—	*Chorus:—*
Huvo i na horin ova,	Huvo i na horin ova,
Hurin i na horin o;	Hurin i na horin o;
Huvo i na horin ova,	Huvo i na horin ova,
Thug mi coinneamh dha sa choil. hug mi coynn-ev ya sa choyl	I gave him a meeting in the wood.

A phiuthar fhealsach a rinn mo mhealladh, a fi-u'-ar elsach a rinn mo vella'	False sister, who betrayed me,
Noir a leig mi riut mo run, noyr a leyg mi ri-ut mo run	When I disclosed to thee my love,
Shaoil leam nach bu luaidhaidh 'n sgeuladh haoyl lem nach bu lu-ay'n sgeyl-a'	I thought my secret would as fast come
Tre do bheul na tre do ghlun.— tre do veyl na tre do ylun	Through thy knee as through thy lips.
Huvo, etc.	Huvo, etc.

'S iomadh cluichidh, mireadh is aighear, si-oma′ clu-ich-e′ mirre′ is ay′-er	Many were the sports, much the mirth and happiness,
'San robh sinn tairis measg ghleann is chluainean, san rov sinn tayr-is mesg ylenn is chlu-ay-nen	In which we lovingly sympathized with one another, in green recesses among the glens,
Noir cheangail gaol sinn an laith air h-oige, noyr chen-gayl gaol sinn an lay′ ayr hoyg-é	When affection tied us together in our youth,
Mar dha ros air aon mheangain suairce.— mar ya ros ayr aon vengan su-ayr-cé	Like two roses rooted in one modest stem.—
Huvo, etc.	Huvo, etc.
'S tric a thuit ann an doire diamhair stric a huyt ann an doyré di-a-vayr	Often has fallen in its secret grove
An earbag mheaghail le saighead fuadain; an erbag vi-a-yayl le sa′-ed fu-a-dayn	The innocent roe by a wandering arrow;
Ach co a sheaoileadh gu'n tuiteadh leannain, ach co a haoyle′ gun tuyte′ lenn-ayn	But who could think that my lover should fall
Le foil na peathaer a roinn mo cluasag? le foyl na pe′-er a roynn mo chlu-a-sag	By the treachery of the sister who shared my pillow?
Huvo, etc.	Huvo, etc.

* * * * * * * * * *

Chaidh a seachad mo thriuir bhraidhrean, chay a sech-ad mo ri-uyr vray′-ren	Past went my three brothers
Air an steudaibh loma luadhadh, ayr an steyd-ayv loma lu′-a-a′	On their steeds sleek and swift,
Biodag paisgtedh ris gach uillin,* bi-dag paysg-te′ ris gach uyllin	Their dirks folded against each elbow,*
'S am fuil fein a taomadh bh-uapa. s am fuyl feyn a taoma′ vu-apa	And their own blood pouring from them.
Huvo, etc.	Huvo, etc.
Chail mi Domhnull 's chail mi Aillein, chayl mi dovnul s chayl mi aillein	I have lost Donald, I have lost Allan,
Mo dha brathair bha reachd mhor uasal, mo ya vra-ayr va rec vor u-a-sal	My two brothers haughty (but) noble,
'S cha do lughdaich e mo leireadh s cha do lu′-daych e mo leyr-a′	Nor has it lessened my distress
Gu'm be mo Seumas a roin am bualadh. gum be mo hè-mas a royn am bu-a-la′	That my James it was who slew them.
Huvo, etc.	Huvo, etc.

* When the dirk is used in fencing by a skilful person, the hilt is grasped in such a way as to turn the point towards the elbow. The expression above describes it as folded-back along the sleeve, so as the point may touch the elbow-joint.

'S coma leom ged threig an latha,
s coma le-om ged h-reyg an la'-a
'S ged chuireadh Dilin a che fo chu-
s ged chuyre' di-lin a che fo chu
aintean—
aynten
'S coma leam gach ni fo'n athar,
s coma le-am gach ni fon a'-ar
'S mo chead leannaen fo reachd na hu-
s mo che d lennan fo rec na hu-
aighidh.—Huvo, etc.
ay'i

I care not though the day should forsake,
Or a deluge should put the world under the sea;—
I care for nothing under the sky,
Since my first love is in the power of the grave.
Huvo, etc.

A chraobh chaorain dlu do'n dorus,
a chraov chaor-ayn dlu don dorus
Theid mo ghiulan leat air guaillibh,
heyd mo yi-u-lan let ayr chill'
Buin mo chasain ri Dun-dealgain,
bonn mo chas-an ri dun-de-la-gayn
Sinte an carbad dealbhach uallach.
sinnte an carabad del'-vach yualla

Huvo i, na horin ova,
Hurin i, na horin o;
Huvo i, na horin ova,
Thug mi coinneamh dha sa choil.

Rowan-tree near the door,
On thee I will be carried on shoulders,
The soles of my feet toward Dundalgan,
Stretched in a bier, shapely and light.

Huvo i, na horin ova,
Hurin i, na horin o;
Huvo i, na horin ova,
I gave him a meeting in the wood.

Iain Garbh Mac Gille-Challum, of Rathsay, who was lost on Hesgair, was a bold and adventurous seaman, and, being very popular, his death was much regretted. It is the subject of many a "cumhadh," one of them even by Mari Nighean Alastair Ruaidh; but, unfortunately, I have not been able to procure the air to which her verses were sung. This melody is from Mrs Macdonell, and it is the peculiarity of the air which makes me submit the following verses to the reader.

OCH NAN OCH, MO LEIR CHRADH.—OH MY PAINFUL SORROW.

Och nan och, mo leir chradh
och nan och mo leyr chra'
Mar dh-eirich do'n ghaisgeach!
mar yeyrich do'n yaysgech
Cha'n eil sealgaer na sinne,
cha'n eyl selager na sinne
'N diugh a frith na 'm beann casa.
n ti-u' a fri' nam benn casa

Fonn:—

Hu-a ho, io ho, hug orin o,
Hu-a ho, io ho, iu ri o,
Ho ro, io ho, hug orin o.

Och nan och, my painful sorrow
At the fate of the warrior!
The hunter of the deer
Is not to-day in the forest of the steep mountains.

Chorus:—

Hu-a ho, io ho, hug orin o,
Hu-a ho, io ho, in ri o,
Ho ro, io ho, hug orin o.

Bha mi uair nach do shaoil mi, va mi u-ayr nach do haoyl mi	The day has been that I did not think,
Ged is faoin bhe ga agradh, ged is faoyn vi ga agra′	Although it is vain to repeat it,
Gu'n rachadh do bhathadh, gun racha′ do va′-a′	Thou ever couldst have been drowned
Gu brath air cuan farsuinn. gu bra′ ayr cu-an farsuyn	In an open sea.—
Hu-a ho, etc.	Hu-a ho, etc.
Fhad sa sheasadh a stiuir dhi, ad sa hesa′ a sti-uyr yi	While the helm should endure,
'S tu air cul a buil bhearte, stu ayr cul a buyl verte	And thou shouldst be in the command,
Dh-aindeon anradh nan duillean, yayn-en an-ra′ nan duyllen	Despite the fierce war of the elements,
Agus ubraid na mara.— agus ub-rayd na mara	And the angry tumult of the ocean.—
Hu-a ho, etc.	Hu-a ho, etc.
Fhad sa fhanadh ri cheile ad sa yan-a′ ri cheylé	So long as should remain together
A dealean 's a h-achuinn, a delen sa hach-uynn	The planks and the gearing,
'S b-urrainn di geilleadh 's burrayn di geylle′	And she could obey
Do d' laimh threin air an aigeal, &c.— do dlayv hreyn ayr an aygel	Thy strong arm on the deep, &c.—
Hu-a ho, etc.	Hu-a ho, etc.

I submit a few verses of "Gillidh Guanach" for the same reason, namely, more for the sake of the air than the verses. In Tait's Magazine of June 1829, I gave an imitation of verses supposed to have been written by the hero of this song, after an accidental interview he had with the authoress of the following verses, when both were married.

AN GILLIDH GUANACH.—THE GAY OR VOLATILE YOUTH.

'S ann di-donaich a dol do'n chlachan, san di-donaych a dol don chlachan	When going to the clachan on Sunday,
A ghabh mi beachd ort a measg nan ceud; a yav mi bechd ort a mesg nan ceyd	I admired thee among hundreds;
Ge be goraich e na faoineachd, ge be goraych e na faonechd	And, whether from folly or vanity,
'N sin cheangail gaol sinn an snaim nach geil. 'n sin chengayl ga-ol sinn an snaym nach geyl	Love (then) tied us to one another with a tie that will never relax.

Fonn :—

Mo ghillidh guanach, thug iri oro,
mo yilli′ gu-an-ach hug iri oro

Mo ghillidh guanach, ho robha hi ;
mo yilli′ gu-an-ach ho rova hi

Fhleasgaich uasail an leadean dhuallaich,
les-gaych u-as-ayl an leden yu-all-aych

Tha mi fo ghruaim bho 'na dh-fhag u'n tir.
ha mi fo yru-aym vo na yag u'n tir

Tha do bhilibh gu milis blath'or,
ha do viliv gu milis bla′-or

Mar ros an garadh do dha ghruaidh ;
mar ros an gar-a′ do ya yruy′

Mar choillean cheire measg coillean creise,
mar choyllen cheyré mesg coyllen creysé

Ha coltas Sheumais a measg an t-sluaigh.
ha coltas heymays a mesg an tluy′

Mo, etc.

Tha do challapanan foinneidh dealbhach,
ha do challa-pan-an foynney′ delavach

Gun bhi garbh is gun bhi caol ;
gun vi garv is gun vi caol

Gur a boidheach glan a dh-fhas u,
gur a boy′-ech glan a yas u

'S gur h-iomadh ailleachd a h-air mo
's gur i-oma′ ayll-ec a hayr mo

ghaol.—Mo, etc.
yaol

Thuirt iad rium gu bheil u baigheal,
huyrt i-ad ri-um gu veyl u bay′-el

Gu bheil do ghradh air a h-uile te ;
gu veyl do yra′ ayr a huylé te

Gus a faic mi e na d' abhaist,
gus a fayc mi e na davayst

Mise a ghraidh cha chreid an sgeul.
misé a yray′ cha chreyd an sgeyl

Mo, etc.

Noir a theid u do Dhuneidin,
noyr a heyd u do yun-eydin

Fear do cheum cha'n fhalbh an t-shraid;
fer do cheym chan alv an trayd

Bidh na baintiernean uile an deigh ort,
bi′ na bayn-tir-nen uylé an dey′ ort

'S bidhidh mi fhein mar the do chach.
's bi′-i′ mi feyn mar he do chach

Chorus :—

My volatile youth, hug iri oro,

My volatile youth, ho rova hi ;

My gentlemanly youth, with the flowing ringlets,

I am in sorrow since you left our land.

Sweet and blooming are thy lips,

Thy cheeks like garden roses;

Like wax among tallow-candles,

Is James among the people.

Mo, etc.

Thy legs are polished and symmetrical,

Neither (too) thick nor (too) small;

Clean and beautiful is thy form,

Many are the charms of my love.

Mo, etc.

They said to me that thou art susceptible,

And lovest every lady ;

But, until I see it in thy conduct,

I, my love, will not believe the tale.

Mo, etc.

When thou goest to Duneidin,

Another man of thy carriage walks not the street;

The ladies will follow thee in admiration,

And I myself will be like one of the rest.

Mo ghillidh guanach, thug iri oro, mo yilli′ gu-an-ach hug iri oro	My volatile youth, hug iri oro,
Mo ghillidh guanach, ho robha hi ; mo yilli′ gu-an-ach ho rova hi	My volatile youth, ho rova hi ;
Fhleasgaich uasail an leadean dhuallaich, lesgaych u-as-ayl an le-den yu-all-aych	My gentlemanly youth, with the flowing ringlets,
Tha mi fo ghruaim bho 'na dh-fhag u'n tir. ha mi fo yru-aym vo na yag u'n tir	I am in sorrow since you left our land.

Mrs Macdonell sent me specimens of the airs sung by the milk-maids when milking the cows on the romantic stances selected for the open folds, on which they used to be gathered for that purpose, among the glens and shielings of the Highlands; but she did not favour me with the verses. There was, however, usually little or nothing in the verses of the milking and other labour songs calculated to interest strangers to the associations they were intended to call up.

The object of the milking song was to soothe and beguile the cows while being milked, and I have seen them listening to such songs with a dreamy placidity which realized Pope's idea of "gentle dullness listening to a joke," while yielding the milk so freely as to sound responsively in the foaming pail. It is rare to see such scenes now in the Highlands, if, indeed, they are ever seen at all; but I remember them as the most peculiar and pleasing feature in the landscape, and cannot help wondering how any proprietor having a spark of soul in him could have substituted screeching shepherds, yelping curs, and grey-faced sheep, for such farming, even supposing it to be the most profitable of the two; but that I deny. To form a proper judgement on this subject, the reader must remember that the community system of the patriarchal clans was done away with *before* the country entered on the agricultural, manufacturing, and mercantile career, to which our present state of society and wealth are to be ascribed. The small Highland tenantry, who had the arable lands in allotments, and the pastures in common, were evicted and reduced to the condition of unemployed labourers, or, in other words, to paupers, by the effect given to feudal charters and the introduction of sheep. Those who ascribe indolence to the Highlanders forget that industry is an acquired habit, and that sheep farming deprived two generations of Highlanders of all farming employment, before it was discovered that they are by nature filthy and indolent. The fact is, that there are no reasonable grounds for assuming, had their native rights been preserved, that they would not have entered into the improved system as well as any other class, and have developed the agricultural resources of their country to a much greater extent than has been done, or ever will be done, by the sheep farmer. In Switzerland, where the lands in like manner belonged to the people, and their ancient rights were conserved, farms are well cultivated, and the people comfortable and happy. There are no statistics whereby to form an estimate of the present value of the calpa, or young stock, which was paid by the Highlanders to their chiefs and chieftains as their fixed rents; but considering the constant uniform and yearly increase in the value of stock from the above date, it would probably exceed rather than fall short of the rental paid at this

day by the sheep farmers of the Highlands to their landlords. Macintosh, Ardgour, and Glenmoriston, preserved some farms under the old community system, but on money (not the old calpa) rents, and these small farmers have not in the management of their farms fallen behind their neighbours. Indeed, the extensive traces of cultivation on lands now lying waste under the management of the sheep-farmer, corroborate Duncan Ban Macintyre, and Allan Dall Macdougal, who, in their poems show that there was great industry applied to cultivation, not only on the "shores" but also on the "wolds" of the Highlands, when the sheep farming was introduced, which has extirpated the population, and made the country a desert.

The nursery and dairy songs were so much of the same character as to render it unnecessary to make any distinction between them. Maolruainidh Ghlinnichen, the melody of which was sent me by Mrs Macdonell, had, in tradition, the very rare distinction of having been "a light o' love," and a good fairy was seen rocking the cradle of her neglected child in the mother's absence, and singing this favourite nursery lullaby, which accordingly belongs to the class called "fairy melodies."

MAOLRUAINIDH GHLINNICHEN.—MAOLRUAINI OF THE GLENS.

Ho ro, Maolruainidh Ghlinnichen, ho ro maol-ru-ayni′ ylinne-chen	Ho ro, Maolruaini of the glens,
Ho ro, Maolruainidh, ho ro maol-ru-ayni′	Ho ro, Maolruaini,
Dh-fhalbh do mhaithir, 's thug i am yalv do vay′-ir 's hug i am firich oir, fir-ich oyr	Thy mother is away; she has taken her course to the hill,
Ho ro, Maolruainidh. ho ro maol-ru-ayni′	Ho ro, Maolruaini.
Thug i 'm balg an robh do chuid mine le, hug i'm balg an rov do chuyd miné le	She has taken the skin-bag in which thy meal was kept,
Ho ro, Maolruainidh, ho ro maol-ru-ayni′	Ho ro, Maolruaini,
'S thug i an curasan san robh do chuid 's hug i an curasan san rov do chuyd imedh le, ime′ le	And she has taken the *curasan* (a wooden dish) in which thy butter was kept,
Ho ro, Maolruainidh, etc. ho ro maol-ru-ayni′	Ho ro, Maolruaini, etc.

There are two or three more verses extant, in the last of which the good fairy indulges her indignation against Maolruainidh, for the neglect of her child, in some thing extremely like malediction.

The following is another specimen of the milking song, the air of which I also received from Mrs Macdonell. It gave its cognomen to a club of which Burns became a member when in Edinburgh.

CRODH CHAILLEAN.

(Probably because the owner used to sing the lilt.)

Gu'n d' thugadh crodh Chaillean gun duga′ cro′ chayllen	The milk-cows of Colin
Dhomh bainne air an fhraoch, yov baynne ayr an raoch	Would give me milk on the heather,
Gu'n chuman, gu'n bhuarach,* gun chuman gun vu-ar-ach	Without a pail or a shackle,
Gu'n laircean,† gu'n laogh. gun layrcen gun lao′	A layrcen or a calf.

Fonn :—	*Chorus :—*
Crodh Chaillean mo chridhe, cro′ chayllen mo chri′-e	The cows of Colin of my heart,
Crodh Chaillean mo ghaoil ; cro′ chayllen mo yaoyl	The cows of Colin of my love :
Gu'n d' thugadh crodh Chaillean gun duga′ cro′ chayllen	The cows of Colin
Dhomh bainne air an fhraoch. yov baynné ayr an raoch	Would give me milk on the heather.

The following is another specimen of the milking song, the air of which I have received from Mrs Lang.

TILL AN CRODH A' DHONNACHAIDH.—TURN THE KINE, DUNCAN.

Till an crodh, Dhonnachaidh, till an cro′ yonna-chay′	Turn the kine, Duncan,
Till an crodh, Dhonnachaidh, till an cro′ yonna-chay′	Turn the kine, Duncan,
Till an crodh, Dhonnachaidh, till an cro′ yonna-chay′	Turn the kine, Duncan,
'S gheibh u bean bhoideach. 's yeyv u ben voy′-ech	And you will get a bonny wife.

Fonn :—	*Chorus :—*
Till an crodh drimean dubh, till an cro′ drimen duv	Turn the white-ridged black cows,
Odhar dubh ceannean dubh, o′-ar duv cennen duv	Dark-dun white-faced cows,
Till an crodh drimean dubh, till an cro′ drimen duv	Turn the white-ridged black cows,
'S gheibh u bean bhoidheach, &c. 's yeyv u ben voy′-ech	And you will get a bonny wife, etc.

* "Buarach," a hair shackle for tying the hind legs of restive or fierce tempered cows while a-milking.

† "Laircean" or "tulachan," a wicker basket shaped like a calf, and covered with a calf-skin, placed before a cow to soothe her with the well recognised scent of her calf, after it is killed.

The next class of the labour songs which remain for illustration are the reaping or shearing songs. The verse of these was short, and sung by the leading reaper, and the chorus by the whole band. Like the rowing songs, they avoided anything like the excitement of feeling or passions, and merely wandered over the lakes, rivers, glens, and hills, in accordance with the pleasing attachments and associations of the singers. No sight could be more delightful than to see a great band of reapers extended over a fine field, amid an agreeable landscape, cutting down the golden sheafs, and singing, lightly and joyously, in full chorus. The late Mr Chapman, Corstorphine, near Edinburgh, one of the clerks of the Court of Session, but a spirited farmer, being married to a Highland lady, used to hire large bands of Highland shearers; and told me that nothing gave Lord Alloway, and his other eminent legal acquaintances, greater pleasure than to visit him at harvest time, and listen to the merry harvest *duanagan* or lilts of his Highland shearers. These songs were very discursive and irregular (verses suggested by passing events being extemporaneously composed and introduced into them occasionally by any of the singers that could do so) and of interminable length. I would in concluding this illustrative treatise, beg of those, who notwithstanding a careful perusal of the preceding pages, may still have a lingering leaning to the belief that the common Highlanders were a rude, ignorant, unpolished people, to consider whether English and Lowland navies could enter sympathetically into the spirit of songs like those of which the foregoing and the following verses are descriptive specimens? Yet they must admit, that, unless Highland labourers could sympathize with the feelings and sentiments which characterize those songs, the universal custom of singing them for amusement, or to cheer them at their daily work, never could have become a characteristic of the people, or been carried down among them to the days of Lord Alloway and Mr Chapman. I have quoted as many verses of each of these labour songs as will enable the reader to form an opinion as to their peculiar character, so as he may judge whether I am justified in these remarks.

FAILTE NA MORTHIR.—HAIL TO MORAR.

Failt' ort fein a Mhorthir bhoidheach, faylt ort feyn a vore-hir voy'-ech	All hail to thee, lovely Morar,
Anns an og-mhios bhealltainn. anns an og-vi-os vel-taynn	In the young month of May.
Fonn :—	*Chorus :—*
Heiter-inn arinn, i-uirinn, oh ho ro, Heiter-inn arinn, ho ro.	Heyter-inn arinn, i-uyrinn, oh-ho ro, Heyter-inn arinn, ho ro.
Griann-thir orbhuidh 's uaine cota, gri-an-hir or-vuy' 's u-ayne cota	Sunny land of the greenest mantle,
Is froinidh ros ri h-altaibh.— is froyn-i' ros r halt-ayv Heiter-inn, etc.	With forests of flowers on the banks of thy streamlets.— Heiter-inn, etc.

'S aluinn a beinnean 's a sraithean,
sal-uynn a beynnen 'sa sray'-en
'S eibhein dath a gleanntain.—
's eyveyn da' a glenn-tayn
Heit, etc.

Beautiful are thy mountains and straths,
Joyous the aspect of thy glens.—
Heyt, etc.

Barr gach tolmain fo bhrat gorm-dhearc,
barr gach tolo-mayn fo vrat gorm-yerc
Air gach borrochainn altain.
ayr gach vorra-chayn al-tayn
Heit, etc.

The brow of every hillock has a coverlet of blae-berries,
Winding down to the hollows of thy streamlets.
Heyt, etc.

Lusain churaidh mach a bruchdadh,
lusayn chur-ay' mach a bruc-a'
'S cuid dhiubh cul-ghorm bain-dhearg.
s cuyd yi-uv cul-yorm bayn-yerag
Heit, etc.

Fragrant shrubs, bursting forth,
Many of them blue-leaved and red-girdled.
Heyt, etc.

Crodh ga'n strachadh air bar fasaich,
cro' gan strac-a' ayr bar fa-saych
Am fiar nach d-fhas gu crainntidh.
am fi-ar nach das gu crayn-ti'
Heit, etc.

Milk cows browsing in the desert,
Among grass of growth luxuriant.
Heyt, etc.

Iad air theas a ruidh le 'm buaraich,
i-ad ayr hes a ruy' le'm bu-ar-ich
'S te le cuaich ga'n teann-ruith.
s te le cu-aych gan tenn-ruy'
Heit, etc.

In heats racing off with their shackles,
And women with their milk-pails runing after them.
Heyt, etc.

A choill gu h-uile fo lan ula,
a choyll gu huylle fo lan ula
'S i na culaidh bhainnse.—
si na cul-ay' vaynn-se
Heit, etc.

The woods are wholly arrayed
In their marriage garments.—
Heyt, etc.

'S ceolar eibhein barr nan geigean
's ce-ol-ar eyveyn barr nan geygen
'Sa h-eoin fein a damhs orra.—
sa he-oyn feyn a davs orra
Heit, etc.

Musical and joyous are all the boughs,
With their own birds dancing in them.
Heyt, etc.

Iad air bhoile seinn le coilleig,
i-ad ayr voylle seynn le coylleyg
Ann san doire chranntail.
ann san doyre chrann-tayl
Heit, etc.

Rapturously and lustily singing,
In the grove of mast-like copsewood.
Heyt, etc.

Morthir bheg na'm bradan tarra-gheal, mor-hir veg nam bradan tarra-yel	Morar sweet, of the white-bosomed
'S airgead a cuir lann orra. s ayrged a cuyr lann orra	Silver-scaled salmon.
Heyt, etc.	Heyt, etc.
Bric le sulas leam a buinne, bric le sulas lem a buynne	With trout sportively springing among thy currents,
'N deigh nan cuilleag greannar. an dey' nan cuylleg grennar	After the merry flies.
Heyt, etc.	Heyt, etc.
'S lionach, slatach, cligeach, beirteach, s li-on-ach slat-ach clig-ech beyrtech	With nets, gaffs, (fishing) rods, pirns,
'S eile ghlas nan Samhnan. s eyllé ylas nan sav-nan	Rich is the gay dwelling of Savnan.
Heyt, etc.	Heyt, etc.
Greidhean dhearg a tamh mu 'm fireach, grey'-en yerag a tav mu'm fir-ech	Red herds (of deer) dwell in thy mountains,
Eiltean, daimh is mangaibh. eylten dayv is mangayv	Roes, stags, and hinds.
Heyt, etc.	Heyt, etc.
Guaineach, carrach feadh an daraich, gu-ayn-ach carrach fe' an dar-aych	Sprightly, warily among the oaks,
'S brisg na leannain cheann-deirg. s brisg na lennayn chenn-deyrag	Sport the smart red-headed wooers.
Heyt, etc.	Heyt, etc.
'S na mein-bheagadh cuir ri beadradh, s na minn-veg-a' cuyr ri bed-ra'	The little kids lovingly playing,
Anns na creagan teann orra. anns na cregan tenn orra	Among the rocks near them.
Heyt, etc.	Heyt, etc.
Grian ag eiridh air na sleibhtean, gri-an ag eyri' ayr na sleyv-ten	The sun rises on the wolds,
San tir cheutaich sheannsail. san tir chey-taych henn-sayl	Of the country pleasant and fortunate.
Heiter-inn arinn, i-uirinn, ho ho ro, Heyter-inn arinn, ho ro.	Heyter-inn arinn, i-urinn, oh ho ro, Heyter-inn arinn, ho ro.

I think my traditional, as well as Gaelic and English education, has been such as to justify my giving an opinion on the subject, and my conviction is, that the institutions and local governments of the patriarchal clans were the best of all human institutions for cultivating the hearts of the people, and rearing and ruling them in honesty and virtue. Hence they were a *civilized*, a generous, and a noble people; and the calpa with which they supported their

officials, was not only on an adequate, but a liberal scale, as is proved by the hospitality for which the Highland chiefs and chieftains have been proverbially characterized. The curse that banished population, comfort, and happiness from the Highlands, is the curse of FEUDALISM. And where is the advantage even to the feudal magnates themselves? We had, of old, as many patriarchal chiefs and chieftains as we have now of *lairds;* and, although my space will not permit me to enter into details, I am convinced that by doing so, I could show that the chiefs and chieftians, (although they had no power under the brehon law, or cleachda, or any other law made or sanctioned by the kings or people of Scotland, to increase the rents of the clans, or to oppress or evict them) had more influence and more happiness—more true wealth, so to speak—than the Court of Session-made lairds of the present day. They got all the cattle the country could produce, excepting those required to support the people, of whom they were, both in effect and in feeling, the fathers; and a reciprocal love and devotion existed between them, which could only spring from the habitual cultivation of virtuous principles, and warm and generous feelings. The writers who ascribe that love and devotion to the despotism of the chiefs, and the serfish spirit of the clans, have, in thus writing, libelled the human character, and shown their ignorance of the institutions and character of the Highland chiefs and clans.

The curse of feudalism, which never was felt universally in the Highlands until after the battle of Culloden, brought in its train the—if possible—still worse curse of the Lowland sheep-farmers. The reader cannot judge this question by the present condition and character of the sheep-farmers either of the Lowlands or the Highlands, than whom a more respectable class is not to be found among her Majesty's subjects: I speak of the "pilgrim-fathers" of the Lowland sheep-farmers,—of those introduced into the Highlands, when the lands were restored by the Crown and Parliament of England to the chiefs, instead of the clans. It was after that, and not till then, that the chiefs and chieftains became lairds, and found it their interest to evict the clans. This was done at first quietly and gradually, but ultimately, as the strength of the executive increased, by wholesale evictions and expatriations. Sad for the warlike power and dignity of Scotland has been the change that substituted the Lowland shepherd for the Highland warrior and husbandman; but it is to be borne in mind that I speak of the first batch, who, with a few exceptions, were the very lowest grade of the Lowland peasantry,—persons who were as coarse and greedy in their habits as they were low and mean in their character and birth. A thousand graphic anecdotes, still preserved in the Highlands, but utterly unfit for publication, testify to the truth of the above statement, and the impression it made on the minds of a people whom a recent writer justly characterised as "Gentlemen of Nature's own making." Types of the class I refer to, if I am not misinformed, are still to be found in isolated localities in the Lowlands, notwithstanding the great change in the condition and in the manners and customs of the Lowland peasantry since the above date. Some proprietors consider these drudges, who toil hard and live cheap, the most profitable farmers; but, alas for the country

that allowed them to expatriate her noble Highland clans! Lest the reader should doubt the correctness of the above sketch of the original sheep-farmers of the Highlands, I beg to refer him to "Oran nan Ciobairean," by Allan Macdougall, the blind bard of Glengarry, who knew them well, and graphically describes both their character and lives. He corroborates his contemporary, Duncan Ban Macintyre, in ascribing to them the suppression of the great agricultural enterprise of the Gael, "on shores and wolds," and converting the country into a desert; but I can make room only for one verse, for I have exceeded the limits of my contract by nearly 100 pages. This poem was written more than sixty years since, by a man who witnessed and could well appreciate the change he describes. I wish Mr Macnaughton, the gentleman mentioned in the preface, would publish it in his phonetic spelling, with such a translation as that published in his "Lectures on the Authenticity of Ossian." I feel certain that it would gratify thousands of the English reading public.

ORAN NAN CIOBAIREAN.—THE SONG OF THE SHEEP-FARMERS.

Thainig orin do dh-Alabin crois!	A curse has come upon Albin!
Tha doine bochd nochdte nis,	Men are now poor and naked,
Gun bhiadh gun aodach gun chluain;	Without food, raiment, or shelter;
Tha'n airde tuath an deis a sgrios!	The north country is ruined!
Cha'n fhaiceir crodh laoigh an gleann,	No milk kine are to be seen in the vales,
Na gerran laider dol an eil;	No strong work-horses in harness;
Cha'n fhaicer ach caorich is uain,	Nothing is seen but ewes and lambs,
'S goil mu'n cuairt le sgreidil bhrein.	With Lowlanders round them, harshly screeching.
Tha'n duthaich gu leir air dol fas,	The country has been converted into a desert,
San Gaedhel gu'n tathaich fo'n ghrein!	The Gael has no home under the sun!

THE END.

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* Dr White obligingly sent me, through Mr Murdoch, this last "version of the Battle of Clontarf;" but it is evidently not a different version, but altogether a different tune from the above. The people of Ireland, like the people of the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland, differed in dialect, in music, and dancing, as well as in their institutions. Although I have not Dr White's authority for saying so, I have no doubt that it is the March of the Gothic Clans of Ireland to Clontarf, and that the first is the March of the Celtic Clans to the same battle. The two specimens contrast with one another as strikingly as Caledonian and Scottish melodies: indeed, the first and the Welsh and Caledonian Marches breathe a kindred spirit, and differ widely from Dr White's "Battle of Clontarf."

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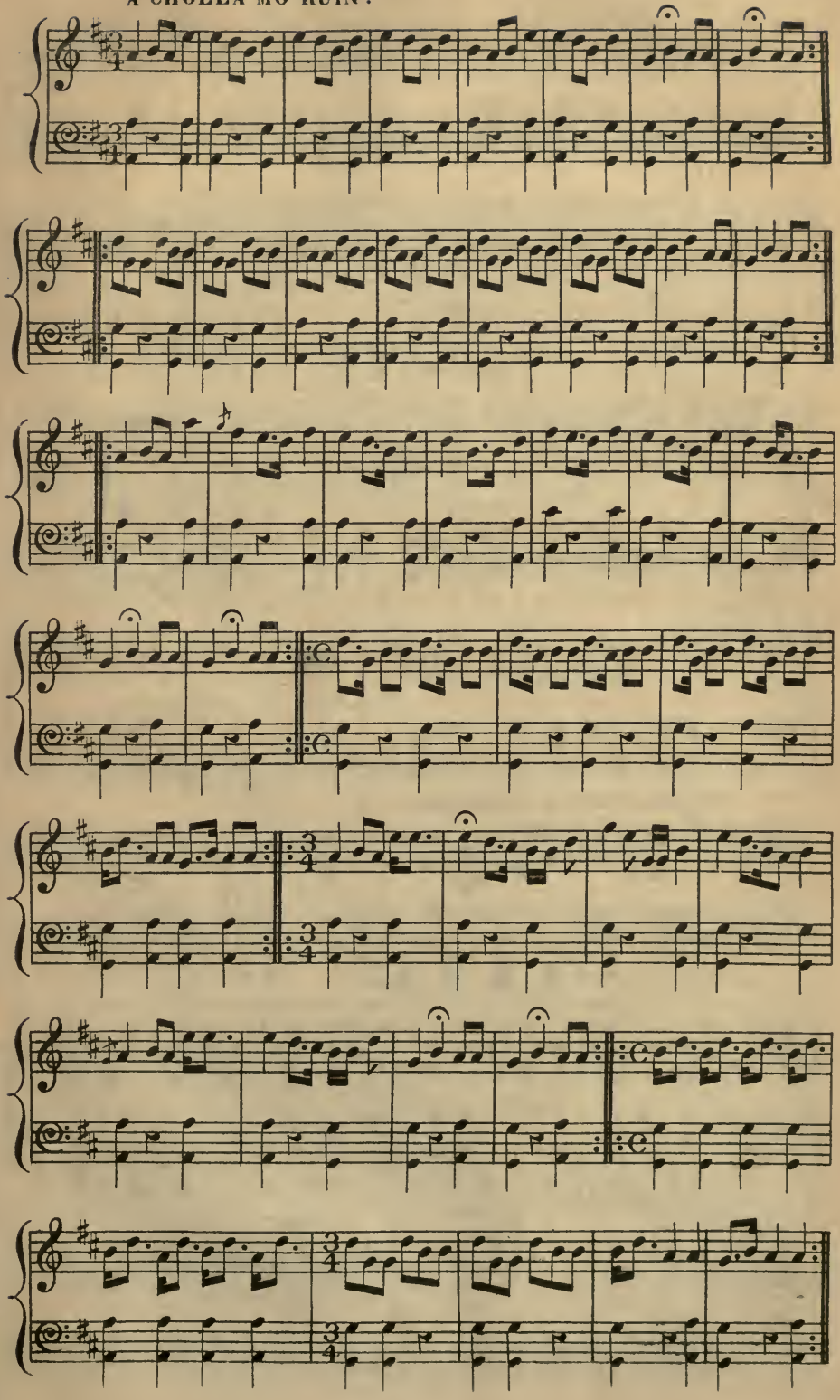
A CHOLLA MO RUIN.



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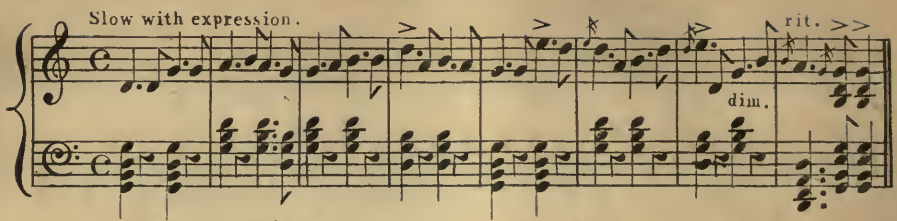

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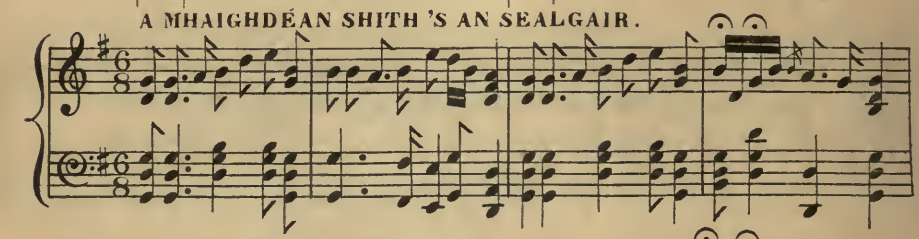

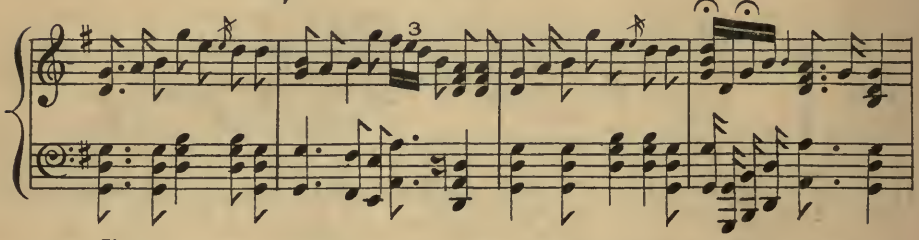

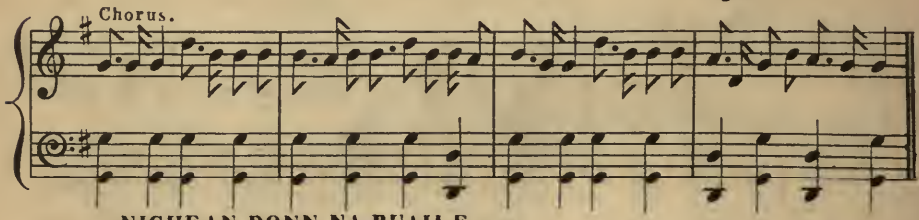

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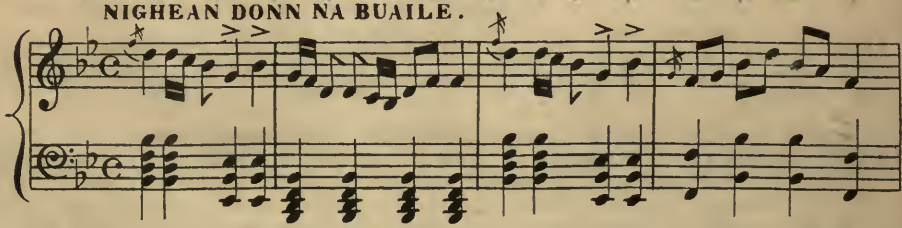

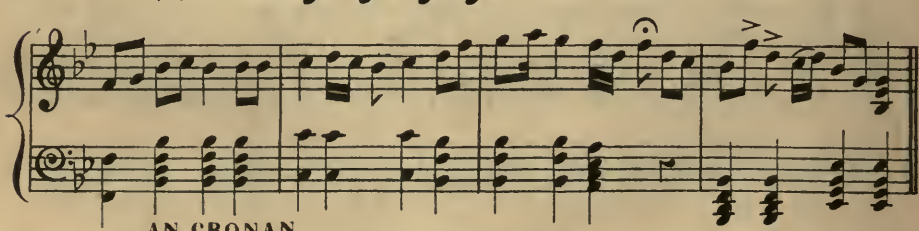

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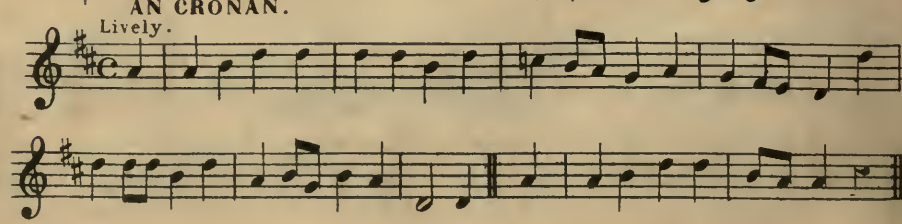

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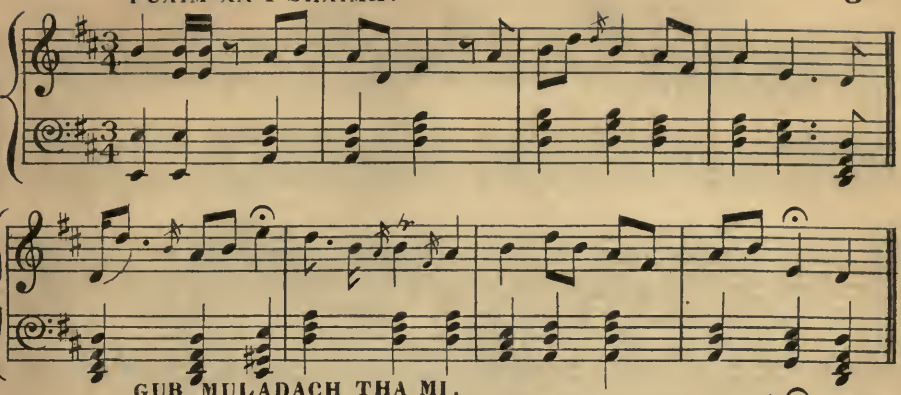

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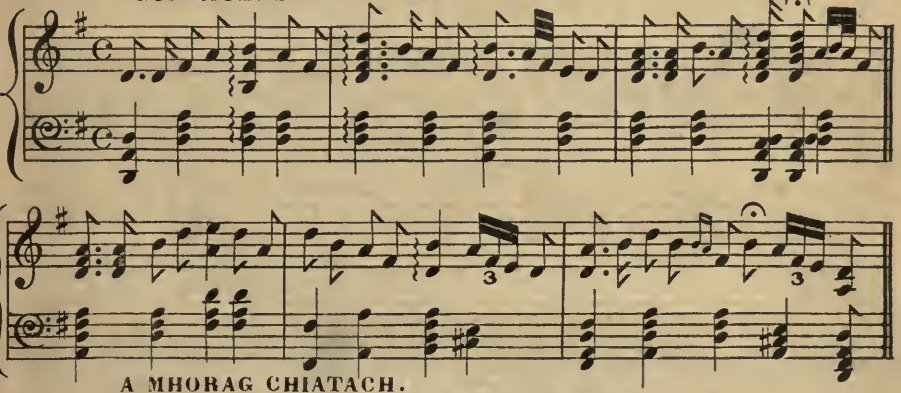

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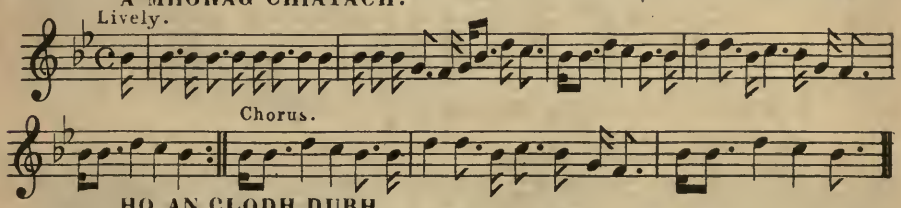

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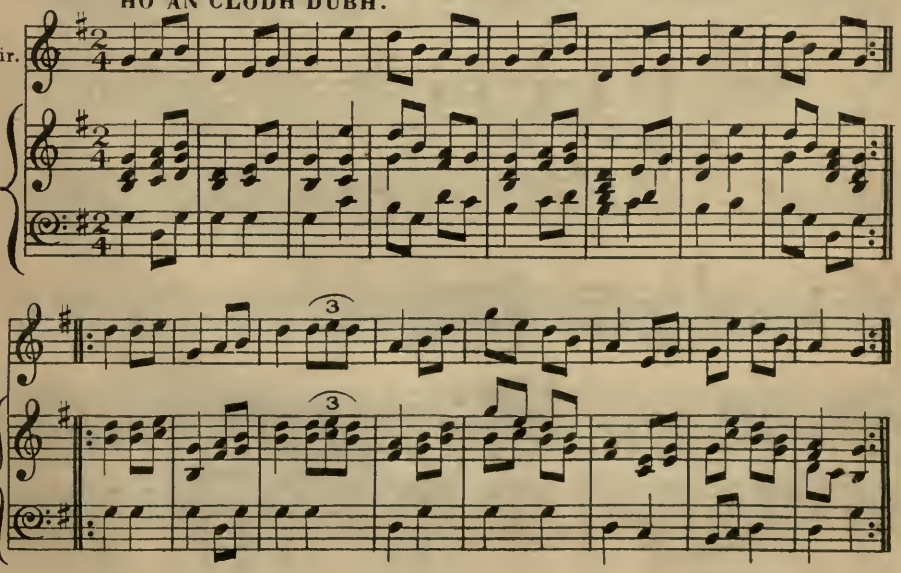

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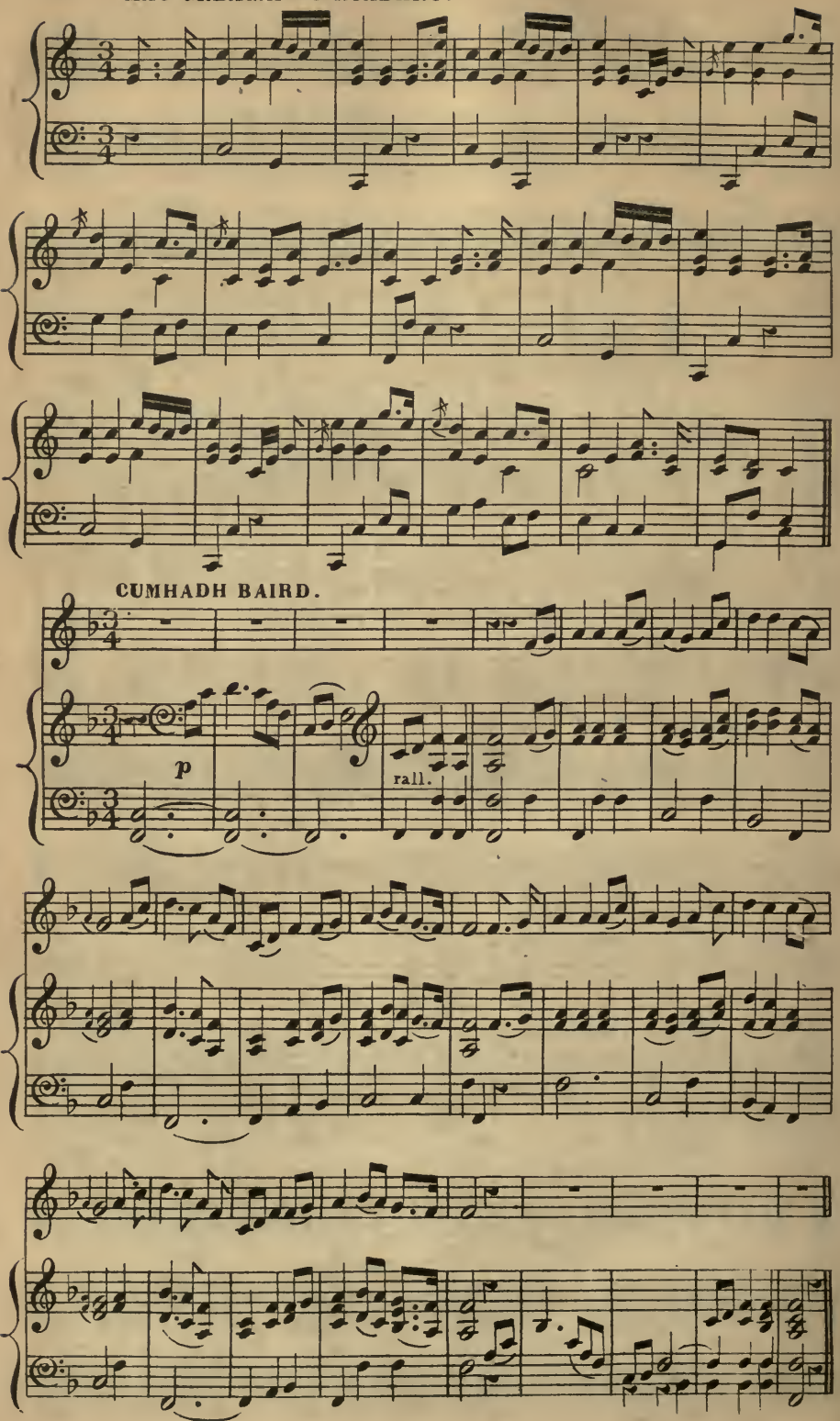

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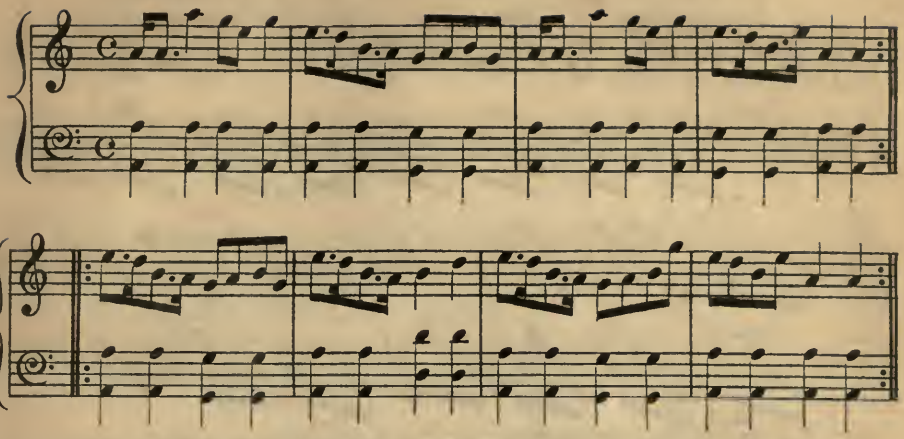

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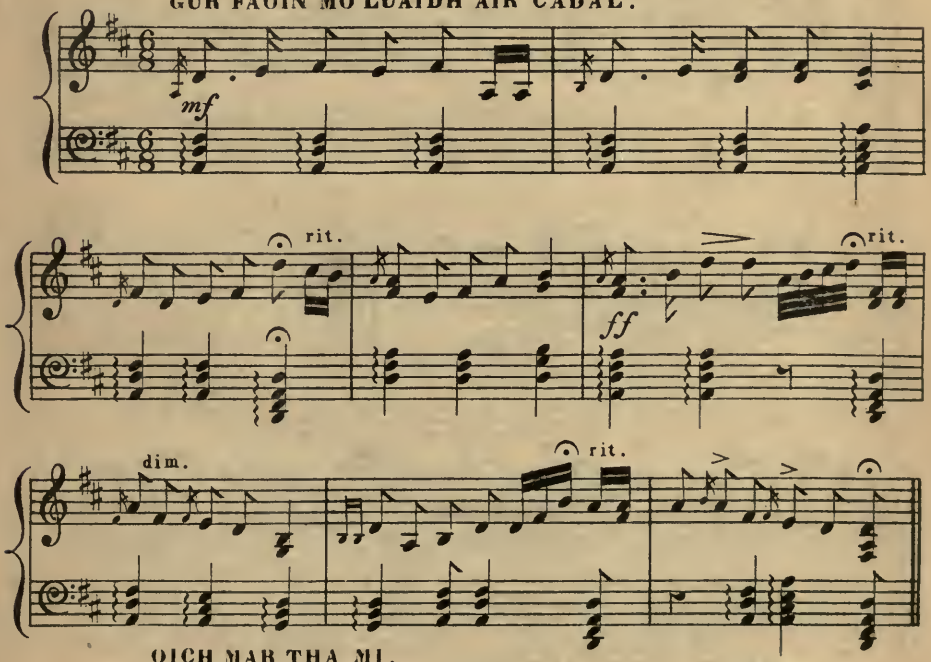

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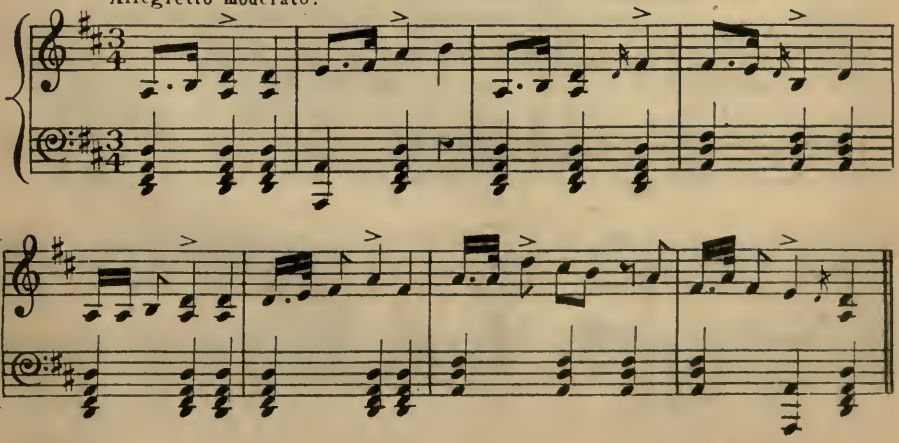
Allegretto moderato.



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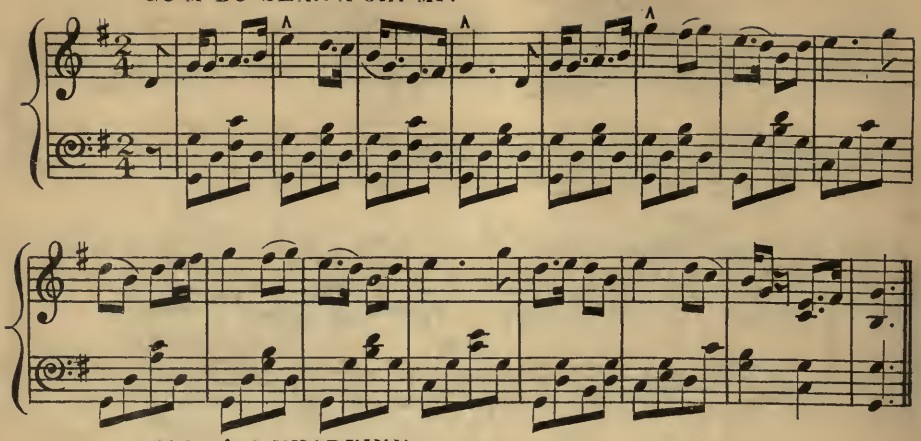

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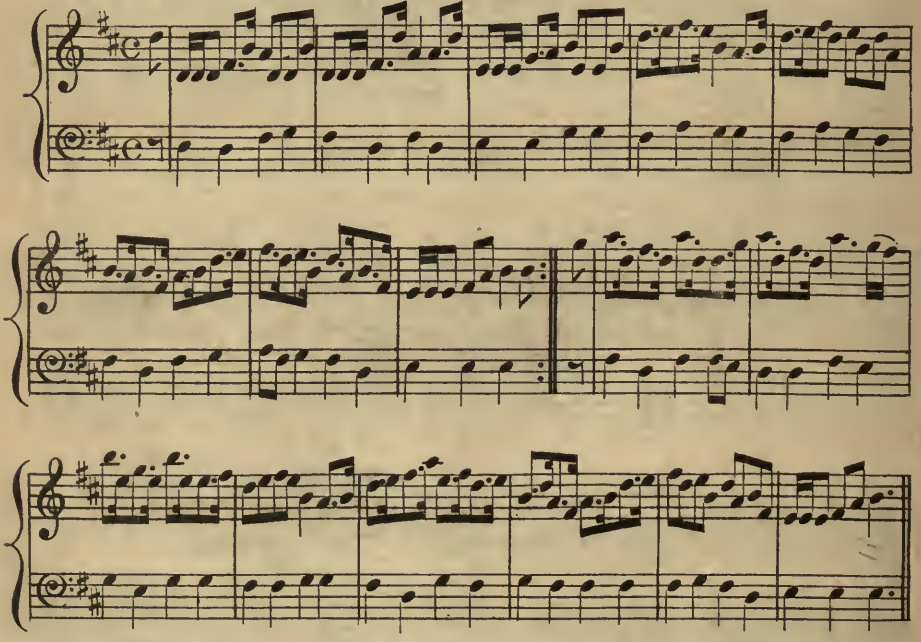

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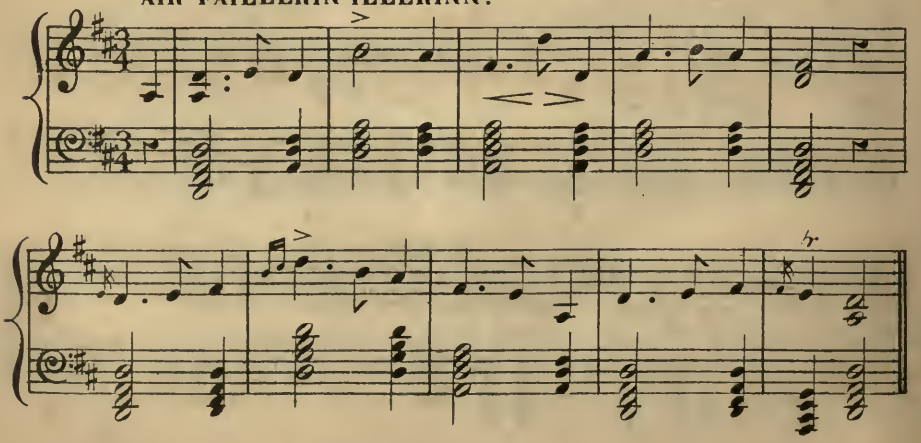

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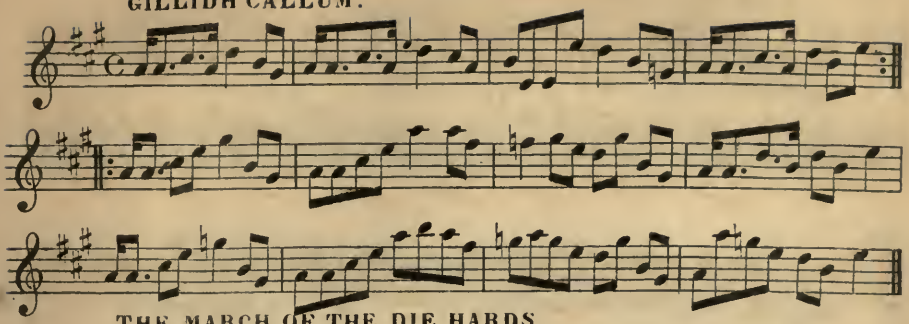
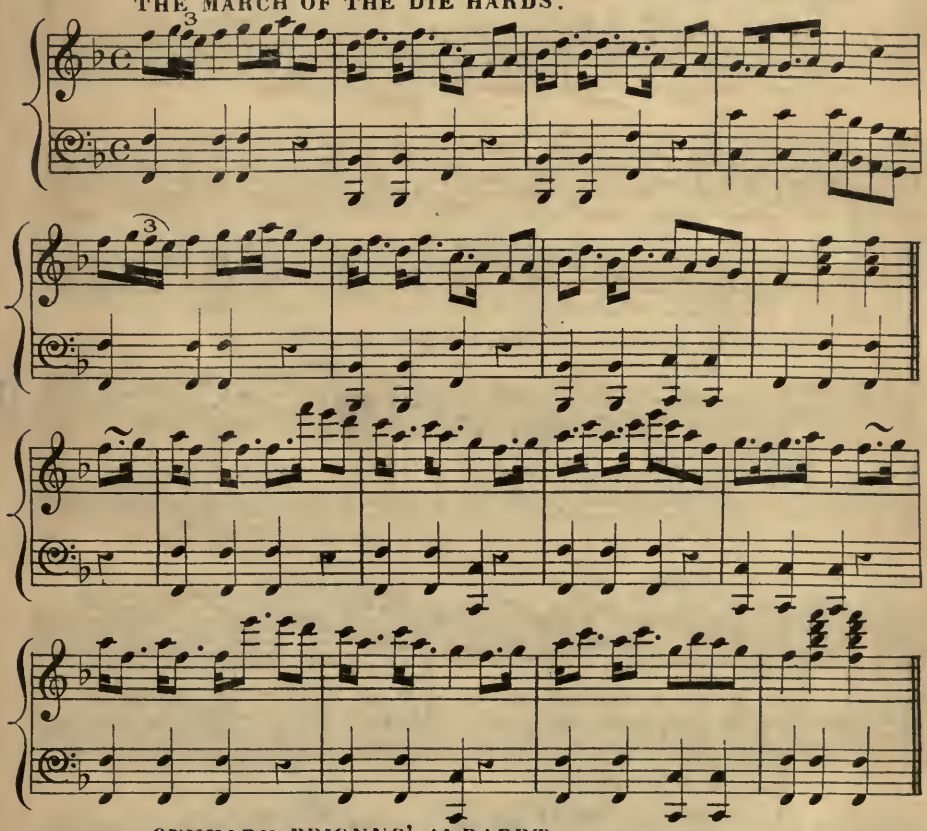
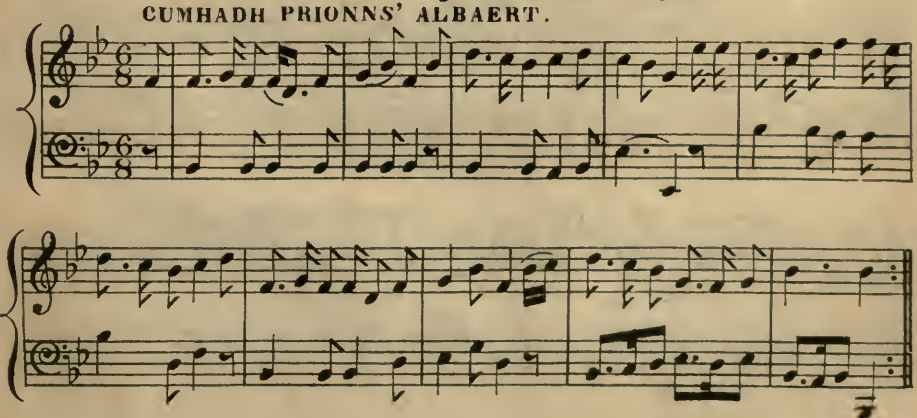


THE MARCH OF THE DIE HARDS.

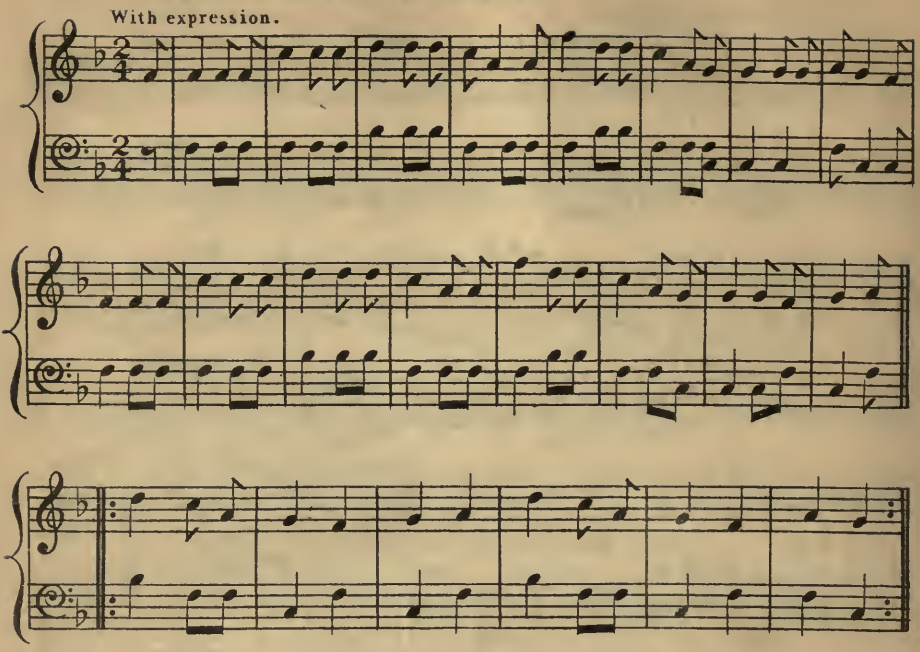


CUMHADH PRIONNS' ALBAERT.



LAMENT FOR PRINCE CHARLES.

With expression.



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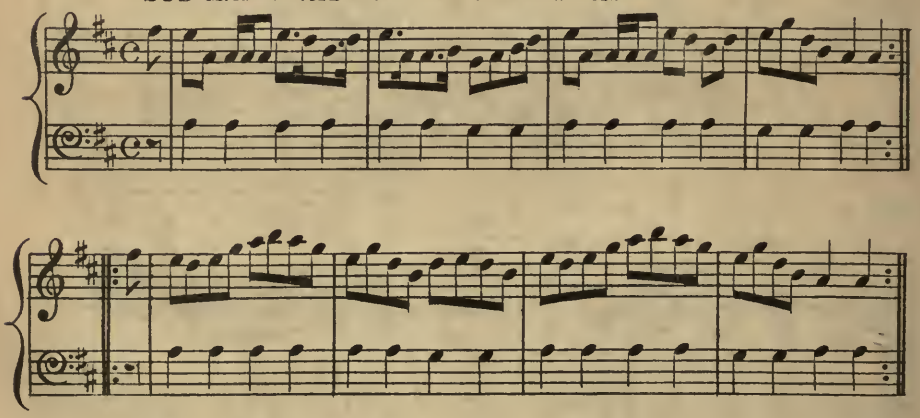

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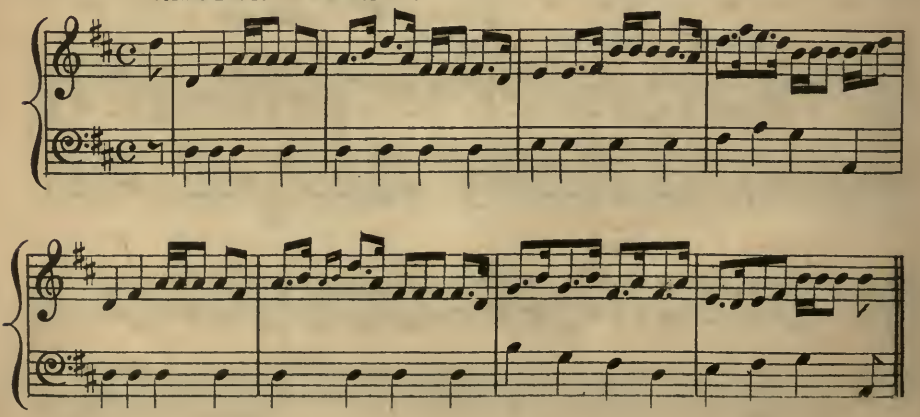

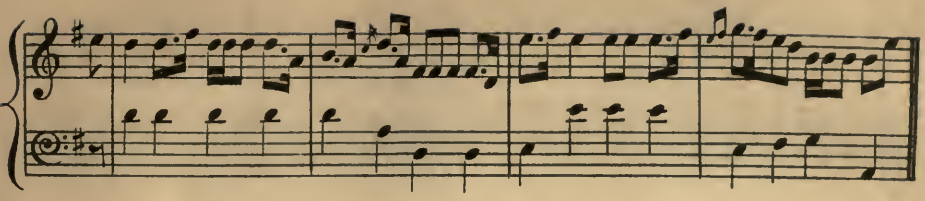

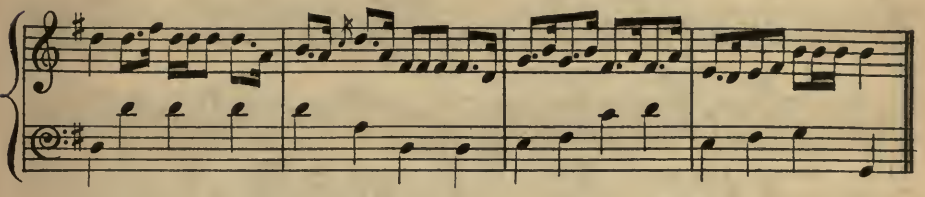

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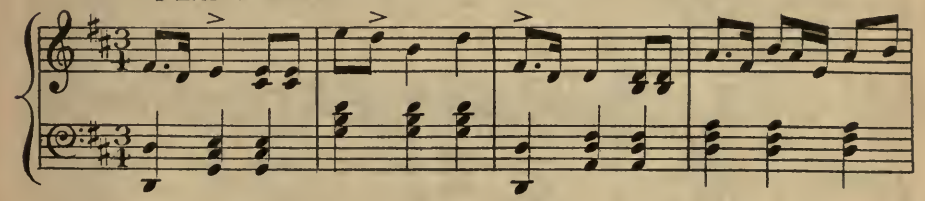

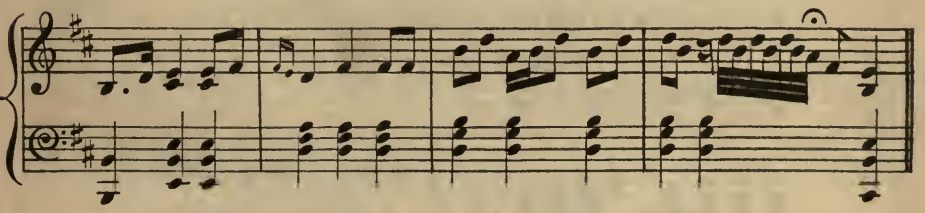

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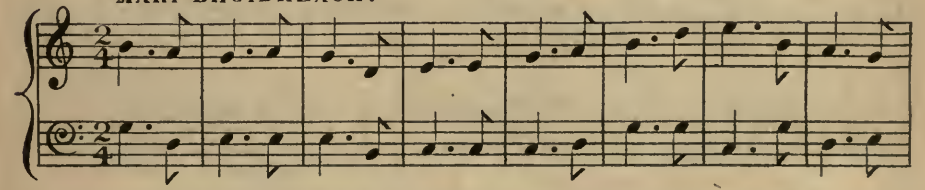

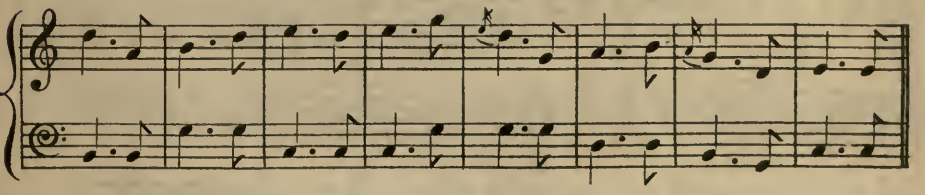

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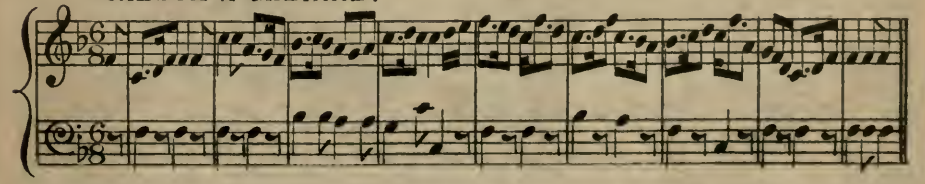


CUMHADH MHIC CRUIMEN.

Slow.

A MHAIGHDEAN MHODHAR.

Slow.

DUANAG CEITEN.

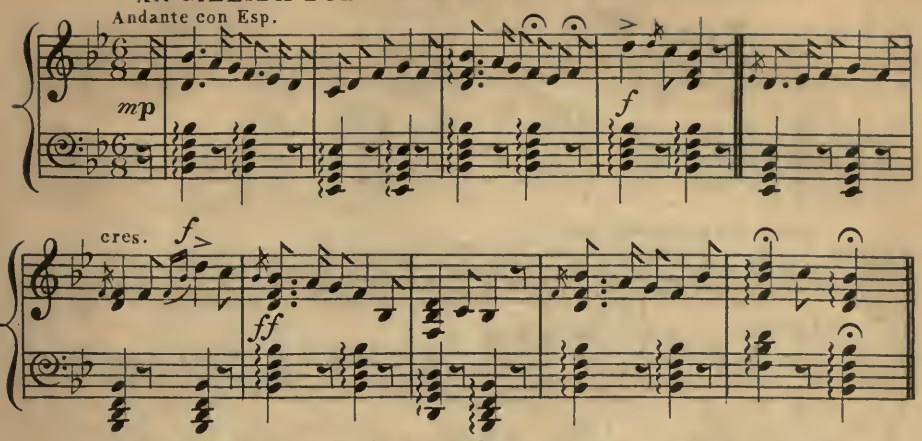
Lively.

D.C.

'S CIANAL 'M FHUIREACH AN DUN-EIDIN.

Air.

AN GILLIDH DUBH CIAR DUBH.



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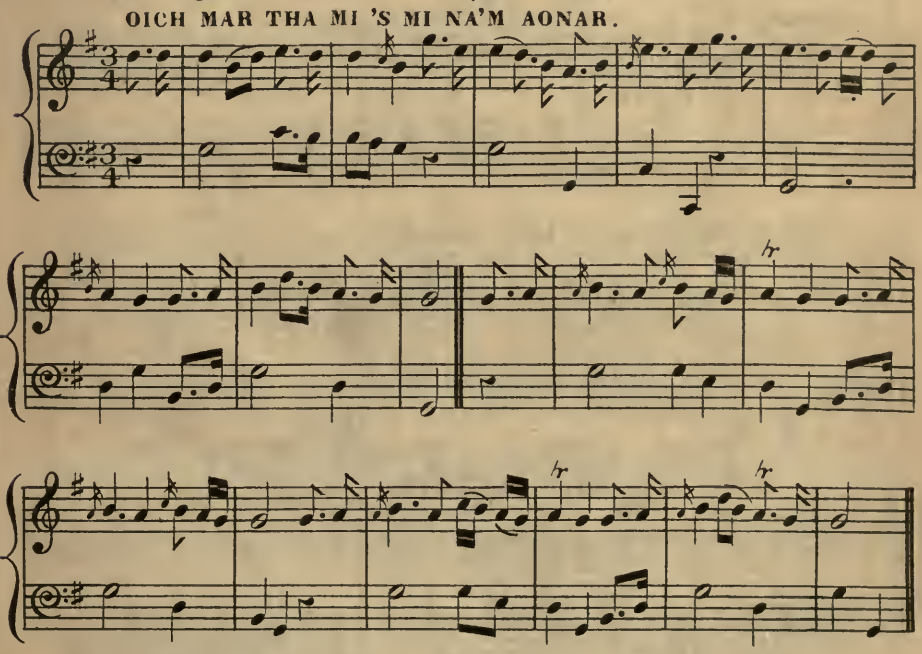

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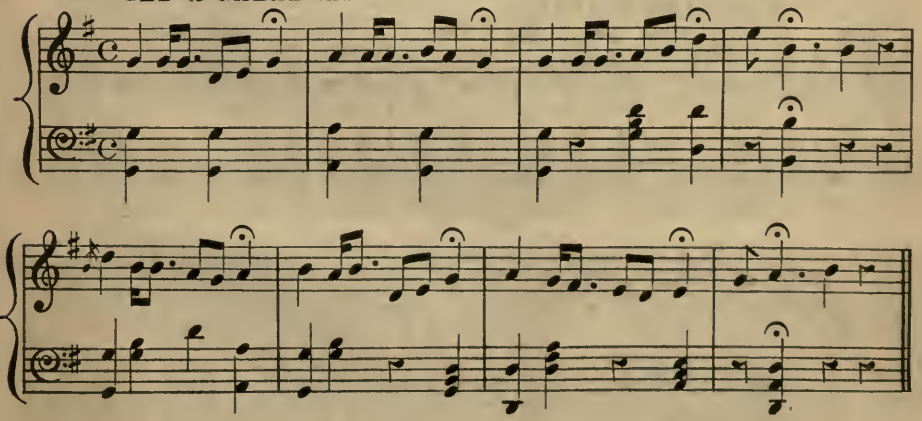
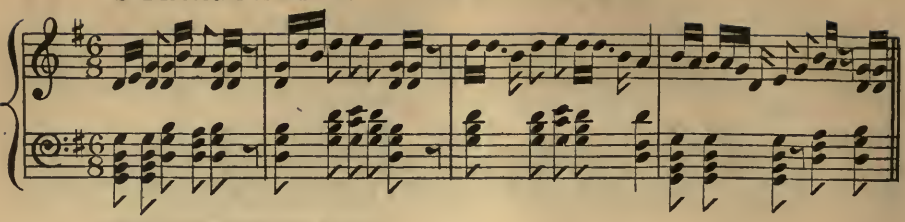


'S TRUAGH A RIGH!



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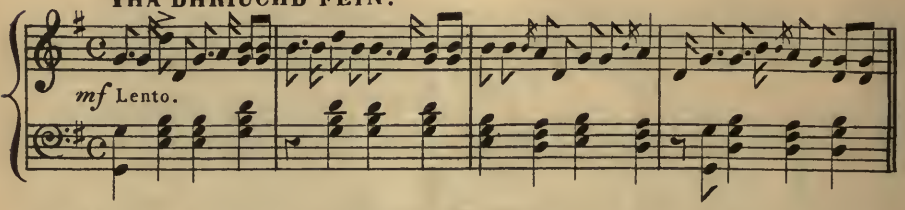
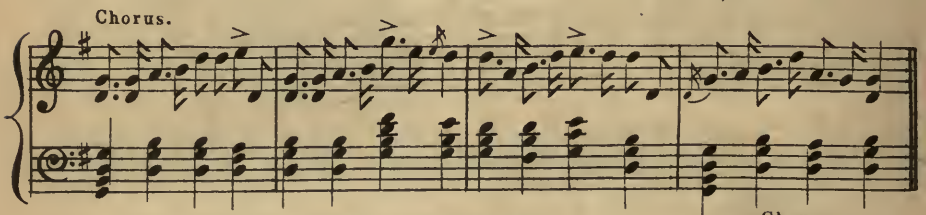
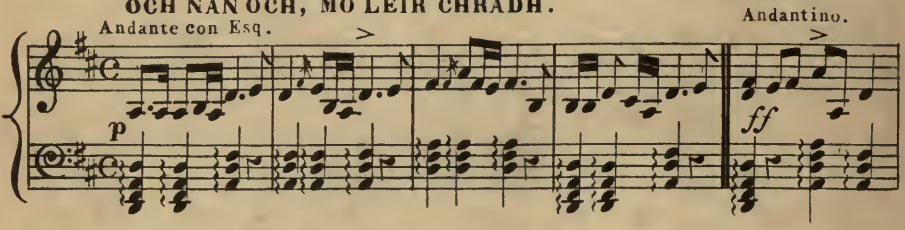
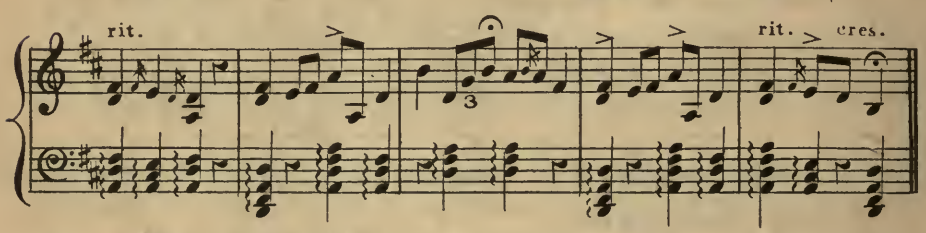




OCH NAN OCH, MO LEIR CHRADH.





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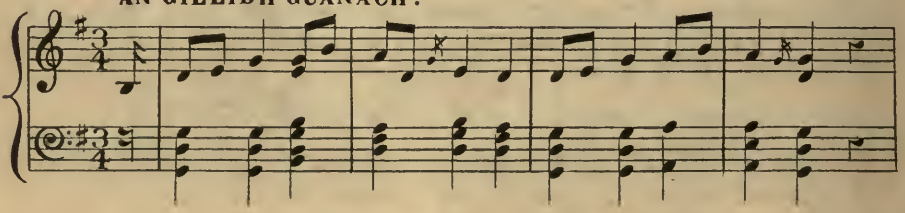
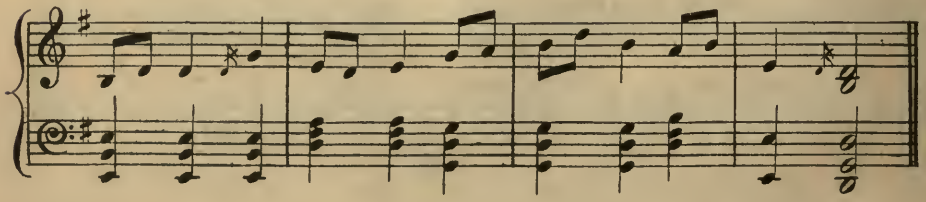
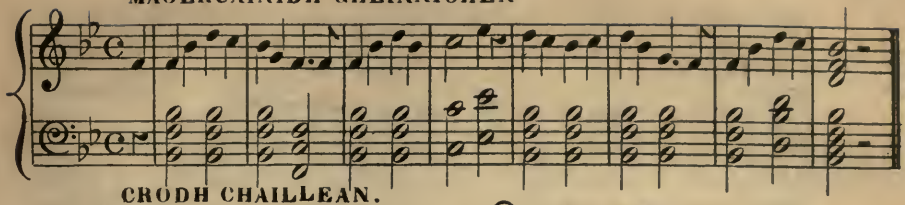




MAOLRUAINIDH GHLINNICHEN



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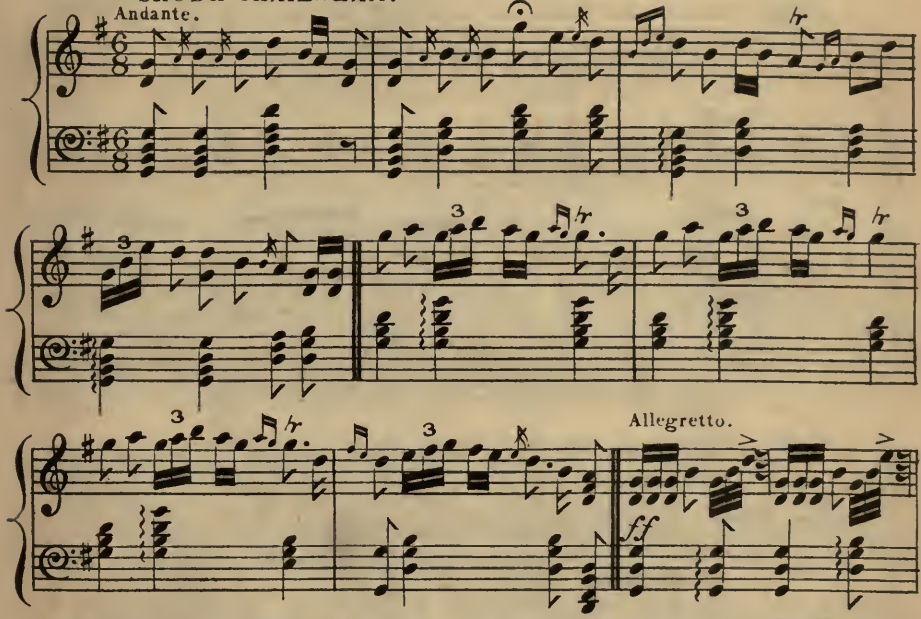
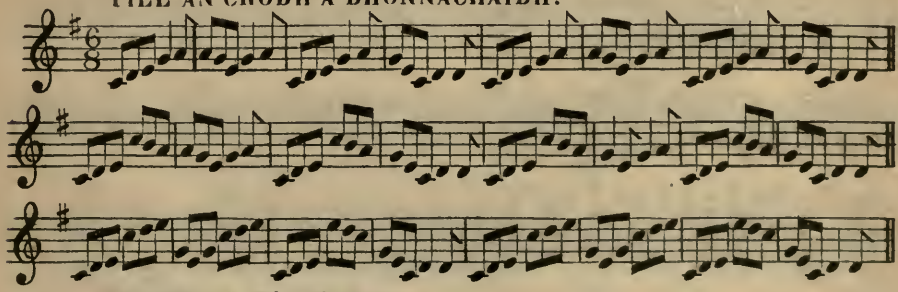


TILL AN CRODH A DHONNACHAIDH.



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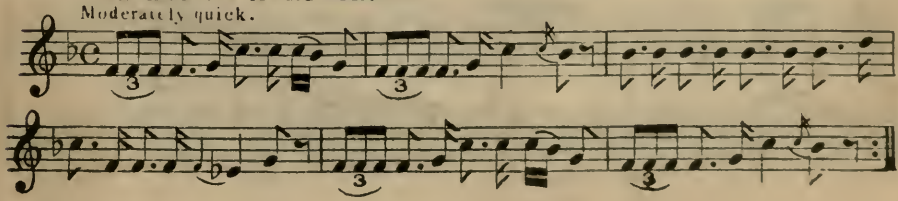

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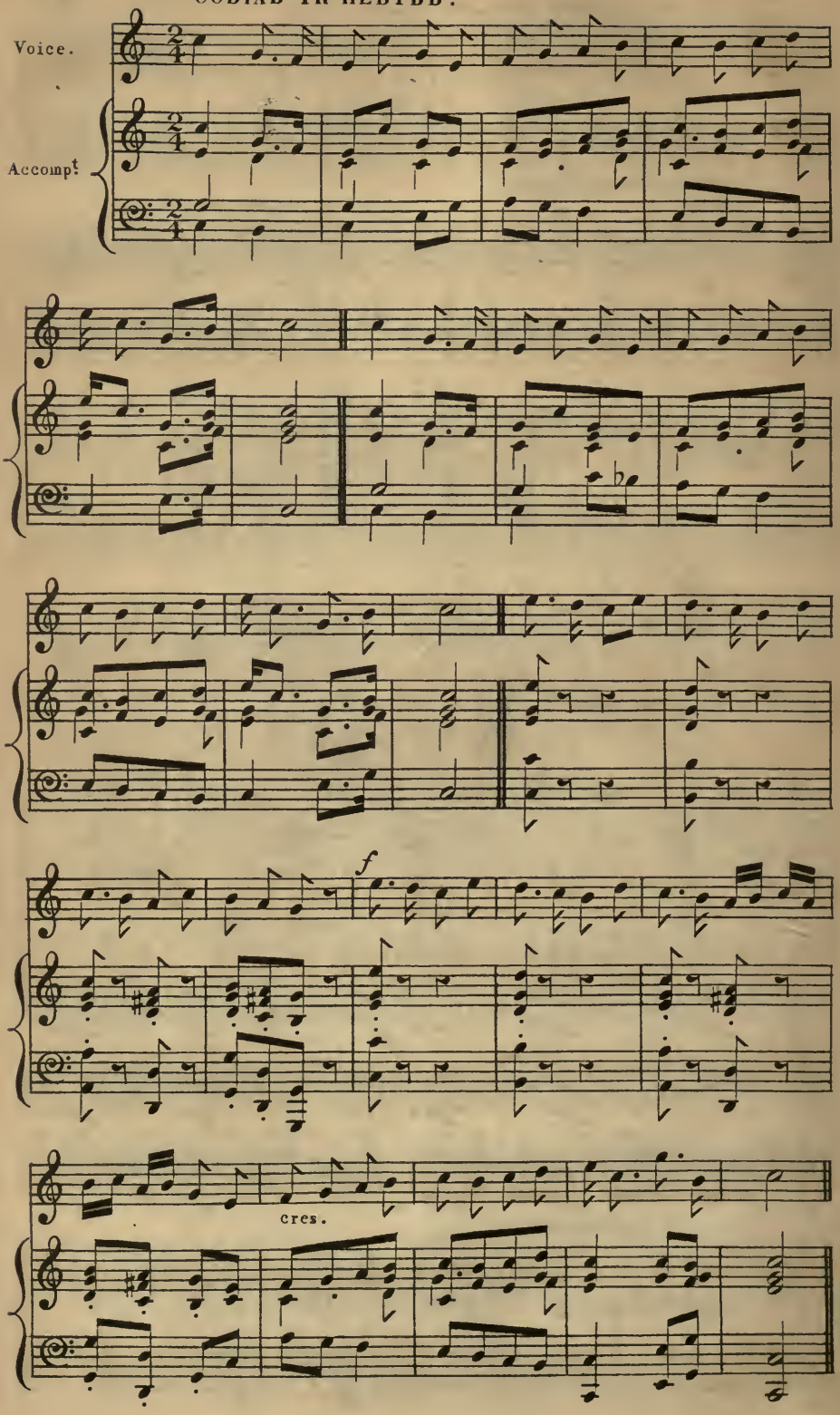

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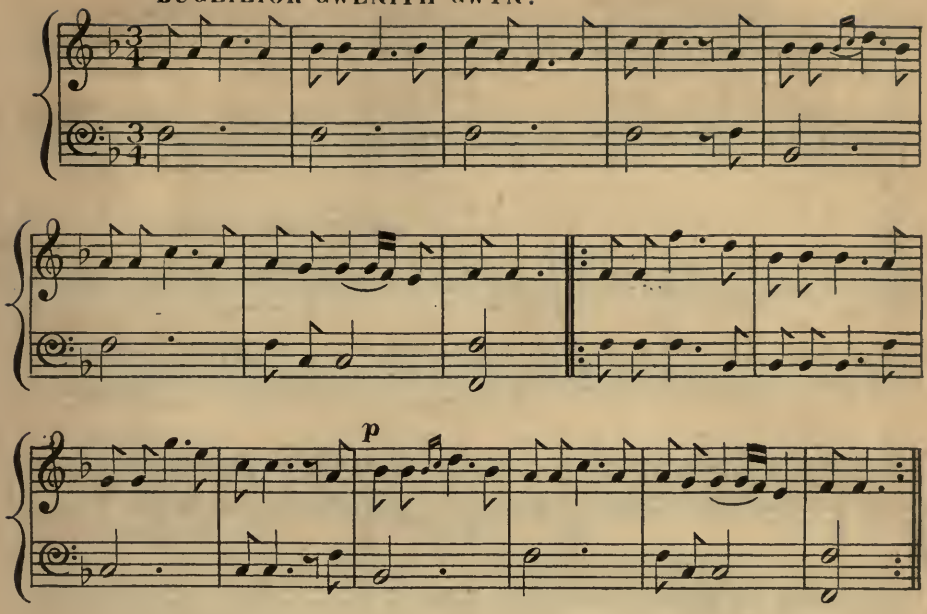

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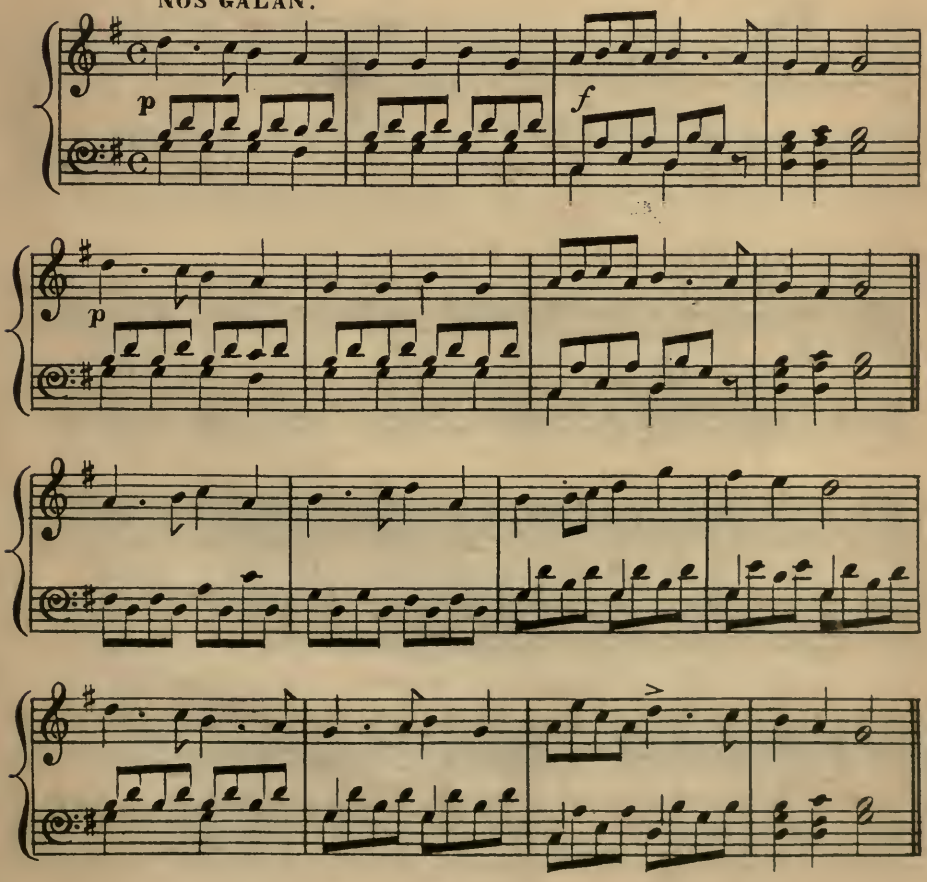

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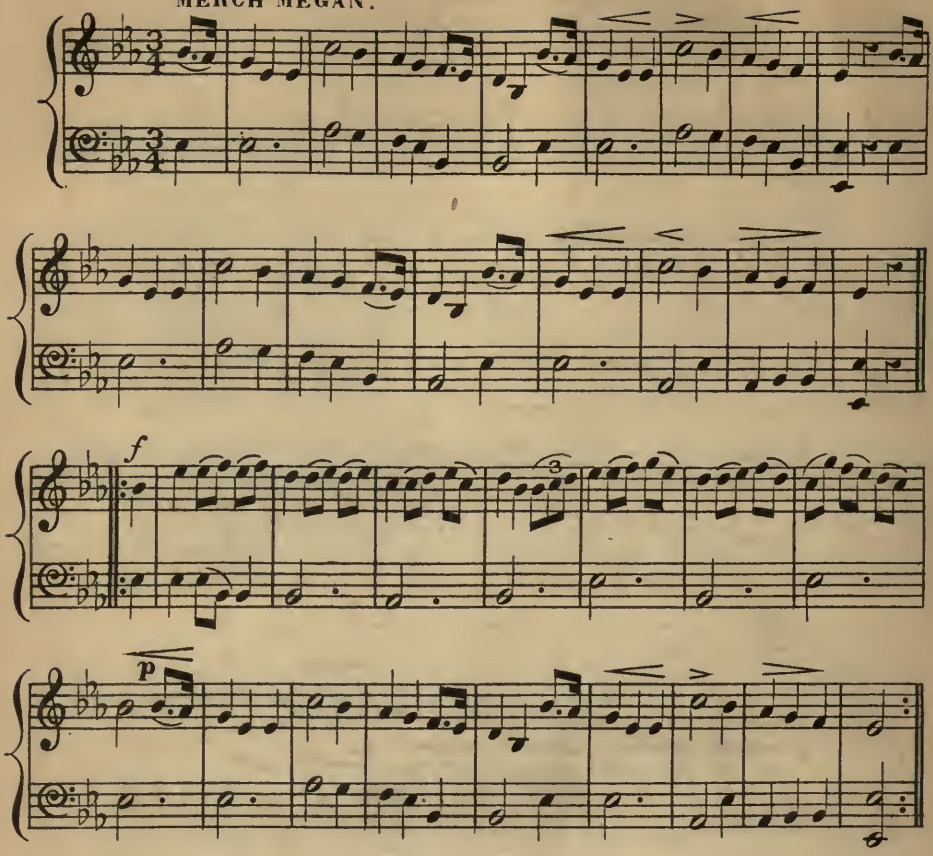

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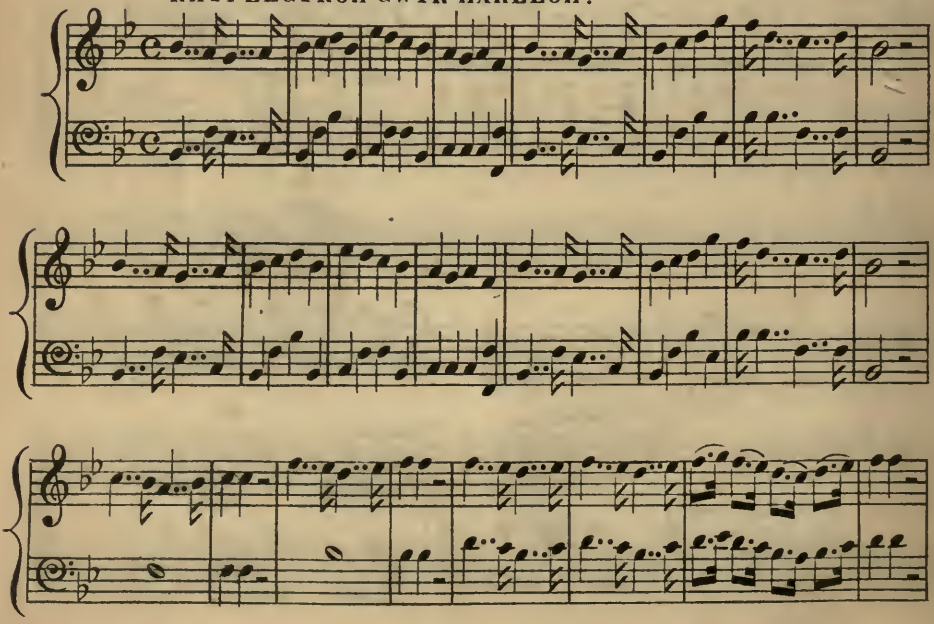

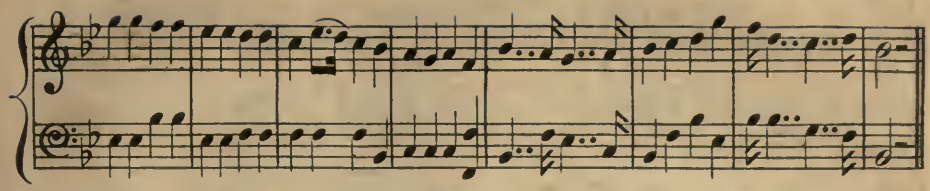

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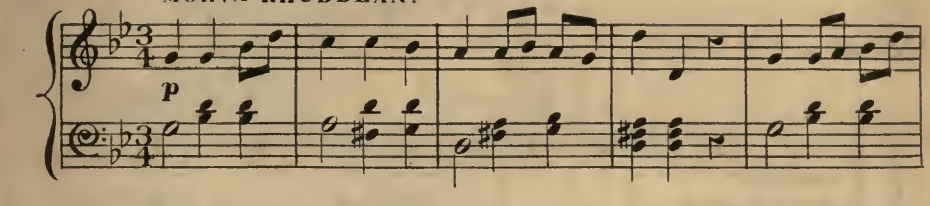

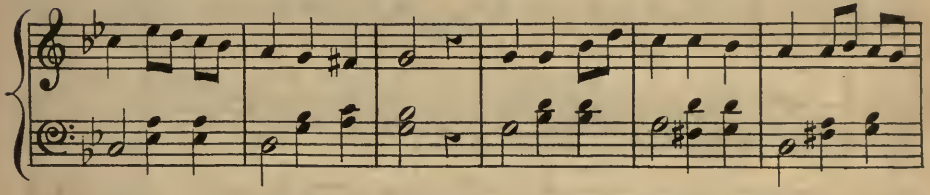

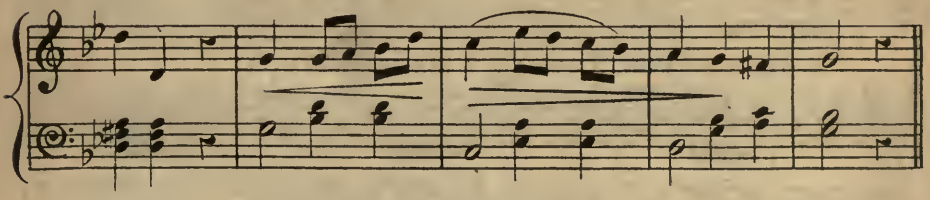

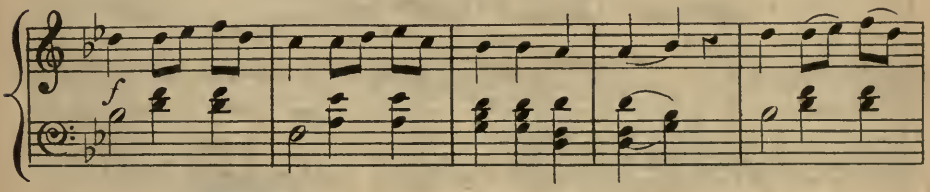

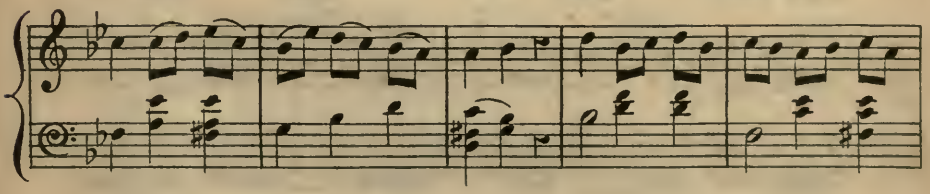

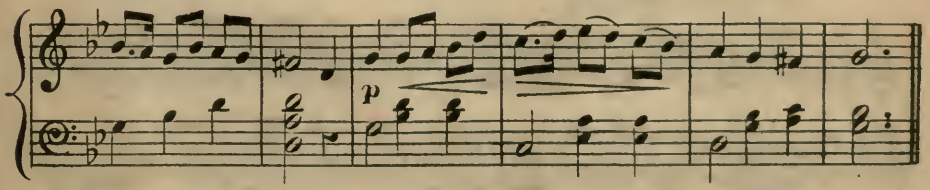

GLAN MEDDWDOD MWYN.

mf

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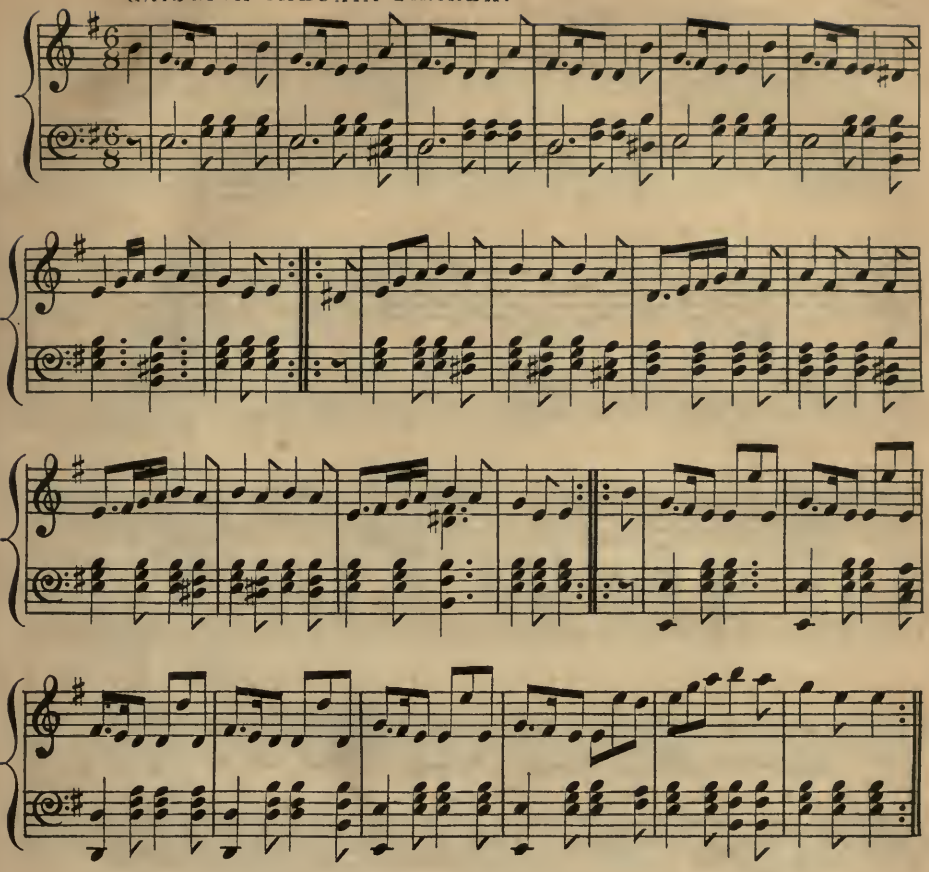
AN CHUIL-FHIONN.

GAISGICH CHLUAIN THARBH.



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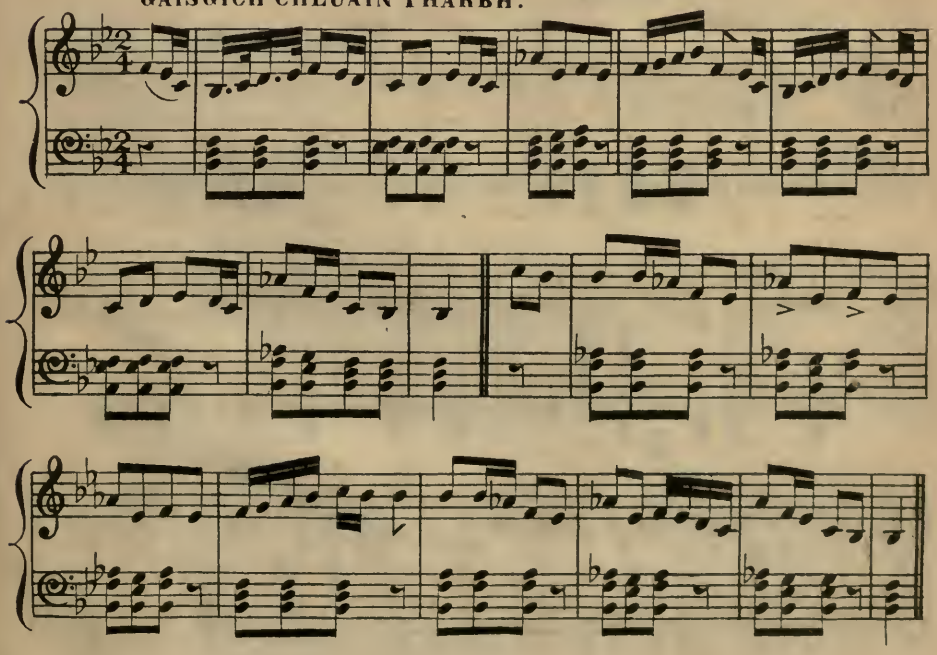

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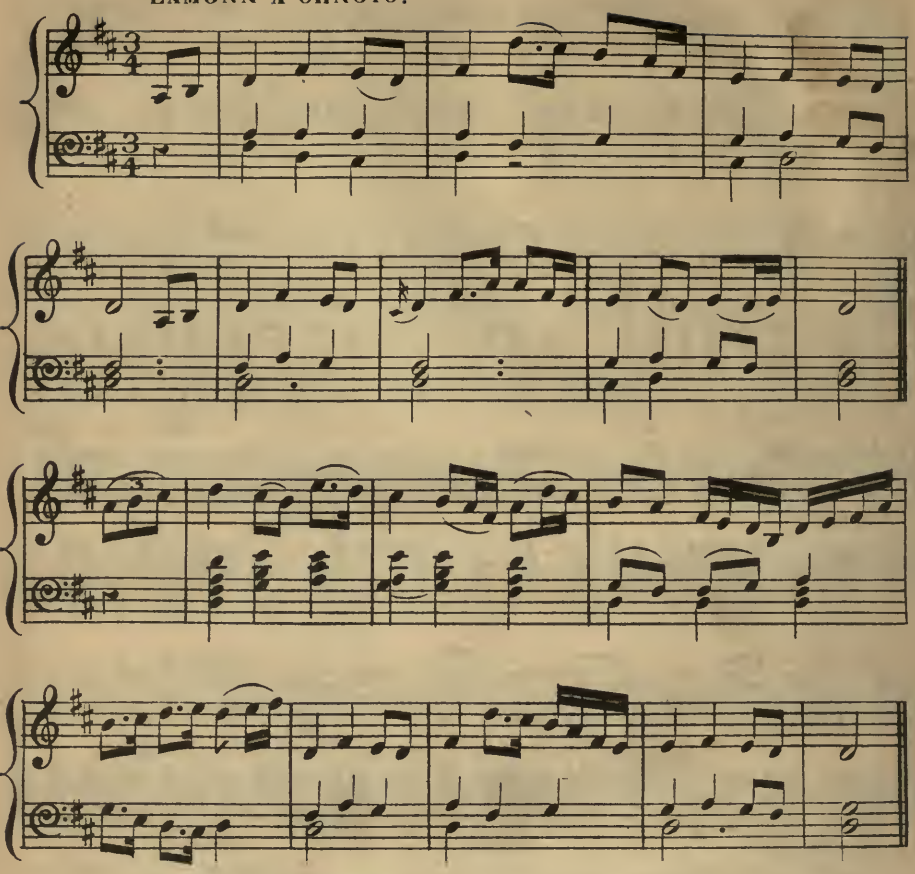
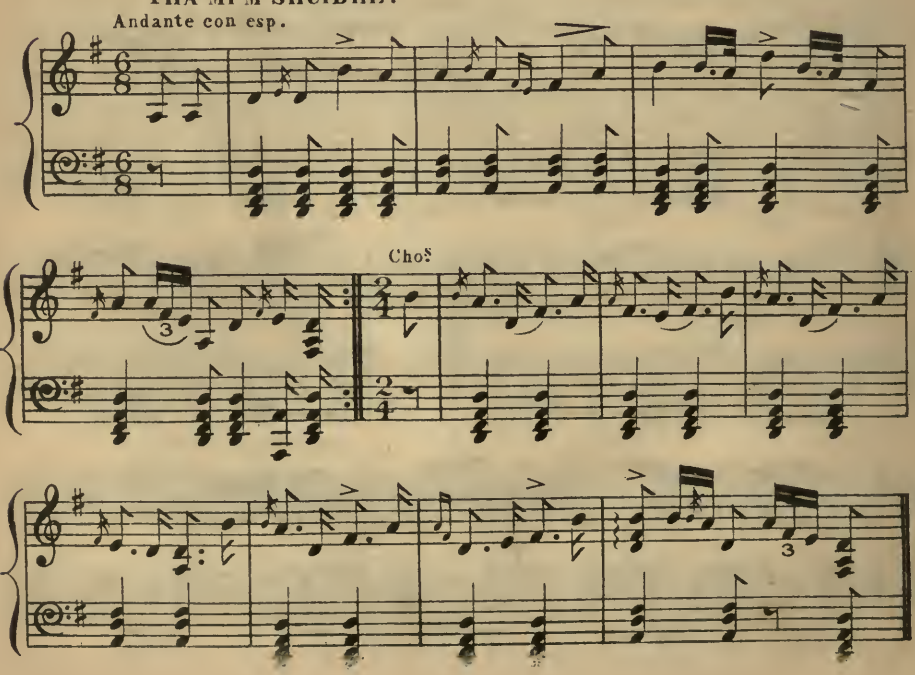


THA MI'M SHUIDHE.

Andante con esp.



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